

Glimpses of persian poetry

Dr. Inamulhaq Kausar

بسم سه حرف است که گوید بسم
حسرت تو در ورطه امیدیم
ما معین چیست خاک پای محمد
جبل متین رفته ولای محمد
بیا به مملکت تبت به بن ناطق
که من تو را این منعمان فقیر من اند
دی از ناله اش خاموش گردان
که یارب بین دست آخر حشر است

الا ای بادشگیری پیام من بد لب بر
بگو آن ماه خوابز که جان بدل برابر
مکن چو آئینه خود را مقابل همه کس
چو آفتاب مشغول شمع محفل همه کس
دردا که اسیر ننگ و مهیسم بنور
در گفت و شنید خاص و عامیسم بنور
شد عسره تمام و ناتمامیسم بنور
صد بار بسوختیم و خاک میسم بنور



GLIMPSES OF PERSIAN POETRY

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BY

PROF. DR. INAMUL HAQ KAUSAR

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DEDICATION

To my learned Persian Teachers especially :

Chaudhry Rahmat Ali Nazish, Prof. Agha Sadiq, Prof. Dr. Muhammad Baqir, Prof. Dr. Syed Abdullah, Prof. S. M. Tabassum, Prof. Dr. S. A. Ahsan, Late Prof. Ilm-ud-Din Salik, and Late Prof. Syed Abid Ali Abid.

لایق نبود قطره بعیان بردن
خار و خس صحرا بگلستان بردن
آماچه کنم که رسم موران باشد
پای ملخی نزد سلیمان بردن

INAMUL HAQ KAUSAR

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In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful.

PREFACE

Any Iranian who is fortunate enough to stay at Quetta for some period and has an opportunity to meet those Pakistanis who have a profound knowledge of and a deep love for Persian language and literature is sure to be delighted in the company of Prof. Dr. Inamul Haq Kausar.

He has been in this city/province for about 20 years and was already a scholar of Persian at his arrival here. He not only wrote his Doctoral thesis on "Baba Fughani Shirazi and the poets of His Age," but achieved a lot by way of post-doctoral research. His writings are now internationally recognised and any Persian scholar, whether he be of the orient or of the occident can authenticate himself by quoting from him and can enrich his writings by drawing upon what has been achieved by the illustrious scholar.

The present book of the scholar presents a few articles, which deal with the Persian poetry at it grew with particular reference to Baluchistan, where flourished Rabia of Khuzdar, the great contemporary of Rudaki.

These articles were published in the leading journals of Pakistan and Iran and are a testimony to how lovingly the Pakistanis have ever cherished Persian language and literature.

I am sure the publication of this book will further strengthen the bonds of unity that have always existed between Pakistan and Iran,

نثراد و دین ، زبان ما یکی هست
بدین سه هر دو ملت متکی هست

We wish continued success of Dr. Professor Inamul Haq Kausar in the field of literary, cultural and research services, from Almighty God and Aimma At-har.

MUHAMMAD RAZA MEER-ZAI
Director

Quetta

11th Feb. 1975

Iran Cultural Centre,

Quetta.

In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful.

FORWORD

It gives me great pleasure to write a foreword to Dr. Inamul Haq Kausar's book "Glimpses of Persian Poetry."

Dr. Kausar's interest in the subject that he has been teaching for quite a number of years is very commendable. It is this interest which keeps his ties with the Persian language and literature fresh and living and progressively productive of a rich harvest. The book affords an intellectual repast of diverse tastes. Besides giving their due to some great personalities in Persian poetry like Jami, and Mir Ali Sher Navai, Dr. Kausar has introduced some lesser poets who have a special significance of their own because while the great poets vitalise the literary tradition, it is the lesser poets who ensure its continuity. One of them Ahli Shirazi's name is of particular interest to lovers of Urdu poetry because Ahli Shirazi was the ancestor of the great Urdu poet of marthias, Mirza Salamat Ali Dabir. Dr. Kausar has done yeoman service to the region of Baluchistan by highlighting several Baluch poets of Persian of the region like Rabia Khuzdari, Natiq Makrani and Zaib Magasi and thus strengthening the cultural ties which bind Iran and Pakistan together. On the whole the book is a witness to Dr. Kausar's catholic taste and lively interest.

Sd/-

D. O. No. 1406/75

Dated 18-3-1975.

PROF. KARRAR HUSSAIN
Vice Chancellor,
University of Baluchistan,
Quetta (Pakistan)



In the name of Allah, Beneficent, the Merciful.

INTRODUCTION

The present book deals with a variety of topics related to Persian poetry. Geographically speaking it covers almost the whole area where Persian once dominated as a vehicle of literary expression. While it has taken Rabia, Abul Faraj Runi, Natiq Zeb from Pakistan it includes a number of others from proper Persia and Persianised Central Asia.

Broadly speaking the articles are of three categories :—

- (i) Those dealing with Pakistan in general and Baluchistan in particular *i.e.* Rabia, Abul Faraj Runi, Ghalib, Natiq and Zeb Magasi.
- (ii) Those dealing with Iran and Central Asia *i.e.* Jami, Mir Ali Sher Navai, Asafi, Muhyi Lari, Ahli Khurasani, Hilali, and Ahli Shirazi.

- (iii) Those dealing with general topics *i.e.* Wit in Persian Poetry, Eid-e-Azadan, Different Schools of Persian Poetry.

My aim in writing these articles has been twofold :

Firstly to acquaint the Iranians with what has been achieved by the Pakistanis in the field of Persian poetry.

Secondly to provide to the Pakistani readers an inkling into how the Persian poetry developed under different individual artists.

The topic is so vast and fascinating that it may need volumes to cover it and even then one may not claim finality in having presented whatever was worth presenting and worth enjoying.

However the vastness of art and literature should not daunt a scholar and he should put forth whatever little he has culled or thought out for the benefit of others. It is in this spirit that I am presenting this humble book to the lovers of Persian poetry in Pakistan, Iran and all over the world.

نه بهر تحفه اندر خدمت گلدسته آوردم
زخوبی لاف میزدگل به پشت بسته آوردم

I believe that it will be taken as a symbol of love and affection that Pakistan has always enshrined for Iran. According to Allama Iqbal :

تنم گلی زخیابان جنت کشمیر
دل از حریم حجاز و نواز شیراز است

The friendly behaviour of Aqai Muhammad Raza Meer-zai, Director, Iran Cultural Centre, Quetta, will remain imprinted on my heart for ever.

My heartiest thanks are due to Dr. Muhammad Jafar Mahjoob, Cultural Counsellor, Imperial Embassy of Iran in Pakistan for kindly encouraging me in my studies. I thank

from the core of my heart Dr. Ali Akbar Jafri, Director, Iran-Pakistan Institute of Persian Studies, Rawalpindi for his precious advice and liberal patronage.

I am extremely thankful to Aqai Muhammad Autad-ul-Ajam, Director Iran Cultural Centre, Karachi (Former Director, Iran Cultural Centre, Quetta) and Aqai Muhammad Husain Tasbihi (Iran-Pakistan Institute of Persian Studies, Rawalpindi) for appreciating my research.

In fact all these gentlemen are the best specimens of Iranian culture and scholarship and have been a constant source of inspiration for me.

I am also thankful to Prof. M. Anwar Rooman, Prof. Agha Sadiq Husain and late Prof. Ilm-ud-Din Salik for their help and guidance.

نوشتہام یہ احوال درد و محنت خویش
ولی طپیدن دل را چگونه بنویسم

Loralai.

11th Feb: 1975.

Inamul Haq Kausar

RABIA KHUZDARI

(A prominent literary figure of medieval Baluchistan and first poetess of Persian)

THE ancient city of Khuzdar or Quzdar in Kalat Division is situated in a valley rich with luscious grapes, soft mulberries and sweet dates. Its importance cannot be under-estimated in the history of Jahlawan. Lying on the high road from Karachi to Mekran and Kalat to Lasbela its distance from Kotri is 90 miles and from Kalat 120 miles. It was here that the 'Arab culture and race mixed with the Brahui culture and race. It is 4,050 feet above sea level. The history of Jahlawan as a matter of fact centres round the history of Khuzdar just as Mekran was the nursery of Baluchs and Sistan that of Jats; similarly Jahlawan was the nursery of Brahuis. It is still in doubt who put an end to the Rai dynasty before the advent of Arabs. But the central position of Khuzdar immediately attracted the attention of Arab invaders. The roads from Multan to Kandahar and Mekran route via Mula passed through it. Besides, there is a probability that its climate which was neither too hot nor too cold made it quite acceptable for them.

In the 'Arab period it was the principal city of the 'Arab possessions in Kalat called by them Turan and it was well protected by a fortress. Al-Baladhuri has recorded a quotation of 'Arab poet, who ecstatically writes about Khuzdar "what a

beautiful city and how distinguished its people!" Khuzdar remained under different famous rulers including Mu'awia, Al-Mansur, Sabugtagin, Mahmud Ghaznawi, Nasir al-Din Qabacha and Shams al-Din Iltutmish.

In the 17th century when on the disintegration of Mughal Empire the Brahui began to see the broad daylight. Mir Ahmad I (1666-67 to 1695-96 A.D) not only conquered Khuzdar but made it a seat of his *naib* after he had placed the Brahui state on sound footing. Mir Nasir Khan I (1750-51 to 1793-94 A.D), the greatest son of this land, invaded the sub-continent a number of times in conjunction with Ahmad Shah Abdali. The dawn of 19th century found the English people interfering in this region. Resistance movements were started; the tribes were played off one against the other. Their *sardars* were changed according to their own likes and dislikes until the English captured this area completely. In 1883 Sir Robert Sandeman held his *darbar* in Khuzdar.

This very city of a glorious past was the birthplace of RABIA. She is the first poetess of Persian language and being in 4th century A.H. she was the contemporary of Rudaki, the father of Persian poetry. Her verses are mature and possess a high technical proficiency.

A common student of Persian language and literature or a research scholar is very much pained to find that our chroniclers have been very much lukewarm in keeping an account of her career. Fakhri Harvi has altogether ignored her in his *tazkirah* 'Jawahar Ul Ajaib' which was exclusively devoted to the poetess women. Muhammad Hasan Khan, who has written a three-volume *tazkirah*, is also silent about her. Anyhow whatever little we have been able to collect from various *tazkirahs* we piece together for the readers.

In Balkh there was an Amir named Ka'b whose ancestors came off the ruling group. They had migrated to that land in the days of Abu Muslim. Ka'ab had a son named Harith

and a daughter named Rabia whose title was "Zain-ul-Arab" (the ornament of Arabia). Harith was well known for his pleasing manners and pious actions while Rabia was renowned for her beauty and chastity. She was gifted with a wonderful power of versification so that whatever she heard once she could transfrom that into fine verses. Muhammad Aufi writes in "Lubab-ul-Albab" Part II, on page 61:

رابعه بنت كعب القزدارى دختر كعب اگرچه زن بود اما بفضل بر مردان
جهان بخندیدی ، فارسی هر دو میدان و والی هر دویان بر نظم تازی
قا درودر شعر هارسی بغایت ماهر و باغایت ذكاء خاطر وحدت طبع پیوسته
عشق با ختی و شاهد بازی کردی و او را "مگس روئین خواندند" و سبب
تیز آن بود که وقتی شعر می گفته بود

خبر دهند که بارید بر سر ایوب ز آسمان ' ملخان و سر همه زربین
اگر بیارد زربین ملخ بر او از صبر سزد که بارد بر من یکم مگس روئین

"They say that over the head of Job there rained from heaven locusts, all having golden heads ;

If for his patience gloden locusts rained on him, it is fitting that at least one brazen-fly should drop on me."

She was nick-named the Brazen-Fly from the phrase occurring in the last verse.

Ka'b when on his death bed, called his son Harith and entrusted Rabia to his protection saying, "Many well known and highly placed persons requested me for her hand but I refused. If you find a suitable person, arrange her marriage with him and keep her with all honour and affection."

Ka'b was succeeded by Harith who busied himself in administration and cherished his sister as the dearest thing on this earth.

Harith had a slave named Begtash who was also the custodian of his treasury. He was famed far and wide for his

beauty. He used to visit his palace frequently and lived in his garden. Just in front of this garden there was a high apartment in which was fixed the throne of Harith. One day Rabia went on the roof. She looked about for some time. In the meantime the slave came in her view. She found him drinking and versifying. She got enamoured of him and later fell ill as a result of this. The treatment did not improve her. She had a trusted nurse who was her lady-in-waiting who asked her what the matter was. At first Rabia won't disclose anything but at last she told her the whole story of seeing Begtash and her infatuation for him. The nurse gave her a pledge to keep the story a sealed secret, Rabia gave vent to her feelings and handed over a letter to the nurse. Begtash read the letter and became fond of her and said to the nurse: "You are a spokesman of my feelings of love." Rabia was very much pleased at this. After this she wrote verses and sent it to the slave. She had no other business except writing poetry. This went on for sometime.

One day she went out of her palace. Begtash saw her and recognised her as if by instinct. He touched her head-dress which she immediately got released saying, "What sort of bravery is this that you should catch my head-dress!" The slave said, "If you have to conceal yourself from me, why do you send your verses to me and why have you captivated my heart"! Rabia angrily answered, "You are not aware of the secret. I am restless for some higher object. You can neither appreciate this nor can guide me to that loadstar; so why are you finding excuses to satisfy your sex hunger?" In the words of Allama Iqbal :

چو نظر قرار گیرد به نگارے خو بروے تپد آن زماں دل من پئے خوبتر نگارے

Saying this she went away. On this Shaykh Abu Sa'eed writes,

"آن شعرے کہ بر زبان او رواں بود - ممکن نیست کہ از سوز عشق معشوق
مجازی چنین شعرے بترآود و آن شعر را با ہزل سروکارے نبود و با حق
خطاب بود و او را در معنی کمال تمام بود و آن غلام را بہانہ ساختہ بود"

Rabia went on writing verses in her love until she went strolling in garden one day reciting her verses. A water-carrier of Harith known as Laal, who was quite beautiful, was there. He heard her verses and said to her: 'What do you say?' Rabia there and then spoke some verses in the name of Laal.

One month after Harith went to a battle. In this Begtash was wounded on his head and was about to be arrested by his enemies but a veiled girl suddenly pounced upon them killing them and hurried back with Begtash safe and sound. The spirit of troops rose up. They fought bravely and Harith carried the day. On return Harith called for the veiled horse woman but none could tell her whereabouts. Rabia, who was the veiled woman, was very much worried at the wound of the slave. She wrote a letter and sent him through the nurse. After a few days Begtash was all right.

Another interesting episode of her life is that one day Rudaki was passing through Khuzdar to Bukhara. Rabia happened to appear on his way. Rudaki spoke a verse and Rabia retorted in verse. The blind poet fathomed the inner meanings of her verse and became aware of her love for the slave. When he reached Bukhara and went before the King, Harith was also there. They were holding a royal *jashan*. The King requested for some verses and he just repeated the verses of Rabia. The King asked who was the author of those. Rudaki, being ignorant of Harith, said: "These verses are from the daughter of Ka'b, who is inclined towards a slave and has no other business except writing poetry. Whatever she writes she sends it to that slave secretly."

When Harith came back, he kept it secret from his sister. He was sure that Laal, the water-carrier, was the man involved. He thought of taking revenge from his sister by killing her.

Begtash used to place the verses received from Rabia in a box and kept it nearer to his heart. One of the companions of Begtash thought that he had kept rubies and diamonds in

the box. One day when he was all alone he opened the box, read the verses and took them to Harith. Harith made up his mind to kill his sister.

At first the slave was thrown into a dark well. Then the *گرمابه* (*Hammam*) was heated. The surgeon was asked to cut one of the veins of his sister and immediately after this she was thrown into the Hammam. The door was closed by bricks, stones and lime. Rabia collected her blood in a cup and wrote verses on the wall staining her finger with blood.

عشق او باز اندر آوردم به بند ☆ کرشمش بسیار نامد سود مند
توصیے کردم ندانستم همی ☆ کز کشیدن سخت تر گردد کمند
عشق دریائے کمرانه ناپدید ☆ کے توان کردن شنای هوشمند
عاشقی خواهی که تا پایاں بری ☆ پس باید ساخت باهر ناپسند
زشت باید دید و انگارید خوب ☆ زهر باید خورد و پندارید قند

“His love put me in chains again, excessive endeavour (to free myself) was in vain ;

I acted like an unbroken horse and knew not that a pull tightens a lasso ;

Love is a sea with an invisible shore ; how is it possible to swim across, O sensible man ?

If thou wishest to be accomplished in love, thou shouldst love things unpleasant ;

Ugly things should be seen and considered charming, poison should be taken and reckoned sugar-candy.”

When whole of the wall was full of verses and her blood was exhausted, she breathed her last. After this she was taken out of the *hamamm* and was buried according to the custom.

Begdash was highly anguished at this tragedy and waited for a favourable opportunity until he came out one day and murdered Harith early in the morning. Afterwards he went

to the grave of Rabia and thrust a dagger into his breast. He was later buried beside her. These are all the events recorded by Shaykh Farid-ud-Din Attar in his "Ilahi Nama."

Maulana Jami in his *tazkirah* "Nafahat-ul-Uns" has included Rabia in those ladies who believed in and practised mysticism.¹ Ali Quli Hidayat has written in his *tazkirah* "Majma-ul-Fusaha (Part I, page 222)":

او صاحب عشق حقیقی و مجازی بوده - انجامش بعشق حقیقی کشیده -
حکایت او را فقیر نظم کرده نام آن مثنوی را گلستان ارم نهاده ،،

Last but not the least we produce here some of her verses recorded by chroniclers. These verses are evidently expressive her innermost feeling :

مرا بعشق همی محتمل کنی بحیل چه حجت آری پیش خدای عزوجل
بعشقت اندر عاصی همی نیارم شد بدینم اندر طاغی همی شوم بمثل
نعم بی تو نخواهم جحیم باتوروا است که بی تو شکر زهر مت و باتوزهر غسل
بروی نیکو تکیه مکن که تایک چند بسنبیل اندر پنهان کنند نجم زحل
هرآئینه نه دروغست آنچه گفت حکیم
فمن تکبر یو ماً فبعد عز ذل

"Thou fraudulently accusest me of love; what evidence will thou produce before God? May He be glorified !

I cannot go against thy love, even if I may violently transgress my religion ;

I do not desire a Paradise of delight without thee, Hell with thee is pleasant, as without thee sugar is poison and with thee poison is honey ;

Do not rely on thy pretty face, as under God's decree, (even) Saturn is for a time hid in Virgo ;

1. Jami, Lucknow, 1915 pp. 564—65.

Verily what the sage hath said is not untrue ; Pride must have its fall.”¹

دعوت من بر تو آن شد کا یزدت عاشق کناد
بر یکی سنگین دلی ناسهر بان چون خویشتن
تابدانی درد عشق و داغ هجر و غمکشی
چون به هجر اندر پیچی پس بدانی قدر من

“This is my curse on thee. God send thee love
One like thyself, unkind and obdurate,
That knowing Love’s deep cautery thou mayst writhe
In loneliness, and know my worth too late !”

زیم گل که در باغ ماوی گرفت چمن رنگ ارتنگ مانی گرفت
صبا نافه مشک تبت لداشت جهان بوی مشک ازچه معنی گرفت
مگر چشم مجنون باهر اندرست که گل رنگ رخسار لیلی گرفت
بمی مانند اندر عقیقین قدح سر شکی که در لاله ماوی گرفت
قدح گیریک چند و دنیا مگیر که بد بخت شد آنکه دنیا گرفت
سبز نرگس تازه از زر و سیم نشان سرتاج کسری گرفت
چورهبان شد اندر لباس کبود
بنفشه مگر دین ترسا گرفت

“As countless roses bloomed in the garden, the garden looked like Manes’ picture-gallery ;

Toe Zephyr had no Tibetan musk-bag, how then was the atmosphere charged with the fragrance of musk ?

Majnun’s eyes, as it were, are shedding tears from the cloud, because the colour of the rose reminds him of Layla’s cheeks ;

1. Ishaque, M. Dr., Four Eminent Poetesses of Iran, pp, 3—8, Calcutta, 1950.

The dewes collected in tulips resemble the wine in ruby cups ;

Drink the cup a while and cling not to the world, for wretched is he who clings to it ;

The tip of the blooming narcissus shows the likeness of the gold and silver in the crown of Chosroes ;

Robed in blue like a Christian monk, perhaps the violets have embraced the Christian faith."

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| زهی بادی که رحمت باد بر باد | نشاند از سوسن و گل سیم و زر باد |
| نمود از سحرمانی صد اثر باد | بداد از نقش آزر صد نشان آب |
| دلیل لطف عیسی شد مگر باد | مشال چشم آدم شد مگر ابر |
| که جان افزود خوش خوش در شجر باد | که در بارید بر دم در چمن ابر |
| کند عرضه صبوحی جام زر باد | اگر دیوانه ابر آمد چرا پس |
| ازین غماز صبح پرده در باد | گل خوشبوی ترسم آورد رنگ |
| عروس باغ راشد جلوه گر باد | برای چشم هرنا اهل گوئی |
| چرا افکند گل را در سحر باد | عجب چون صبح خوشتر میبرد خواب |

"The breeze scattered lilies and roses resembling silver and gold ; an excellent breeze indeed ! Blessings be upon it.

The water displayed hundreds of designs like those of Azar's sculpture, the breeze exhibited hundreds of patterns of Manes' charm (i.e. paintings) ;

Happily the clouds became like Adam's eyes, happily the breeze showed the efficacy of Jesus' breath ;

Hence the clouds incessantly showered pearls in the garden and the breeze gave cheerfully a new life to trees ;

If the cloud came in a frantic manner, why should the breeze then offer a morning draught in cups of gold ?

Sweet-smelling flowers, I fear, will grow shy of this tell-tale morning breeze ;

As though, for the eyes of the unworthy, the breeze had unveiled he bride of the garden ;

'Tis strange that when the fine morning takes away sleep, the breeze should lay the roses low at dawn."

شاقی نائح من الاطيار ; ; حاج سقمی و هاج لی تزکاری
دوش برشاخک درخت آن مرغ نوحه میکرد و میگريست بزاری
قلت للطير لم تنوح و تبکی فی دجی اللیل و النجوم درزاری
من جدايم زیار از آن می نالم تو چه نالی که با ساعد یاری
من نگویم چو خون دیده بیارم
توچه گوئی چو خون دیده نباری

"The wailings of a bird kindled my love, increased my sufferings, and stirred up my recollections ;

Last night that bird from a bough in deep lamentation mourned ; I asked the bird, 'Why dost thou lament and be moan in the darkness of night, while the stars are bright?'

I am weeping because I am separate from (my) love ; but why shouldst thou weep when thou hast the favours of a friend ?

When I shed tears of blood I complain not ; why shouldst thou complain when thou sheddest not blood from (thine) eyes ?"

الای باد شبگیری پیام من بدلیبر بر
بگو آن ماه خوبانرا که جان با دل برابر بر
بقهر از من فگندی دل بیک دیدار مهرویاں
چنان چون حیدر کرار در آن حصن خیبر بر

تو چون ماهی و من ماهی همی سوزم بتا به بر
 غم عشقت نه بس باشد جفا بنهادی از بر بر
 مستم چون چنبری گشته بدان امید تا روزی
 ز زلفت برفتد ناگه یکی حلقه بهنبر بر
 مستمگر گشت معشوقم همه غم زین قبل دارم
 که هرگز سود نکند کس به معشوق مستم بر
 اگر خواهی که خوبانرا بروی خود بهجر آری
 یکی رخسار خوبانرا بدان خوبان برابر بر
 ایا معظم بکارو حال عاشق گر خبرداری
 سحرگاہان نکه کن تو بدان الله اکبر بر
 مدار ای بهت کعب اندوه که یار از تو جدا ماند
 رسن گرچه دراز آید گذر دارد بهنبر بر



ABUL FARAJ RUNI

Lahore produced a poet whom Anwari imitated.

The Persians and Indo-Pakistanis, before the advent of Islam, had a cultural affinity and intellectual exchange due to their racial unity, the rule of the Achaemenians over major part of West Pakistan from 6th to 4th century B.C. and the migration of the thousands of Persian families from Khurasan to West Pakistan (i.e. Multan, Lahore) and Delhi.

The Perso-Indo-Pakistani contact did not cease to exist under Islam. Sultan Mahmud Ghaznavi (388-421 A.H./998-1030 A.D.) invaded Indo-Pakistan in seventeen separate campaigns, wherein he slew innumerable "idolators", destroyed many temples and permanently annexed the Punjab. He made Lahore as his capital for this area. Thus he planted Persian culture in this country. The existing Persian pockets were enriched and a taste for Persian poetry was developed.

Mahmud has a great love for letters. It is said that four hundred poets travelled with him to every corner of the empire on whom he spent eighty lakh of rupees yearly in the shape of fixed allowances. He created the post of Poet-Laureate and appointed Unsuri to this post. He founded the Royal Museum and the Academy at Ghazna. The latter possessed a large and valuable collection of books on Arabian, Greek and Indian sciences and arts. Mahmud himself was the author of *Tafridul Furu* (تفرید الفروع) on Muslim jurisprudence !

In short, Ghazna was a great seat of learning during the times of Mahmud. At par with Ghazna, Lahore was also a place for literary and cultural activities. Due to this Lahore was called غزنین خرد (Small Ghazna). During the Ghaznavide period all the local and geographical distinctions were abolished. There had been a complete unity till the end of the Mughals.

After the death of Mahmud Ghaznavi, Sultan Masud, son of Mahmud Ghaznavi, was defeated by Seljuk Turks. In 430 A.H. he proceeded to Lahore in order to get fresh army to turn them out. But successors of Mahmud could not annex East Iran. They occupied West Pakistan and East Afghanistan during the reign of 152 years (i.e. 431 A.H. to 583 A.H.). Till the last ruler Khusrow Malik, their capital Lahore was a great centre for scholars, poets and writers. Among them was ABUL FARAJ RUNI. At that time Lahore would have been really a beautiful and worth-seeing city.

There was a village ; Run or Ruyan near Lahore. Abul Faraj was born there in the first part of the 5th century A.H. At that time Sultan Masud (431-432 A.H.) was occupying the royal throne. Farhang-i-Rashidi reveals :—

“رون بالضم در فرهنگ نام قصبه ایست در هند که مولد ابوالفرج است”

Awfi states² :

“ابوالفرج بن مسعودالرونی، مولد و منشأ او خطه لوهور بود،”

Badayuni writes :³

“آستاد ابوالفرج روینی مداح سلطان ابراهیم بود و هم مداح سلطان مسعود و قصائد بسیار بنام ایشان در دیوان اوست و روین نام دیهی است از توابع لاهور درین روزگار گویا خراب است که اثری از وی نمانده است،”

Riza Quli Hidayat in his “Majma ul Fusaha⁴” claims that Runa was a village near Nishapur. The author of “Atash Kadah”⁵ is of the opinion that Runa was in the Dasht-Khawran

(Khurasan). Amin Ahmad Razi contradicts these two statements in his famous tazkirah "Haft Iqleem". The renowned scholar of modern Iran, Allama Mirza Muhammad Qazwini, admits in the footnote of *Chahar Maqala*⁶ that Run was situated near Lahore. He says :

”ابوالفرج رونی از مشاهیر شعراء عصر غزنویه است و قصاید وی غالباً در مدح سلطان ابوالمظفر ظهیرالدوله رضی الدین ابراهیم بن مسعود غزنوی (۴۵۱ تا ۴۹۲ هـ) و پسرش سلطان مسعود بن ابراهیم (۴۹۲ تا ۵۰۸ هـ) میباشد بنا بر این وی بعد از سنه ۴۹۲ که سال جلوس سلطان مسعود است قطعاً در حیات بوده - پس اینکه تقی الدین کاشی وفات او را در سنه ۴۸۹ هجری مینویسد بکلی بی اصل است و رونی منسوب است برونه که از توابع لاهور است“

Abul Faraj's father Masud Razi was a great poet in the days of Sultan Mahmud and Sultan Masud. He wrote Qasidas in their praise. He came to Lahore and settled there and finally passed away. Awfi has recorded this nice quatrain of Masud Razi :

آن زلف نگر بر رخ آن در یتیم
چون بنگاری چنانک از غالیه جیم
و آن خال بر آن عارض چون ماهی شیم
همچون نقطی زمشک بر تخته سیم

Sultan Ibrahim, son of Masud, (451-492 A.H./1059-1099 A.D.) and his son Sultan Masud III (492-508 A.H./1099-1114 A.D.) were the patrons of Abul Faraj. He eulogized them. He died in latter's period. "Adabnama-i-Iran"⁷ reveals the date of his death as 510 A.H./1116 A.D.

Awfi has quoted the verse of Abu Abdullah Rozbah son of Abdullah al Nakati, Lahore and Shaikh Ali Hujveri (Known as Data Ganj Bakhsh). Their diwans are not extant. Abul Faraj Runi is the first poet of Lahore whose diwan is available. That's why we may call him the First Persian poet of Pakistan.

Many leading poets of Indo-Pakistan and Iran imitated him in style and imagery. He held a great respect among the stars of Persian poetry like Masud Sad Salman, Anwari, Faizi, Urfi, Masih Rukna-i-Kashi, Saib and Talib Amuli.

Masud (438-515 A.H.) feels great honour to consider him as his teacher :

نازم بدانکه هستم شاگرد تو شادم بدانکه هستی استاد من

"I pride myself on this
that I am thy pupil,
I am happy over it
that thou art my master."

Again in this Qita he remembers him impatiently :

بوالفرج ای خواجه آزاد مرد هجرو وصال تو مرا خیره کرد
ای به بلندی سخن شاعران هرگز مانند تو نایده مرد
روی تو ام از همه چیز آرزوست خسته همی جوید درمان درد

It is said that Masud Sad Salman built a grand house in Lahore. On this happy occasion Abul Faraj expressed himself thus⁸ :-

بوالفرج را درین بنا که در آن اختلاف سخن فراوان گشت
سخنی چند معجب است که عقل برو قوفش رسید و حیران گشت
اندر این عصر چون پدید آمد قصر مسعود سعد سلمان گشت
تا جهانست او نگهبان باد این بنا را که او نگهبان گشت

Masud Sad Salman retorted :⁹

خاطر خواجه ابوالفرج بدرست گوهر نظم و نثر را کان گشت
هزار طبع او چو یافت قبول جان با جسم و جسم با جان گشت
شاعران راز لفظ و معنی او لفظ و معنی همه دگرسان گشت
خاطر من چون گفته او دید از همه گفته ها پشیمان گشت

Anwari (D. 587 A.H./1191 A.D.) expresses his remarkable affection in these words :

باد معلومش که من بنده بشعر بوالفرج
تا بدید متهم و لوعی داشتتم بس تمام

“He may know that I am a slave to his poetry, Since I saw it become all the more resplendent it.”

At another place he compares Runi with Farrukhi (d. 429 A.H/1037 A.D.) who was amongst the famous poets of Sultan Mahmud's court.

در عذوبت نظم اقبال چو نظم فرخی

“In sweetness thy fortunate poetry is like that of Farrukhi.”
Again Anwari resolves to imitate Abul Faraj's poetry,

عزم دارم کان پروزی چند بنویسم که نیست
شعر او مرغی که آسان اندرون افتد بدام

(Here Anwari compares it with a bird whom it is not easy to entrap). Urfi (d. 999 A.H./1590 A.D.), who seldom admits the supremacy of a poet, states on this point : ¹⁰

انصاف بده بوالفرج و انوری امروز
بهرچه غنیمت نشمارند عدم را
بسم الله ز اعجاز نفس جان ده شان باز
تا من قلم اندازم و گیرند قلم را
اول ره این نظم خود ایشان بسپردند
پس باز نمودیم بهم منزل هم را

“Give justice ‘Abul Faraj and Anwari to-day,
Why should they not be content with their non-existence ?
In the name of God, bring them to life once more by thy
miraculous breath,

So that I may lay down the pen, and they may take it up again ;

The path of this poetry was first traversed by them,
There after we all trod in the same path."

Faizi (d. 1004 A.H./1595 A.D.) considers him as his guide:¹¹

ذوقی کہ توان گرفت از شعر از شعر ابوالفرج گرفتم

"The taste (benefit) that could be derived from poetry,
I drew from that of Abul Faraj."

Zaki of Kashghar acknowledges his poetical worth and calls him as Saheb Qiran (Lord of two ages) of Persian poetry.¹²

صاحبقران عالم کافی توئی کہ هست
گلزار وار خلد نمودار شعر تو

"Thou art of Saheb Qiran (Lord of the two ages) of the world :

thy presence is enough, since it is a fact

That thy verses appear like the garden of Paradise."

Some Western critics are of the opinion that Indo-Pakistani writings in Persian could not be at par with Persian poetry in imagination and style. Muhammad Abdul Ghani has aptly remarked in his valuable work "Pre-Mughal Persian in Hindustan" "Abul Faraj poetry completely dispels this false notion. It is a matter of pride for India that Lahore produced a poet whom Anwari imitated. ¹³"

Abul Faraj's Diwan includes qasaid, ghazals, qitas, rubais and hajv. His qasaid are not a mere collection of کارهوس پیشگان (output of the greedy).

His qasidas present a historical picture of Ghaznavid period. In view of this Professor Mahmud Shirani narrated some events in accordance with Abul Faraj's qasidas in his

famous book "Punjab men Urdu". Here are some verses of Qasida which was written at the arrival of Sultan Ibrahim in Lahore.

سپهر دولت و دین آفتاب هفت اقلیم
ابوالمظفر شاه مظفر ابراهیم
گشاید رایت منصور سوی لوها ور
بطالعی کہ قولا کند بدو تقویم
غبار لشکر او بسته راه باد ہزان
شہاب صولت او خستہ جان دیو رجوم
بروز عدلش میزانهای ظلم صبح
ہمون رایش ہتیار های دہر سلیم
کنون بجوشد خون خزانهای مسن
کنون بجنبد مسمار ملک های قدیم
نشاط شاہابہ بینسی نہادہ روی بغم
آسہد را توبہ یابی نہادہ ہشت بہ بیم
میہ کند بکشاد خدنگ دیدہ روز
چنانکہ نوک قلم در شتاب حلقہ میہ
فرو خورد حشرات زمانہ نیزہ او
چنانکہ جادوی جاودان عصای کلیم

In another qasida Runi praised Sultan Masud bin Ibrahim thus :

حضرتی شد بزرگ چون غزنین لاہور از قدوم شاه زمین

The Tashbib of these qasidas are very charming. He depicts the picture in a lucid manner. Though he uses different figures of speech after the fashion of his contemporaries, yet he never tries to lose the simplicity of language, flow and clearness of idea. He does not lose the sight of reality and at the same time his poetry is replete with imaginative flights and subtle

جش فرخنده فروردین است
 روز بازار گل و نسرین است
 آب چون آتش عود افروز است
 باد چون خاک عنبر آگین است
 باغ پیراسته ، گلزار بهشت
 گلبن آراسته حور العین است
 برج نور است مگر شاخ سمن
 که گلشن را شبه پروین است
 در گلستان ز فروغ لاله
 گوئی آتش کده بزمین است
 بچه ماند بعروسی عالم
 که سبک روح و گران کابین است
 بیشه از سبزه و از جوی و درخت
 چون زمین گلی غزنین است

نو روز جوان کرد بدل پیرو جوان را
 ایام جوانی است زمین را و زمان را
 هر سال در این فصل بر آرد فلک از خاک
 چون طبع جوانان جهان دوست جهان را
 گر شاخ نوان بود زبی برگی بی برگ
 از برگ نوا داد قضا شاخ نوان را
 انواع نبات اکنون چون مورچه در خاک
 از جنبش بسیار مجدر کند آن را
 مرع از طلب دانه فرو ماند که دانه
 در خاک همی سبز کند روی مکان را

بگرفت شگوفه بچمن بر گزر باغ
 چو ناله ستاره گزر کاهکشان را
 آن غنچه گل بین که همی نازد و بر باد
 از خنده دزدیده فرو بسته دهان را

Just mark an account of the sad plight. Way of expression is pathetic.

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| گردون زیرای هر خرد مند | صد شربت جانگزا در آمیخت |
| گیتی زبرای هر جوان مرد | هر زهر که داشت در قدح ریخت |
| از بهر هنر درین زمانه | هر فتنه که صعب تر برانگیخت |
| جز آب دو دیده می نشوید | خاکی که زمانه بر زخم ریخت |
| بر اهل هنر جفا کند چرخ | نتوان ز جفای چرخ بگریخت |
| چون است زمانه سفله پرور | کی دست زمانه بر توان بیخت |

His ghazals are simple, sweet and have an emotional touch in themes. Some verses are :

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| روی چون حاصل نکو کاران | زلف چون نامه گنہگار |
| غمزه مانند آرزوی مضر | در کمین گاه طبع بیمار |
| خیره اندر کرشمه چشمش | ذوق مستان و پوش هشیاران |
| اندر آمد به محاسن و بنشست | چادرش بستند ازو یاران |
| زیر و بم رابه غمزه گویا کرد | یا گفتند راز می خواران |

His rubais are straight, clear and impressive :

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| هر تیر که در ترکش افلاک بود | آماج گمش ایندل صد چاک بود |
| تا چرخ چنین ظالم و بیباک بود | آسوده کسی بود که در خاک بود |

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| تایک نفس از حیات باقی است مرا | در سر هوس شراب و ساقی است مرا |
| کاری که من اختیار کردم این بود | باقی همه کار اتفاقی است مرا |

مه بر سروی نهاده کاین روی منست
 وزمشک زره شکسته کاین موی منست
 از خلد دری کشاده کاین بوی منست
 آتش بجهان در زده کاین خوی منست

1. Pre-Mughal Persian in Hindustan, pp. 6, 232. Muntakhab-ut-Tawarikh, vol. I, p. 35; Arthus Christensen: "L'Iran sous les Sassanides" translated by Dr. M. Iqbal, pp. 25—27; A Literary History of Persia, Vol. I, p. 33; Vol. II, p. 94
2. Lubab-ul-Albab, Vol. II, p. 241
3. Muntakhab-ut-Tawarikh, Vol. I, p. 37
4. Vol. I, p. 70
5. p. 137
6. p. 142
7. p. 251
8. Diwan-i-Abul Faraj Runi, p. 125.
9. Preface Diwan Masud Sad Salman edited by Rashid Yasmi—Hilal, Karachi, Nov. 1953. p. 32
10. Qasaid-i-Urfi, Sahil Bilgrami, Sh. Mubarik Ali Edition, Lahore 1945, p. 26
11. A History of Persian Language and Literature at the Mughal Court, Vol. III, p. 63
12. Arafat ul Ashiqin by Taqi Auhadi, Ms.
13. Pre-Mughal Persian in Hindustan, Allahabad, 1941, p. 243.

JAMI

His name was 'Abd al-Rahman, title Nur al-Din and pseudonym Jami. He was born in Kharjard, a town in the Jam (Khurasan) on 23rd Sha'ban, 817A.H./7th November 1414A.D.¹ He himself states :—

مولدم جام و رشحه قلمم جرعه جام شیخ الاسلامی است
لا جرم در جریده اشعار بدو معنی تلخیص جامی است

“My birth place is Jam and the writings of my pen,
Are the drops from the jam (cup) of Shaikh-ul-Islam,
Undoubtedly in the book of verses,
I have used in these two meanings the pen name Jami.”

His father was Ahmad b. Muhammad Dashti and grandfather Shams al-Din Dashti. Dashti was a street in Isfahan where his ancestors had settled in the beginning and consequently they came to be known as Dashti, At last they bade goodbye to Isfahan and came over to the Jam area.

1. He says in a qasidah :—

بسال هشتصد و هفده از هجرت نبوی
که زد ز مکه بیثرب سرا و قات جلال
اوج قله پرواز گاه عز و قدم
بدین حضیض هوا مست کرده ام پروبال

Jami got frequent opportunities of travel and touring with his father. In his childhood, when he came to Herat with him, he stayed in Madrasah-i-Nizamiyah and was enrolled amongst the students of Mawlana Junayd Usuli, an authority on Arabic language. Afterwards he received instruction under Khwajah 'Ali Samarqandi, Sayyid Sharif Jurjani and Mawlana Shahab al-Din. At last he came across a saint, Sa'd al-Din Kashghari who was a Khalifah (successor) of Mawlana Baha al-Din Naqshband. On the strength of this relation, he got into the Naqshbandiyah order and completed the different stages of spiritual enlightenment.¹

He went for Hajj in 877 A.H./1472 A.D. and returned to Khurasan after visiting Hamadan, Kurdistan, Baghdad, Karbala,² Najaf, Madinah, Makkah, Damascus, Aleppo, and Tabriz. The journey was quite long. It seems that he was not given a befitting treatment by the people of Baghdad and has complained of this in one of his qasidahs :—

بگشای ساقیا بلب شط سر سبوی
وز خاطر م کذورت بغدادیان بشوی
مهرم بلب نه از قدح می که هیچکس
ز ابنای این دیار نیرزد بگفتگوی
جامی مقام راحت روان نیست ابن زمین
بر خهز تا نهیم بخاک حجاز روی

1. Tuhfah-i-Sami, p. 1., Haft Iqlim, MS. F. 195, Maykhanah, p. 94, Nafahat-al-Uns (Takmilah by 'Abd al-Ghafur), prefixed by Captain N. Lees, pp. 1 to 20 for Biographical sketch, Hikmat, 'Ali Asghar : Jami, pp. 59 to 62.

2. At Karbala Jami said,

گردم ز دیده پای سوی مشهد حسین
هست ابن سفر بمنهب عشاق فرض عین

“O thou cup-bearer, open the wine pitcher at the bank
of confluence,

And wash off the displeasure about Baghdadies from my
heart.

Seal my lip with the wine cup for nobody,

From the sons of this land is worth conversation.

Jami, this land is no place for the upright,

Arise so that we set out for the land of Hijaz.”

He wrote a **ترکیب بند** in praise of the Holy Prophet which
began thus :—

ماء معین چیست خاک پای محمد حبل متین ربقه ولای محمد

While in Madinah he wrote :—

یا رب مدینه است این حرم کز خاکش آید بوی جان
یا ساخت باغ ارم یا عرصه روض الجنان

In an other qasidah he said : —

بانگ رحیل از قافله برخاست خیز ای ساربان
رختم بنم بر راحله آهنگ رحلت کن روان

In ghazal he stated :

بکعبه رفتم وز انجا هوای کوی تو کردم
جمال کعبه تماشا بیاد روی تو کردم

“I went into the Kaabah and from there I was drawn to
your street,

The beauty of Kaabah I enjoyed in the memory of your
face.”

Tabriz gave him rousing reception and he wrote in memory

of this hospitality .—

زحج برگشته جامی در خراسان داشت روی اما
رهش زد درمیاله عشوه^۱ خوبان تبریزی^۱

“Having returned from Haj, Jami set his face to Khurasan

But the blandishments of the beauties of Tabriz way-laid him.”

Amir Timur was succeeded by Shahrukh Mirza who ruled from 807 to 850 A.H./1404 to 1446 A.D. For the most part of this period Jami was busy receiving education. Shahrukh was succeeded by Mirza Abu al-Qasim Baysunghur b. Shahrukh in Khurasan, Afghanistan, Iraq and Fars and he ruled from 855 to 861 A.H./1451 to 1456 A.D. On the death of Mirza Shahrukh, Transoxiana was under the sway of Mirza Abu Sa'id who was fired with the ambition of annexing Khurasan. This came to be realized after the death of Mirza Abu al-Qasim. He invaded Khurasan and captured Herat in 863 A.H./1458-59 A.D. and ruled upto 872 A.H./1468 A.D. quite successfully. It was in the reign of Abu Sa'id that Jami compiled his first diwan. He wrote some verses in admiration of Sultan Abu Said in one of his mathnawis ;—²

شاه سلطان ابو سعید که هست
آسمان پوش قصر قدرش هست
هشت بر هشت شاه و شاه نشان
جاه و شانش زجاء شاه و شان

1. Hikmat, Ali Asghar : Jami, pp. 84. 85.

(بحواله رشحات عین الحیاء مولف صفی الدین)

2. Hikmat, 'Ali Asghar : Jami, p. 20.

In a ghazal Jami writes about Abu Sa'id :—

ساقی بشکل جام زر آمد هلال عید
می ده بعز دولت سلطان ابو سعید

(Kulliyat-e-Jami, p, 222).

In 873 A.H./1469 A.D. Eastern Iran went under Sultan Husayn Bayqara who was geneologically linked with Amir Timur through Amirzadah 'Umar Shaykh. He was the last of Timurids. Khurasan enjoyed an era of peace and prosperity under his sway. He was a great patron of scholars. His generosity made the city of Herat the centre of literature and learning. Himself a scholar, he left behind a monumental work¹ "Majalis al-'Ushshaq" (the Assemblies of Lovers).

Mir Ali Shir Nawai, who was a chum of Sultan Husayn Mirza since childhood, was invested with the exalted office of Wizarat.

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1. Majalis-al-'Ushshaq (The Assemblies of Lovers) : This very extraordinary Sufi composition, which portrays the love of the created for the Creator, and the wish of the soul to be reunited to the Godhead, from which it is an emanation, is the work of Sultan Husayn Mirza".

(Ousley, Biographical Notices of Persian Poets, p, 247).

There are seventy five "Assemblies", or Meetings of Lovers, and each assembly is illustrated with a beautiful miniature painting in splendid colouring. It was published in Lucknow (India) in 1293 A.H./1876, A.D. It has got 270 pages. I obtained this book from Public Library, Lahore.

Some of the verses of Sultan Husayn are as follows :—

از غم عشقت مرا نه تن نه جانی مانده است
 آن خیالی گشته و این یک گمانی مانده است
 ای که میجویی نشانم رو بکوی یار بین
 خاک گشته جسم و سریر آستانی مانده است
 باقدخم گشته ام در هجر آن ابرو کهان
 چون کمانم بی بروی استخوانی مانده است

(Majalis at-Nafais, p. 131).

(Cont. 30)

This fact was also a factor of the efflorescence of Arts and Letters. Mir held Jami in high esteem and when the latter died, he wrote an elegy in commemoration in the form of *ترکیب بند*. It consisted of 7 stanzas comprising 70 verses and opened thus :—

هر دم از انجمن چرخ جفای د گراست
هر یک از انجم او داغ بلای د گراست

“Every moment these descends another oppression from the sky,

And its every star is the scar of another calamity.”

On the death of Sultan Husayn Mirza, Muhammad Khan Shaybani, a renowned leader of Uzbek tribe, wrought havoc in

داغهای استخوانم بین چو خال کعبتین
هر یکی از ناوک آن مه نشانی مانده است
چون حسینی باز خواهم خویش را پیرانه سر
مست سر بر سجده زیبا جوانی مانده است

“Sultan Husayn Mirza was no bad poet and his odes, written in Turki, are far better than those of many celebrated poets. He also wrote in Arabic and competed with the celebrated Jami.”

(E. G. Browne : A Literary History of Persia, Vol. 111, p. 395).

Oriental College Magazine. Lahore, May, 1934, contains two extracts from *Waqiat-i-Baburi* and *Tarikh-i-Rashidi* under the caption ‘Patronage of Arts and Letters in the Court of Sultan Husayn Mirza.’ Both Babur and Haydar Mirza have thrown light on the reign of Sultan Husayn Mirza showing how Herat had come to be the centre of Arts and Letters. Babur’s account is rather brief while that of Haydar Mirza is more detailed.

Iran with his successive invasions. At last Sam Mirza, the son of Shah Isma'il, defeated the Uzbeks and brought Herat under the Safawid rule.

When Eastern Iran was peaceful and prosperous under the enlightened government of Sultan Abu Sa'id and Sultan Husayn Mirza, the Western Iran was under the mighty rule of Turkoman Sultan Jahan Shah Qara Qyunlu, Uzuu Hasan Aq-Qyunlu and his son Ya'qub Beg. The duration of their sway was from 841 to 896 A.H./1437 to 1490 A.D. Mawlana Jami had an intimate connexion with them and had dedicated his mathnawi "Salaman-o-Absal" to the last Sultan Ya'qub Beg. This is how he has described his greatness, power and pelf¹ :—

شاه یعقوب آن جهاننداری که هست
با علوش دروه افلاک هست

His third diwan "خاتمه الحیاء", also includes some qasidah in praise of Ya'qub Beg. In one qasidah he has praised "Hasht Bahisht"² a palace of the Sultan which he built in Tabriz.

1. Salaman-o-Absal, (Rashid Yasmi), p. 30.

2. Jami praises Hasht Bahisht thus :—

این نه قصر است همانا که بهشت دگرست
که کشاده برخ اهل صفا هشت در است
جاسی آن دارد اگر هشت بهشتش خوانند
چون زهر نقش در آن حوروشی جلوه گر است
شاه جم مرتبه یعقوب که از خلق حسن
قاف تا قاف جهان وارث ملک پدر است

"It is not a palace but another paradise
that it has opened eight doors to the pious.

This place may be called to be the eight paradises as
from its every nook and corner of the works emerges
beauty as of a hurio.

Jacob, who like the great king with the creating of the
beauty is the inheritor of all the world.

(Badakhshani, Maqbul Beg : Adab Namah-e-Iran, p.
458.

In the second half of 9th century H./15th century A.D. Aisa Minor and Balkan Peninsula was under the Turks. Jami's letters contain a mention of Sultan Muhammad (855 to 886 A.H./1451 to 1481 A.D.) the conqueror and Sultan Bayazid II (886 to 918 A.H./1481 to 1512 A.D.) which shows that the fame of his scholarship had reached even Istanbul. These Sultans used to send to Jamipresents and donations as well as maintained a regular communication with him. Jami himself has described the conquests of Sultan Muhammad in one of his mathnawis :—

نفس از بوی صدق شکین کن
 راه اخلاص رفتن آئین کن
 از خرامان به بند بار نیاز
 راه بردار ملک روم انداز
 چون رسیدی زراه راه پیرس
 بارگاه جلال و جاه پیرس
 چهره بر خاک راه دربان سای
 با اجازت زمین بیوس در آی
 پیش شاه مجاهد غازی
 پکشالب به نکته پردازی
 گم کسی بر سریر جاه و جلال
 چون تو گردد اکتساب فضل و کمال

In the third daftar of his mathnawi "Silsilat al-Dhahab" he thus addresses Sultan Bayazid Osmanli¹ :—

کاش نوشیروان کنون بودی عدلش از بیشتر فزون بودی
 تاز دعوی عدل شمرسته خسرو روم راشدی بنده
 کردی از بندگی سرافرازی پیش شاه مجاهد غازی

1. Hikmat, 'Ali, Asghar: Jami, p. 49 ;
 Adab Nama-i-Iran, p. 458.

مہبط العز والعلی سلطان بایزیدالدرم شد دوران
خاک یونان زمین ازو گلشن جان یونانیان ازو روشن“

Would that Anushirwan were alive today,

His justice would have increased beyond all measure.

He would feel small at his profession of justice.

And would prefer to be a slave to the Emperor of Rome.

He would feel greatness in slavery,

Before the victorious, the champion of Allah, the Emperor.

The Sultan is the converging point of honour and grandeur,

Bayazid Yildrem is the Emperor of the world,

The soil of Greece is a flowering garden under him,

The soul of Greeks is illuminated under him.”

Mawlana Jami was considered to be amongst the foremost ‘Ulama of Ahl-i-Sunnah. The Safawi Sultans, therefore, did not like him due to their religious predilections for their own sect.¹

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1. Malik-al-Shu‘ara Bahar has quoted various authorities in Sabk Shanasi, Vol. III, pp. 225, 226, 227 about Jami’s religion. Most of them indicate that he was Sunni and some of them reveal that he was Shia’h. Some point out that he was above sectarian differences.

Aqa Murtada Gilani states in preface of “Haft Awrang” p. 15.

”از این بیت فہمیدہ میشود کہ اسماعیل سواد دانستن این نکتہ را نداشتہ بلکہ درباریان نابکار وی این نکتہ را گوشزد او کردہ بودند۔ دستور دادہ بود کہ استخوا نہای جامی را از گور بدرآرد و بسوزانند ہر چند این روایت بنظر نرسیدہ لکن از شقاوت اسماعیل صفوی هیچ جای شبہ و شکی نیست“

Cont 38

Ali Asghar Hikmat has stated on the strength of reference from the compiler of Majma "al-Fusaha," that when Shah Isma'il captured Herat he ordered to change the name "Jami" wherever found in books, into "Khami" (Shortcoming) by shifting the dot from below to above Jami's cousin, Hatifi, was so touched as to write the following quartet on this episode :—²

بس عجب دارم زانصاف شه کشور کشای
آنکه عمری بردرش گردون غلامی کرده است
کز برای خاطر جمعی لوند نا تراش
نقطه جامی تراشیده و خامی کرده است

"I wonder at the justice of the King-Emperor,
At whose doors the sky has served for a number of
years.

That for the pleasure of the riff-raff,

He has deleted the dot of Jami to make it Khami."

A few days before his death Mawlana Jami had gone for an outing in the villages outside Herat. Unusually he stayed in a village. There he was overpowered by weakness. On his return to the city, his illness became acute. Sultan Husayn Mirza used to visit him thrice a day and ordered for his treatment. He could not, however, recover and breathed his last on Friday, the 18th Muharrum, 898 A.H. (November 9, 1492 A.D.). Many poets wrote elegies. His sincere friend Mir 'Ali Shir Nawai wrote a long elegy which was recited by Mawlana Husayn Wa'iz Kashifi from the pulpit of the 'Idgah of Herat. One

"It can be understood from this verse that Isma'il had not the ability to appreciate this dot but the villainous courtiers had poisoned his ears against it. He had ordered that the dead body of Jami be taken out of the grave and burnt. Though I have not been able to ascertain this report but there is not a least doubt about the hard-heartedness of his mind."

2. Hikmat, Jami p. 52.

stanza is as follows:—

هر دم از انجمن چرخ جفای دگر است
 هر یک از انجم او داغ بلای دگر است
 روز و شب را که کبود است و سیه جامه درو
 شب عزای دگر و روز عزای دگر است
 بلکه هر لحظه عزائست که در دشت عدم
 هر دم از خیل اجل گرد فنای دگر است
 هست ماتمکده ای دهر که از هر طرفش
 دود و آه دگر و ناله و وای دگر است
 آه او هست بدل تیرگی افزاینده
 وای او نهز بجان یاس فزای دگر است
 گل این باغ که صد پاره ز ماتمزدگی است
 هر یکی سوخته جامه بقبای دگر است
 زآن سبب مست می جام ازل عارف جام
 سرخوش از دار فنا سوی وطن گردد خرام

Even today his tomb in Herat is a place of veneration for the high and low¹.

He wrote a number of books in prose and verse. Tufah-i-Sami (pp. 3, 4) has stated the number to be 45. Mawlana 'Abd al-Ghafur Lari, who was one of his favourite disciples

1. Hikmat, pp. 30, 216.

Nafahat-al-Uns, MS. Preface by 'Abd al-Ghafur Lari, 15a, 16a.

The quartet commemorative of Jami's death:—

جامی که آفتاب سپهر کمال بود
 تصنیف کرد علم بهر نسخه بی حصیب
 رفت از جهان و مالد میان سخنوران

تاریخ فوت خویشتن اشعار دلفریب (۵۸۹۸)

(Translation of Browne's Literary History of Persia, Vol. III, by Hikmat, Foot Note, p. 517).

raises the number of 48. Ali 'Asghar Hikmat¹ has stated that another book Tajnis al-Lughat or Tajnis al-Khat seen by him was attributed to Jami.

The compiler of Mir'at al-Khayal² has increased the number to be 99 but no other chronicler has supported him.

Jami's mathnawis :

A collection of his 7 mathnawis is named Haft Awrang³ or Saba'h (Septet). The foreword of Haft Awrang (Seven Thrones) reveals that Mawlana had first written 5 mathnawis in imitation of Nizami and Amir Khusraw to which two were added later.

(i) Silsilat al-Dhahab (The Chain of Gold):

This mathnawi had discussed philosophical, ethical and theological themes and interesting stories have been written under every topic. It is written in the style of Hakim Sanai and Jam-i-Jam of Awhadi. Its metre is that of Hadiqah-i-Sanai, and Haft Paykar of Nizami.

آخر امشب شبی است سالی نیست

1. Hikmat, p. 163.

Nafahat-ul-Uns, MS. Preface by 'Abd al-Ghafur Lari, pp. 14b, 15a,

2. Mir'at al-Khayal, (Bombay Ed.), p. 73.

3. Jami states :

این هفت سفینه در سخن یک رنگ اند
وین هفت خزینه در گهر هم سنگ اند
چون هفت برادران برین چرخ بلند
نامی شده در زمین به هفت اورنگ اند

"These seven boats are of the same colour in poetry,
And these seven treasures are of the same stone in
diamond.

Like seven brothers on the high sky,

These have been named 'Seven Thrones' on the earth."

“After all, to-night is just a night, not a year.”

This is dedicated to Sultan Husayn Mirza. It has three parts each called daftar. Some of the topics discussed in the first daftar are :—

The absolute existence, unity of God-head, attributes of Allah, the existence of angels, belief in the prophets, Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him), the best of all prophets and heaven and hell. This daftar ends with I'tiqad Namah (اعتقاد نامه) or the book of beliefs.

Second daftar has discussed the terminology of love. It begins with these verses :—

بشنو ای گوش برفسانه عشق
از صریر قلم ترانه عشق
قلم اینک چونی بلحن صریر
قصه عشق می کند تقریر

“Hear thou O ear : the story of love,
The song of love by the sound of the pen
Pen, like a flute, in its sound,
Pours out the story of love.

It ends with the following verses :—

داشت جمعی دیر چرخ برین
در رقم کردن حروف سنین
چون رقومش به صاد وضاد رسید
خامه را حکم ایستاد رسید

Third daftar contains stories about kings, physicians and poets. This is dedicated to Sultan Bayazid II. He has been referred to in these verses :—

مهبط العز و العلی سلطان
با یزید ایلدوم شه دوران
خاک یونان زمین ازو گلشن
چشم یونانیان ازو روشن



(ii) Salaman-o-Absal¹

This is an allegorical story written in the form of love mathnawis. Its subject matter is as follows :—

A pretty son named Salaman was born to the Greek king. A beautiful nurse Absal, of 20 was appointed to supervise him. This nurse fell in love with the prince. When Salaman came of age, she won him through magic. The king, however, did not at all like this affair. At last Zuhrah, the dancer of the skies, intervened to save the prince from her clutches. Absal, taking her beloved with her, plunged into the fire of the earthly paradise so that both should be deathless but Zuhrah had done her trick. The fire burnt Absal to ashes and Salaman came out of it safe and sound.²

1. Catalogue, Tehran University Library, Vol. II, p. 326, reveals :—

«از داستا نه‌ای یونان باستان است که نخستین بار حنین پسر اسحاق در سده سوم آنرا بتازی گردانیده و سپس بو علی سینا (م ۳۲۷ ق) داستالی مانند آن بساخت و خواجه طوسی م ۶۷۲ ق در شرح اشارات

2. Rashid Yasmi writes in the preface of *Salaman-o-Absal* (published in Tehran in 1306 on p. 21 :—

مقصود از آن حکایت یک معنی پنهانی فلسفی و عرفانی است که هر کس فصل آخر کتاب را بدقت ملاحظه نماید اعتراف خواهد نمود که از این بهتر تمثیل نمی توان کرد. مثلاً دایه که طفل را اسیر خط و خال خود میسازد جسم است که روح را گرفتار جلوه های خطرناک خود میسازد - - - علاوه ازین مباحث اخلاقی را چنان با لطف عبارت می آید که نصیحت ناپذیر ترین اشخاص را متأثر میسازد،

“The purpose of this story is to bring out a hidden philosophical and spiritual truth. Every reader while studying the end of the last chapter of the book will find that no allegory (تمثیل) could be better than this—Just like the nurse who captivates the child with her features is a body which has captured a soul with her dangerous loveliness. Besides, he (Jami) discusses ethical problems in such a beautiful form that even a totally unacceptable advice becomes pleasant to the people.”

Cont 39

This *mathnawi* is written in the metre of *Mantiq al-Tayr* of Attar and *Mathnawi-e-Rumi* and is in the metre of بشنوازی چون حکایت میکند. It has been translated into Turkish, English and French languages.

(iii) *Tuhfaht al-Ahrar* ("The Gift of the Noble")

This *mathnawi* is written in the metre of *Makhzin al-Asrar* by Nizami (آ، من العشق و حالاته)¹ It begins like this² :—

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم - هست صلائی مرخوان حکیم

The foreword of *mathnawi* is in prose and Jami has respectfully addressed Nizami and Khusraw. This is followed by 4 (مناجات), 5 (نعت) and one (منقبت) in admiration of Khawajah Baha-al-Din, the founder of Naqshbandiyah order. Then begins the *mathnawi* containing 20 topics.

در نمط نهم از هر دو یاد کرد و دیگر شرح نویسان اشارات نیز کما بیش از آن یاد کرده اند - سلمان و ابسال جامی با آنچه حنین بن اسحاق آورده بیش از آنچه از آن بو علی است مانند است و لاساز گارتهای آنها را حکمت در "جامی"، ص ۱۹۰—۱۹۳ بر شمرده است،

"It is derived from the stories of ancient Greece which was first done into Arabic by Hunayn Ibn-i-Ishaq in 3rd century and afterwards Avicenna improvised another story similar to the original one and later Khwaja Tusi reproduced both the stories in the 9th chapter of his annotation of اشارات (*Isharat*). The other commentators of *Isharat* have more or less recounted the same story. Jami's *Salaman-o-Absal* has a greater resemblance to Hunayn Ibn-e-Ishaq's story that of Avicenna. 'All Asghar Hikmat in his *Jami* has clearly brought out additions introduced by Jami (pp. 180—193)."

1 *Diwan-i-Jami*. (Tehran Ed.), p. 13.

2 Browne, E. G. *A Literary History of Persia*, Vol. III p. 516.

Tuhfaht al-Ahrar p. 4.

(iv) *Subhat al-Abrar* ("The Rosary of the Pious")

This *mathnawi* is also dedicated to Sultan Husayn Bayqara. It consists of 40 topics and its subject is ethics and mysticism. Its metre is (چارده ساله مهمی بر لب بام)¹

(v) *Yusuf-wa-Zulaykha*

This *mathnawi* forms the bedrock of *Jam'i* reputation. The Europeans have done a number of translations of this. It begins thus :—(p. 1)

الهی غنچه امید بکشی گلی از روضه جاوید بنمای

"O God! open the bud of hope,

Bring forth a flower from the Garden of Eternity."

This *mathnawi* is in the metre *الای آهوی و حشی کجای* of *Wis-o-Ramin* by Asad Gurjani and *Khusrav Shirin* by Nizami. The *mathnawi* begins with a *khutbah* (sermon) followed by a *نعت* (praise for Prophet) and a reproduction of the story of the Ascension of the Prophet, an address to Khwajah 'Ubayd Allah Naqshband (d. 895 A.H./1489 A.D. and finally the following verse in praise of Sultan Husayn Mirza (p. 9—*mathnawi Yusuf-wa-Zulaykha*).

در این کین آنکه چون انسان عین است جهان مردی سلطان حسین است

The source of the *mathnawi* is the XII *Surah* of the Holy

1. *Diwan-i-Jami*, (Tehran Ed.), p. 113

Translation in Browne's *Literary History of Persia*, Vol. III, by Hikmat, foot note, p. 584 reveals :

"بر خلاف ہراون محققین فارسی زبان برانند صبیحة الابرار از حیث لطافت ابیات و حکم و اخلاق و علوم معانی و بحر مطبوع بدیع از نغز ترین مثنویات جامی است،"

The Persian scholars in contradistinction to Browne state that *Subhatul Abrar* is the most exquisite *mathnawi* of Mawlana Jami in point of delicacy of couplets, wisdom, ethics, sublimity of truth and agreeable metre".

Quran.¹ The subject of this story has been quite popular in Iran and Turkey so that it has been the warp and woof of a number of literary compositions in Persian and Turkish. F. Hadland Davis has remarked thus, "Yusuf and Zulakha" like Salaman and Absal is intended to reveal the beauty of the Beloved and that He can be only approached after much purification, when the physical form ceases to blind the soul's outlook, and only when we realise that passion is an idol that must be broken, and love the pure light that shines alone from Him".²

Here are some verses from this *mathnawi* : —

Chastity of Yusuf.³

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| چو یوسف این فسون ازدایه بشنود | بپاسخ لعل گوهر بار بکشد |
| بدایه گفت کای دانا بهر راز | مشو بهر فریب من فسون ساز |
| زلیخا را غلام زر خریدم | یکی از وی عنایتها که دادم |
| گل و آبه عمارت کرده ساده وست | دل و جانم وفا پرورده اوست |
| اگر عمری کنم نعمت شہاری | نہارم کردن اورا حق گزاری |

1. Browne. Vol. III, p. 32.

Hikmat writes in *Jami* (p. 197) :—

"اصل حکایت از قصص اسرائیل است کہ در تورات آمده و آنچه مفسرین در ممالک اسلامی در تفسیر سورہ یوسف ذکر کرده اند و مورخین و ارباب سیر و اخبار نگاشته و جامی و شعرای پیش از او آن را ہنظم آورده اند ہمہ بر طبق روایات تورات می باشد ولی روایات مفسرین با اصل اسرائیلی خالی از اختلاف نیست،"

"Originally the story is taken from the Israelite fables narrated in *Torah* and it has been mentioned by the Muslim commentators in the annotation of *Surah-i-Yusuf* as well as by the historians, biographers and journalists. Jami and other poets before him versified this very story of *Torah*. But the commentators' versions differ in some respects from the original story."

2. *The Persian Mystics*, Jami, p. 27.

3. *Yusuf-wa-Zulaykha*, p. 60.

“When Yusuf heard this incantation from the nurse,
He opened his beautiful lips in reply.
Said to the nurse, “O thou knower of all secrets,
Don’t be an enchantress to deceive me.
I am a bondsman of Zulekha,
And I have seen many a favour from her.
I owe my water and clay (*i.e.* body) to her,
My heart and soul have been nourished by her,
I can calculate her favours throughout my life,
But I can never pay her back.”

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| میری ہر خط فرمائش نہادہ | بخدمت کاریم اینک ستادہ |
| ولی کو ہر من این اندیشہ چہند | کہ پیچم سر ز فرمان خداوند |
| زید فرمای نفس معصیت زای | نہم در تنگنای معصیت ہای |
| ہفر زلدی عزیزم نام ہر دہ است | اسین خانہ خویشم شمر دہ است |
| نیم جز مرغ آب و دانہ او | خیانت چون کنم در خانہ او ؟ |
| خدای پاک را در ہر مرشتی | جداگانہ بود کاری و کشتی |
| بود پاکیزہ طینت پاک کردار | زنارادہ نباشد جز زناکار |
| ز مردم سگ ز سگ مردم نزاید | ز گندم جو ز جو گندم نیاید |

The distress of Zulaykha on the imprisonment of Yusuf.

1 (ہشیمانی زلیخا از فرستادن یوسف بزندان)

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| درین فیروزہ کاخ دیر بنیاد | عجب غافل نہاد ست آدمی زاد |
| نباشد داب اورا نعمت شناسی | نداند طبع او جز نامپاسی |
| بنعمت گرچہ عمری بگذرانند | ندانند قدر آن تا در نمانند |
| ہسا عاشق کہ ہر ہجران دلیراست | ہآن ہندار کز معشوق سیر است |
| فلک چون آتش ہجران فروزد | چو شمعش قن ہکاہد جان بسوزد |

“In this hackneyed, azure palace,
Man is of strange, self-oblivious build.
His habit is not that of knowing favours,
His temper knows nothing but ingratitude.
Thou he passes his life in bounties,

1, Yusuf wa-Zulaykha p. 85. (حق نا شناسی آد سیزاد)

He knows not there value till he is no more.
 Many a lover is bold in separation,
 Know it well that they are sick of beloved.
 The fire of separation once lighted,
 Wears away the body and burns out the soul."

(vi) *Layla Majnun*¹

This much boosted and love provoking story has also been versified by *Jami* in imitation of *Nizami* and *Khusraw Layla Majnun* is in the metre (قو رفتی و عهد خود شکستی) of *Layla Majnun* of *Nizami*.

As usual the *mathnawi* starts with a *khutbah* (خطبه) in praise of the Prophet and an account of ascension and finally an address to Khwajah 'Ubayd Allah Naqshband. Then begins the real story. The story is throughout characterized by an Arab atmosphere with its journeying caravans, strutting of dromedaries, the romantic deserts and the night long travels which are marked features of Arab school of poetry.

Here are some verses in praise of ناقه (she-camel)² : —

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| ای ناقه! تو بسرخ موی | داده بدو کون سرخ روی |
| رنگش که عجب شفق نسق بود | خورشید رخ ترا شفق بود |
| همر لگیش ارخواست گردون | بر شام چرا شود شفق کون |
| اختر چشم و هلال گردن | زو بختی چرخ چشم روشن |
| گاسی که زده بره شتابان | زان گشته چهار بدر تابان |
| کوهانش بلند قدر چون طور | وز برتر حق تجلی نور |

1. Catalogue, Tehran, University Library, Vol. II, p. 329, reveals: —

"حکمت این دامستان را باد امتان رمؤ زونیت که در سده چهار دهم میلادی در ایتالیا شهرت یافته منجیده است. رمؤ زولیت را شکسپیئر شاعر انگلیسی در انگلیسی سروده است تا ترو فیام رمؤ زولیت و لیلای مجنون همه جا نمایش داده میشود"

"Hikmat has compared the story to Romeo Juliet which was so popular in the 14th century A D. in Italy. The English poet Shakespeare presented Romeo Juliet in English. The stories of Romeo Juliet and Laila Majnun have been displayed through theatres and films."

2. Hikmat, *Jami* (Selections from *Layla Majnun*), p. 313.

1 (ترانه مجنون برریگ) Majnun indicated his feelings in this way:

یک روز برهنه تن چو خامه از صفحه ریگ کرده نامه
 ز رنگشت بر آن قلم همی زد لیلی لیلی رقم همی زد
 بر یاد دو زلف مشک فامش میکرد نظاره دو لاش

(vii) *Khīradnamah-i-Iskandari* ("The Book of Wisdom of Alexander")

This is in the metre of *Shahnama-i-Firdawsī* and in the metre of *Nizami's Iskandarnamah*. The *mathnawī* begins as usual. The contents of the book present whatever was said to Alexander by Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Hippocrates, Pythagoras and other philosophers as well as the revealing letters and philosophical discussions that passed and took place between Alexander and others. The *Mathnawī* ends with the death of Alexander followed by a dirge of the philosophers and a condolence of Aristotle with Alexander's mother. Some verses are ² :—

The will of Alexander to keep his hands out of the shroud.

(وصیت اسکندر که دستش را بعد از وفات بیرون بگذار ند)

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| بیاران زبان نصیحت گشاد | بهر سینه گنجی و دیعت نهاد |
| چو بر حاضران گنج و گوهر فشاند | زنا حاضران نیز غافل نماند |
| وصیت چنین کرد بر حاضران | که ای از جهالت تمی خاطران |
| چو برداغ هجران من دل نهید | تن ناتوانم بمحمل نهید |
| گذارید دستم برون از کفن | کنید آشکاراش بر مرد و زن |
| زحالم دم نا مرادی زنید | بهر مرزو بوم این منادی زنید |
| که این دست دمیست کز عزو جاه | رهود از سر تاجداران کلاه |
| کلید کرم بود درمشت او | نگین خلافت در انگشت او |
| زشیر فلک قوت پنجه یافت | قوی بازوانرا بسی پنجه تافت |

1, *Ibid*, p. 317.

2. *Hikmat, Jami* (selections from *Khīradnamah-i-Iskandari*) pp. 362, 363.

زحمت زبردست بر دست بود همه دستها پیش او پست بود
 ز نقد گدائی و شاهنشاهی ز عالم کند رحلت اینک تهمی
 چو بهرش هکف نیست جز باد هیچ چه امکان زوی این سفر را بسیج ؟
 تو هم گیر از این دمت ای خواجه بند بدین دست بکشای از پای بند

Nizami and Jami :

Jami was not a mere follower of *Nizami* but one of his successful rivals. *Jami* was characterized by a simplicity, flow and sweetness entirely from grandiloquence and artificiality. On this account *Jami* has been far more popular than *Nizami*. Anybody with even a slight taste for Persian language can enjoy his writings. *Nizami* on the other hand was a comprehensive being fully conversant with history of Iran and sciences, philosophy and mathematics. His compositions are marked by imagination, depth and sobriety and therefore, can be appreciated by those who possess a mastery over Persian language and know the ins and outs of verse and philosophy.

Qasidahs :

These are of various kinds *i. e.* regarding unity of Godhead, Na't of the Prophet and Imams, ethics and spiritualism, praise of the contemporary Sultans and elegies. Some verses are given below¹ :—

In the praise of Allah :

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| اعظم اسما' علیم حکیم | بسم الله الرحمن الرحیم |
| تازه حدیثی ست ز عهد قدیم | محترمان حرم انس را |
| عالم ازو یافته فیض عمیم | نوزده حرف ست که هژده هزار |
| حرز تو در ورطه' امید و بیم | بسم سه حرف ست که گوید بسم |
| نقطه صفت در کنف او مقیم | بیشتر که کم نیست زود بین دو کون |
| فرق عدو را ز سیامت دونیم | اره سینش بسم دندانگرد |
| می کند احیای عظام رسم | چشمه' میمش ز زلال حیات |
| نهاد طره' شبرنگ بروی چو رسم | شاهد معنی چون ز لا مش |

1. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 7

In the praise of the Prophet¹ :

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| حبل متین ربه ولای محمد | ما معین چیست خاک های محمد |
| خلقت نوع بشر برای محمد | خلقت عالم برای نوع بشر شد |
| برته فعلین عرش سای محمد | سوده شد قدسیان را جبین ارادت |
| ریشه از گوشه ردای محمد | عروه وثقی بست دین و دول را |
| جان من و صد چو من قدای محمد | جان گرامی دریغ نیست ز عشقش |
| نیست مرا دیگری بجای محمد | جان محمد درون خلوت جانست |
| من که و اندیشه ثنای محمد | حد ثنائیش بجز خدا که شناسد |
| صلی الله علی النبی و آله | لیس کلامی بفی بنعت کماله |

In the praise of Hazrat 'Ali² :

جاسی از قافله سالار ره عشق ترا
گر پیر مندر که آن کیست علی گوی علی

In the praise of Sultan³ :

قاصد رسید و ساخت معطر مشام من
در چین نامه داشت مگر نافه ختن
آن نافه نیست بلکه پی تحفه باغبان
چید از چمن بنفشه و پیچید در صمن
هر گز ندیده نرگس چشمی بباغ دهر
زینسان دمیده منبل و نسرين زنسترن
نشگفته غنچه ایست چو پیچیده بینمش
همچون دهان غنچه دهانان پر از سخن
تختیست خوش زعاج که صف صف نشستند
بروی بناز سندیگان برهنه تن
اینها کنایتیست بگویم سخن صریح
وز چهره یقین بکشایم نقاب ظن
اقبال نامه ایست باخلاص پیشه
از لیث بن غضنفر یعقوب بن حسن
شاهی که حد من نبود مدحش آنچنان
گو خود بعدل و جود کند مدح خویش
چون قاصر ست کلک زبانم ز مدحتش
آن به که چون دوات نهم مهر بردهن

1. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 11.

2. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 27.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 48.

A few *qasidahs* are in imitation of other eulogists e.g: imitating *Amir Khusraw's qasidah* in the name of بحرالابرار. It is a successful attempt. *Jami* does not eulogise, as was the usual practice, in his *qasidahs* but he is didactic as he had no temptation for remuneration.

من آن نهم که زبان را به هرزه آلايم
به مدح و ذم خسان نوک خامه فرسایم

"I am not the one who will pollute his tongue by balderdash,

Or waste his pen in praise or in depreciation of the trash."

The bearing of difficulties is described thus¹ :

خدنگ محنتی کز شست فقر آمد نهال آما
بکن سینه بزخم ناخن اندوه و بنشانش

که دایم عاقبت گردد درختی بارور زانسان
که پیرامون خود جاوید بینی میوه افشا نش

Effort in youth is glorified thus² :

در جوانی سعی کن گر بی خلل خواهی عمل
میوه بی نقصان بود چون از درخت نو برست
مفتی تردامن از مستی نوازده همچو دف
دفتر خود را دف تردامن آری دفترست

Paradise of the inner self is described in this way³ :

بهشت ار بایدت از نفس رود در عالم دل کن
که دوزخ نفس تو است و خویهای زشت نیرانش
چرا از خویشتن رود عارف تماشا را
شگفته در درون از غنچه دل صد گلستانش
نشاید رخ به پیش هر عوان دستار خوان کردن
ز مرغ و میوه برخوان گرچه هست انواع الوانش
خورد آب از نم چشم یتیمان میوه باغش
چکد خون دل بیوه زنان از مرغ بریانش

Just mark the indifference :-⁴

1. *Kulliyat ii-Jami*, p. 32.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 35.

2. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 43.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 34.

Few verses from the elegy of his son Safi-al-Din¹ :

این کهن باغ که گل پهلوی خار ست درو
نیست یکدل که نه زان خار فگار ست درو
برگ راحت مطلب میوه مقصود مجوی
برگ بی برگی و غم میوه و بار ست درو
نافه² مشک که بالین همه عطر افشانیست
خون افسرده³ آهوی تارست درو
هر رگ عود که در دامن مطرب خفته ست
منه انگشت که صد ناله زار ست درو
دفتر غنچه کش اوراق چنین رنگین است
نقش کم عمری گل نقش نگار ست درو
بهر عبرت بگشا ناف زمین چون نامه
خط مشکین بتان بین که غباد ست درو
چون جهان درخم چوگان قضا گوی صفت
بیقرار ست چه امکان قرار ست درو
بیقراری جهان صبر و قرارم بر بود
کام دل و آرزوی جان زکنارم بر بود

Muqatta'at

These contain different themes including advice and humour
e.g. art and learning is described in these words² :

هر پسر کو از پدر لاف نه از فضل و هنر
فی المثل گردیده را مردم بود نا مردم است
شاخ بی برگ ارچه باشد از درخت میوه دار
چون نیارد میوه بار اندر شمار هیزم است

Perseverance is essential³.

1. *Diwan-i-Jami*, (Tehran—Ed.) p. 298.

2. *Diwan-i-Jami*, (Tehran—Ed), p. 300.

3. *Ibid.*, 303.

دلا منشین دزین ویرانه چون چغد سوی مرغان قدسی آشیان بر
 بود گیتی درختی سر بسر شاخ ولی جمله سوی یک اصل رهبر
 زهر شاخی سوی آن اصل ره جوی چو آنرا یانتی از شاخ بگذر
 نباشد شیوه مرغان زیرک نشستن بر زمان بر شاخ دیگر

“O thou heart ! don't sit in this desolation like an owl,

Take thy nest byside heavenly birds.

World is a tree with branches out of number,

But all pointing out to the same root.

Seek thy way to the root from every branch,

And finding it, leave off the branch.

It is not the way of the wise birds,

To change branches all the time.”

Quatrains :

These mostly express intuitional problems and provide clues to mystical truths here and there. Besides, the intricacies of love are also revealed. About *همه اوست* he says¹;

همسایه وهم نشین و بهره همه او است
 در دلق گدا و اطلس شه همه او است
 در انجمن فرق و لهانخانه جمع
 بالله همه اوست ثم بالله همه اوست

The reality of day and night has been discussed as under²;

روزم بغم جهان فرسوده گذشت
 شب در هوس بوده و نابوده گذشت
 عمری که ازو دمی جهانی آرزو
 القصه بفکر پای بیهوده گذشت

“My day passed in the worries of old, antique world,
 My night passed in the temptation of the existing and the
 non-existing.

1. *Diwan-i-Jami*, (Tehran,—Ed.) p. 308.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 307.

This life, whose every moment is a world of desires,
Passed away in vain quagmires."

How superior is the crown bestowed by فقر (*Faqr*)—let *Jami* answer it¹ :

یا رب ز دو کون بی نیازم گردان
وز افسر فقر سر فرازم گردان
وز راه طلب محرم رازم گردان
زان ره که نه سوی تست بازم گردان

"O Lord ! lift me above the two worlds,
And grace my head with the crown of contentment.
Make me thy confidant on the path of search,
And turn me back from the path that is not thine."

Diwan-i-Jami :

Jami himself compiled his *Diwan* thrice. He did it for the first time in 884 A.H./1479 A.D. with scholarly foreward in high flown Persian which proposed to discuss the beauties of various verse forms. This discussion or foreward was substantiated and embellished by quoting verses of the *Qur'an*, traditions of the Prophet as well as a few stories from the life of the Prophet indicative of his taste for poetry. Then those saints have been mentioned who had an aptitude for poetry. In 885 A.H./1489 A.D. he added some more verses to the first *diwan*. Lastly in 896 A.H./1490 A.D. i.e. only one year before his death, he once again compiled his *diwan*. Adding new verses he then divided it into 3 parts—*Fatihah-al-Shabab*, *Wasitat-al-'Aqad* and *Khatimat-al-Hayat*.² Below are presented some of his most important lyrics and verses alongwith their appreciation :

Every verse of the *Ghazal* is elegant. Verses No. 3 and 5 are excellent ³ :

1. *Diwan-i-Jami* (Tehran—Ed.) p. 315.

2. Badakhshani, Maqbul Beg, *Adabnamah-i-Iran*, pp. 470, 472.

3. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 85.

طرف باغ و لب جوی و لب جام است اینجا
 ساقیا خیز که پرہیز حرام است اینجا
 شیخ در صومعه گر مست شد از ذوق معام
 من و میخانه که این حال مدام است اینجا
 لب نہادی بلب جام و ندانم من مست
 کہ لب لعل تو یا بادہ کدام است اینجا
 بستہ حلقہ زلف تو تنها دل است
 ہر کجا مرغ دلی بستہ دام است اینجا
 می کشی تیغ کہ سازی دل مارا بدونیم
 تیغ بگذار کہ یک غمزہ تمام است اینجا
 پیش ارباب خرد شرح مکن مشکل عشق
 نکتہ خاص مگو مجلس عام است اینجا
 جامی از ہوی تو شد مست زمی دیدہ نہ جام
 ہزم عشقت چہ جای می و جام است اینجا

“Here is the border of the garden, the brink of the stream, and the lip of the goblet : arise ,O cup-bearer, for here abstinence is a crime.

If the elder of the monastery is intoxicated with the delights of music, give me the wine-tavern, for here this state endureth continually !

Thou didst touch the lip of the goblet with thy lip, and I the drunkard know not which is here thy ruby lip and which the wine. Not my heart alone is bound in thy ring of tresses ; wherever there is a birdlike heart it is here caught in the snare.

Thou dost draw the sword to divide my heart in twaine ; lay aside the sword, for here one glance is sufficient.

Do not explain the difficulties of Love to the reasonable; utter not a private matter, for here is a public assembly.

Jami is intoxicated with thy love, though he has seen neither wine nor goblet : here is the Banquet of Love : what place is there for wine or goblet ?”

This lyric with the following initial verse ¹ :

ساقی بیا که دور فلک شد بکام ما
خورشید را فروغ ده از عکس جام ما

is in imitation of *Hafiz*² :

ساقی بنور باده بر افروز جام ما
مطرب بگو که کار جهان شد بکام ما

It is all verbosity yet the melody of metre has made it so impressive.

These verses are quite enthuſiſtic³ :

دلا بطرف چمن جام خوشگوار طلب
حریف سرو قد و یار گلنزار طلب
طفیل صحبت یار ست نقل و باده و جام
چو برگ عیش بسازی نخست یار طلب

“O thou heart ! ask for a pleasant cup in the corner of the garden,

Ask for an elegant rival and rosy-cheeked beloved.

Drinking, wine and cup are but the gifts of the company of the beloved,

Whenever thou arrange for luxury, first ask for the beloved.”

These are mystical verses ⁴ :

سخن ز صفوت صوفی و زهد زاهد چند
صفای صفوت رندان درد خوار طلب
فلک برشته امیدت ار زند گری
کشاد آن گره از زلف مشکبار طلب

Just mark the fascination of words⁵ :

بهر دیار که روزی گذشت محمل دوست
دل رسیده مارا در آن دیار طلب

1. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 86.

2. *Diwan-i-Hafiz*, (W. Qazwini, Dr. Qasim Ghani), p. 9.

3. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 102.

4. *Ibid.*

5. *Ibid.*

“Search our scared heart in the land,
Through which the camel-litter of the beloved has passed
once.”

Whole of the lyric is full of ecstasy, each verse creating an atmosphere of enthusiasm :¹

| | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| صلاى باده زد پير خرابات | بيا ساقى كه فى التلاخير آفات |
| من و مستى و ذوق مے پرستى | چه كار آيد مرا كشف و كرامات |
| مے و نفاست ورد من شب و روز | نيا ميزد زهى اوراد و اوقات |
| جهاں مرآت حسن شاہد ماست | فشاهد وجهہ فى كل ذرات |
| سلوك راه عشق از خود رہائيت | نہ قطع منزل و طى مقامات |
| معادت خواہى از عادت گذر كن | كه ترك عادتست اصل معادات |
| مزن بيهوده لاف عشق جامى | فان العاشقين لهم علامات |

“The tavern keeper sounded the drinking call,
Come O thou cup-bearer ! there are calamities in delay.
I am all for intoxication and joy of drinking,
Of what use to me the super natural feats ?
Wine and sugar-plum are my prayer day and night,
It is fortunate that the prayers and the times do not coincide.
World is the mirror of the beauty of our beloved,
His face is reflected in all the particles.
The traversing of the path of love is an emancipation from
self,
And not the end of journey or crossing of stages.
If you want happiness, outstrip the habit,
For renunciation of habit is the root of happiness.
Don't boast of love vainly o Jami,
Even manners of lovers are descriptive of their true aspirations.”

1. *Kulliyat -i-Jami*, p. 112.

A successful imitation of *Hafiz* in his style¹ :

قدم بطرف چمن نه که سبزه نوخیز ست
 شگوفه در قدم دوستان درم ریز ست
 مده بباد گرانمایه عمر بی باده
 کنون که باده فرح بخش و باد گلپیز ست
 سرور مجلس تو صوت عندلیب بی است
 بیانگ چنگ مخورمی که محتسب تیز ست
 بکف پیاله لعلیست لاله را یعنی
 پیاله گیر که از می نه وقت پرهیز ست
 کدائے عشق تو گیرد بصدر مصطفی جا
 چه جائے مسند جمشید و تخت پرویز ست
 هوای مطرب گلچهره کن که گیسوی چنگ
 بدست زهره جبینان هجب دلآویز ست
 مخور شراب غرور از صفای مسند عیش
 که میل خیز حوادث کدورت انگیز ست
 مبین بچشم ترحم بحالم ای خواجه
 رنج و محنت عاشق راحت آمیز ست
 ز لطف گفته جامی همه خراسان را
 فرو رفت سخن در عراق و تبریز ست

Hafiz says thus² :

اگرچه باده فرح بخش و باد گل ییز ست
 بیانگ چنگ مخورمی که محتسب تیز ست

1. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 113

2. *Diwan-i-Hafiz* (M. Qazwini, Dr. Qasim Ghani), p. 30.

صراحی و حریفی گرت بچنگ افتد
 بهقل نوش که ایام فتنه انگیزست
 در آستین مرقع پیاله پنهان کن
 که همچو چشم صراحی زمانه خونریزست
 بآب دیده بشوئیم خرقها از می
 که موسم ورع و روزگار پرهیزست
 مجوی عیش خوش از دور باثر گون سپهر
 که صاف این سزخم جمله دودی آیزست
 سپهر بر شده پرویز نست خون افشان
 که ریزه اش سر کسری و تاج پرویزست
 عراق و فارس گرفتی بشعر خوش حافظ
 بیا که نوبت بغداد و وقت تبریزست

“Though wine (love) is joy exciting ! and the breeze (the Murshid) rose-enslaving,

(Openly) drink not wine (of love) to the sound of the harp (the holy traveller's utterances of love's mysteries). For hold the Muhtasib (the law of Muhammad) — is

If to thy grasp fall a flagon (ecstasy and rapture) and a Companion (the true Beloved),

Drink with reason ; for the season fraught with calamity— is.

(O holy Traveller!) Conceal the cup (of the existence) in the sleeve of the tattered garment (of the شرع) ;

For, like the wine-flagon's (ruddy) eye, time is blood-shedding.

With the colour of wine (some of the mysteries and stages of love), we cleanse the religious garments (the existence of the holy traveller) with (penitential) tears :

For, the season of austerity, and the time of piety it—is.

From the revolution of the inverted sphere, seek no sweet pleasure.

For all mixed with dregs the pure (substance) of this head of the wine jar—

The up-lifted sky. It is not the sieve blood-splattering.
Whose scattering, the head of kisra and the crown of
Parviz—is

O Hafiz! (with thy sweet verse), thou hast captivated Irak
and Fars.

Come, For the turn (of capture of Baghdad), and the time
of Tabriz—is."

Mysticism¹ :

ز صلح و جنگ کسانم غم تو فارغ ساخت
نه با کسم سر صلح و با کسم جنگ است
بقدر آئینه حسن تومی نماید روی
دریغ کالینه ما نهفته در زنگ است

"Thy worry has freed me from the war and peace of the
people,

I have no intention for peace or war with any body.

Thy beauty is reflected according to the mirror,

Alas, our mirror is all rust-covered".

Smooth and simple lyric in a melodious metre, which is
always a crowning glory of a *Ghazal*² :

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| کسی از خوبان وفا هرگز ندیدست | جز آئین جفا هرگز ندیدست |
| کند نادیده آن بدخو چنانم | که پنداری مرا هرگز ندیدست |
| جدا ازان مه چنانم دان که تن ما | کسی بی جان بقا هرگز ندیدست |
| دل زان چشم جادو شیو بادید | کز آهوی خطا هرگز ندیدست |
| خراش دل چگویم کان گل اندام | ز خار آزار پا هرگز ندیدست |
| نیاید جز کسی را دجله در چشم | که آب چشم ما هرگز ندیدست |
| بلا باشد غم خوبان و جامی | خلاصی زین بلا هرگز ندیدست |

These verses contain an excellent comparison and *معامله بندی*
Hafiz had written³ :

1. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 114.

2. *Kulliyat-i-Jumi*, p. 142.

3. *Diwan-i Hafiz* (M. Qazwini, Dr. Qasim Ghani), p. 95.

هر کس که دید روی تو بو سواد چشم من
کاری که کرد دیده من بی نظر نه کرد

Jami said :¹

آن سرو ناز بر لب هام ایستاده کیست
بر طرف آفتاب کلمه کج نهاده کیست
بگذار ذکر حور و حدیث قصور را
بالای قصر آمده آن حور زاده کیست
گویند دل برای چه دادی به مهر او
آنکس که دید شکل وی و دل نداده کیست
هر جا گهی پیاده کند کشت و گه سوار
آنجا گل سواره و سرو پیاده کیست
ای شیخ شهر چند ملامت کنی مرا
پی ذوق جام باده و معشوق ساده کیست

“Who is that elegant figure standing on the brink of roof?
Who is that with a curved cap towards the sun?
Leave off the stories of houries and palaces,
Who is that houri-born come on the top of the palace?
They say what for were you infatuated with his love?
Who is that who did not fall in love at his first sight?
O thou elder of the City! how long with thou reprimand
us?

Who is there without a craving for a cup of wine and a pure
beloved?”

Mysticism²:

زینسان که ترا دست گرفتند محبان
ترسم که ازین پس بخدا بخت پرستند

These lyrics possess a unity and continuity so rare in Persian Ghazal:³

1. *Kulliyat-i-Jami* p. 167.
2. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 195.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 222.

ساقی به شکل جام زر آمد هلال عید
می ده بفر دولت سلطان ابو سعید
قفلی که روزه هر در عیش و نشاط زد
شکل هلال عید ز زر ساختش گلید
من بعد ما و عید و می لعل عیش نقد
نه شادمان بوعده و نه خائف از و عید
عید نوست و ماه نوست و بهار نو
دارد زهر جدید دلم لذتی جدید
شد هر مزید دولت ما از دعای شاه
بارش همیشه دولت و اقبال بر مزید
عید بعید شد که زسی توبه کرده ایم
لبود بعید نقض چنین عهد ما بعید
جاسی شکر لبان سمر قند راشدی
از جان مرید یسرک الله ما هرید

Mark the inter-relation of words¹ :

راندی چو برق محمل خود گرم و من چوابر
در کریمه و فغان زهی محملم هنوز

“As thou drove thy camel-litter swift as lightning,
Cloud-like, I am still weeping and wailing for its sake.”

Pun on دل² ;

ای کشته دل ز تیغ جفای تو ام دونیم
بامن دو دل مباش که من یکدلم هنوز

³ : (Alliteration) صنعت تجنیس

از چشم خوابناک تو بی خواب مانده ایم
وز جعد تابدار تو بیتاب مانده ایم

A pathetic verse⁴ :

1. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 269.

2. *Ibid.*

3. *Ibid.*, p. 333.

4. *Ibid.*

هر جا کشیده ایم زدل آه آتشین
صد داغ ازان بسینه احباب مانده ایم

Mark the use of idiom¹ :

همو که مانده ایم دران گو بخار و خس
گوئی بچار بالاش منجاب مانده ایم

A lofty initial verse and a commendable style² :

ما برنجوری و مهجوری و دوری ساختیم
بزم وصل دوست رابا دیگران پرداختیم

“We reconciled ourselves with illness, separation and distance,

Leaving the feast of union with beloved to others.

Clear diction and لفظی رعایت (Inter-connected words)³ :

نقد قلب ما نشد رائج ببا زار وفا
تا چو زر دربوته غم صد رهش نگذاختم

Inter-connection of words⁴ :

قامت ما چنگ شد اندر صاع اهل درد
جز بمضرب غمت این چنگ را ننواختم

The lyric contains the best characteristics of Persian *Ghazal* befitting metre, lucid and sweet diction, articulate and flowing description⁵ :

| | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| ما ببادت نشسته خاموشیم | کرده از خویش فراموشیم |
| بر سر بستر غمت شبها | محنت و درد راهم آغوشیم |
| در قدح دیده ایم عکس لب | باده ناخورده رفته از هوشیم |
| گربه مضرب غصه بخراشی | رگ رگ ماچو چنگ بخروشیم |
| تا تو در گوش کرده حلقه | ما غلامان حلقه درگوشیم |
| دوش بودیم یا تو دوش بدوش | زنده امشب ز لذت دوشیم |

1. *Kulliyat-i- Jami*,

2. *Ibid*, p. 346.

3. *Ibid*.

4. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 346.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 354.

"We are sitting silent in thy memory,
 In a state of self-forgetfulness.
 In the bed of thy worries,
 We embrace pain and anguish for nights.
 Having seen thy reflection in the cup,
 We are unconscious though undrunk.
 If thou scratch plectrum out of anger,
 All our veins clang like harp.
 As thou have worn a ring in thy ear,
 We slaves also wear the earning of slavery.
 We were shoulder to shoulder with them yesterday,
 We live upon the same joy to night."

There is continuity in this *Na't* (نعت) in an impressive and impassioned manner.¹

کی بود یارب که رو در یثرب و بطحا کنم
 که بمکه منزل و گه در مدینه جا کنم
 برکنار زمزم از دل بر کشم یک زمزمه
 کز دو چشم خونفشان آن چشمه را دریا کنم
 صد هزاران دی درین سو دلبر امروز شد
 نیست صبرم بعد ازین کامروز را فردا کنم
 یا رسول الله بسوی خود مرا راهی نمای
 تا از فرق سر قدم سازم زدیده پا کنم
 آرزوی جنت العاوا برون کردم ز دل
 جنتم این بسکه برخاک درت را فرا کنم
 خواهم از سودای پا پوست نهم سر در جهان
 بیایت سر نهم یا سر درین سودا کنم
 هر دم از شوق تو معذورم اگر هر لحظه
 جامی آما نامه شوقی دگر انشا کنم

1. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 365.

Erotic¹ :

چون لر نجم که درین بزم طرب نه پسندید
یک ترنجم بکف از غبغب صمیم ذقنان

Continuity and mystical themes² :

پسر پیر خرابات که میخانه³ او
هست محروس ز سنگ ستم خم شکنان
میزدم حلقه بر آمد ز درون آوازی
کای ترا خاتم دولت کرد اهرمنان
ساکن مدرسه و خائنه میباش که نیست
کنج میخانه³ ما جز وطن بی وطنان
لاف قوت مزین ای پشه³ عاجز که شکست
زیر این بار گران پشت همه پیل تنان

Each line is emphatic and enthusiastic. Inner state has been mirrored in a rapturous way³ :

صوفی متاع صو معه رهن شراب کن
پیرانه سر تلافی عهد شباب کن
مستم زنشا³ می عشق پریوشی
بر یاد لعلش از دوسه جامم خراب کن
عیبست لاف عشق جوانان بعهد شیب
موی سفیدم از می گلگون خضاب کن
بدنام شهر رانده و رسوای عالم
ای پارسا ز محبت ما اجتناب کن
کسب کمال و فضل فضولیت ای پسر
از عاشقان فضیلت عشق اکتساب کن
معنی یکیست گر چه صور مختلف فتاد
این نکته را قیاس ز بحر و حباب کن

1. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 384.

2. *Ibid.*

3. *Ibid.*, p. 393.

جامی جناب پیر مغان قبلہ دعا ست
ہر چیز کالتاس کنی زان جناب کن

An ethical lesson derived after describing old age—whole of the lyric is euphuistic (مرصع), each word set like a jewel. Some verses are here¹ :

ای پیر گشتہ بہر جوانان زره مرو موی سفید در پی زلف سیہ مرو
فکر حساب ہر کجی و راستی بکن پیش ہتان راست کج کلد مرو
دام حیات جز پی صید کمال نیست صیدی لکرده جامی ازین داسگہ مرو

“O thou grown old for the young! don't deviate from the way,

Don't hanker after black tresses with white hair.

Worry for the accountability of every honesty and dishonesty,

Don't go before the idols of upright statures and inclined caps.

The trap of life is for nothing but hunting perfection,
Don't leave this hunting ground without a prize.”

(Dialogue) but most of the themes are common place.

Initial verse is given below² :

گفتمش با لعل جان بخش از مسیحا کم نہ
گفت دم درکش کہ تو شایستہ این دم نہ

Ending verse is this :

گفتم آن راز لہان با محرمان نہ در میان
گفت رو جامی کہ تو این راز را مجرم نہ

This lyric is marked by a fine description and is prominent

1. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 440.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 442.

in it.¹

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| آفت عقل و هوش و دین شده | الله الله چه لازنین شده |
| تا تو در دلبری چنین شده | من چنانم زبیدی که مپرس |
| غیرت لعبتان چین شده | کرده زخ زچین طره عیان |
| خاتم حسن را نگین شده | زآتشین لعل آبدار لب |
| بهر قلم چه در کمین شده | من بجان بنده کمین توام |
| چون مگس غرق انگین شده | گشته کم دلا بفکر عیش |
| خرده دان و دقیق بین شده | جامی از فکر آن دهان و میان |

A very fine lyric. Words and meaning closely inter-linked. Full of pathos and picturesque of sad plight. Befitting metre².

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| دلم را خون کنی در دیده باشی | گهی در دل گهی در دیده باشی |
| تراشیدی خوشا این بت تراشی | زلوح خاطر من نقش بتان را |
| که چون یوسف بخوبی گشته باشی | خریدار تو زان روشد جهانی |
| که چون چنگم رگ جان می تراشی | چو چنگ از دست توازن میخروشم |
| چه گویم من تو هم دانسته باشی | چه میپرسی که جامی عاشق کیست |

Sometimes in the heart and sometimes in the eyes thou art,

Thou bleed'st my heart, in the eyes thou art.

From the tablet of my heart thou carved designs of idols,
How fine this idol-making !

The world has a buying spree for thee,
As thou have equalled Yusuf in beauty.

I clamour like a harp in thy hands,
As thou wound my veins like a claw.

Why ask whose lover is Jami ?

1. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 478.

2. *Ibid*, p. 450.

What should I say, thou also know it well."

Mysticism and spiritual impressions excellently described in the form of مجاز (metaphors), each word is complete in itself and the whole lyric is bewitching.¹

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| دل ز مهر دیگران برداشتی | در دل ما مهر دیگر کاشتی |
| درچه انگندی دلم را زان ذقن | از جفا موی فرو نگذاشتی |
| شمع رخ کر دی نهان از آه من | آه من باد هوا انگاشتی |
| طعن خودرائی زدی بر عاشقان | عاشقان را همچو خود پنداشتی |
| خوش شد از جنگ تو وقت من مگر | گیرمت در هر بوقت آشتی |
| نوبت شاهی زدی در ملک حسن | ز آتش دلهای علم افراشتی |
| جاسی آخر کشته تیغش شدی | سر در آن کردی که در سر داشتی |

Each verse possesses enthusiasm and rapture²:

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| هر قطره می لعل که ریزد بزمینی | از جام تو هر خاتم عیش ست نگینی |
| باظلمت سبب سر دهانت نتوان یافت | از نور رخت گردند مد صبح یقینی |
| گفتم شدم ایمن زبلاهای زمانه | ناگاه خیال تو در آمد ز کمینی |

هر دین که نه عشقت همه کفرو ضلالت
 با عشق تو فارغ شده ام از همه دینی
 صد چاک ز هجران بدلم به که چو آیم
 گیر دز ملامت خم ابروی تو چینی
 از خاک درت گرچه شوم گر نخیزم
 در گوی وفا نیست چو من خاک نشینی
 درج گهر آمد لبست اما پامانت
 بسیار بهجامی که چو اونیست امینی

The qualities of the beloved³:

دل برد زمن فتنه گری عشوه نمائی
 زرین کمری کج کلهی تنگ قبائی

1. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 476.

2. *Kulliyat-i-Jami*, p. 479:

3. *Ibid.*, p. 500.

“Took away my heart, a trouble-maker, a coquetish,
Of the golden waist-band, curved cap and tight garment.”
The blandishment of the beloved :

در حسن و ملاحت چه پری چهره نگاری
در سر کشی و ناز چه شوخی چه بلانی

“In beauty and attractiveness what a fairy faced beloved !
In coquetry and refractoriness has gay and mischievous !”
Impassioned verse :

روزی که شوم خاک و برد باد بهر سو
یا بند بهر ذره من بوی وفائی

“The day I become dust, carried away by the wind to all
the sides,

They will find the perfume of fidelity in every particle.”

State of the lover :

داری سر خونریز من اینگ کفن و تیغ
یا حکم تو کس را نرسد چون و چرائی

A comparison of lover and beloved :

تو خنده زنان میگذری بی خبر از من
من گریه کنان میکش از دور دعائی

“Laughingly, thou pass by me heedlessly,
Weepingly, I pray for thee distantly.”

A fine simile :

ای بر صحن از منبل تر بسته نقای
در گردن جان هر خم زلف تو طنابی
تو تاب نظر ماری و من طاقت دیدار
ای کاش ببندی برخ خویش نقابی

Faithfulness, loyalty :

ذوق ندهد عشق گراز جانب عشق
نبود گله وز طرف دوست عتابی

A new theme¹ :

جامی که به صیل فنون عمر بسر برد
بی حاشیه شوق تو نگذاشت کتابی

“Jami, who spent his life learning arts,
Left not a book without a marginal note on thy desire.

Conclusion

(i) Jami was a follower of *Hafiz* with the difference that he has extensively used the mystical terms in his *Ghazal* so as to mystify each verse. In the words of ‘*Urfi* :

درد دل ما غم دنیا غم معشوق شود
باده گر خام بود پخته کند شیشه ما

On the other hand *Hafiz* is an artist and his poetry is the best specimen of art in this respect even a first rate lyricist of the world will find it difficult to come upto his level.

(ii) Jami was not a stylist though he was undoubtedly versatile. He simultaneously wrote lyrics, *Qasidahs*, *Mathnawis*, prose, *tadhkirah*, ethics, riddles and mystical themes but he was unparalleled or past master in none of these forms. He was certainly a *Sufi* and his poetry did have a divine fervour in it.

(iii) His imagination is more sober than erotic flight of his contemporary *Baba Fughani Shirazi*.

(iv) Good, useful, noble sentiments are to be found in all his works.

1. فسون *Diwan-i-Jami*, (Tehran Ed.) p. 279.

MIR ALI SHER NAVAI

Nizamuddin Ali Sher, the son of Kachkina Bahadur, one of the leading Amirs of Sultan Abu Said, was born on 17th Ramadan 844 A.H./1440-41 A.D., at Hkrat.¹ Besides being an author and poet, he was a great patron of poets and scholars. Mostly he versified and wrote in Turkish under the pen name of "Navai". In Persian he used the pseudonym "Fani".² One of his Turkish works was a Khamsa (Quintet) after the style of Nezami comprising about 27,000 verses. The names of his publications – a total of twenty-nine –³ are presented in a reproduction of one of Mir's books in Monsieur Belin "Muslim Painting". Of these works, the Masnaviyat and the Ghazaliyat are extant.

Mowlana Fakhri, the translator of Mir's *Majalis-un-Nafais*, writes about his Turkish poetry :⁴

خاصه در شعر و شاعری و پیش تر کان خرد مند فاضل و تازی زبانان
ترکی دان کامل مقرر است که تا بنای نظم ترکی شده مثل او کسی
قدم درین وادی ننهاده خسرو این قلمرو اوست و او را در میان اتراک
قرینه مولانا عبدالرحمن میدانند.

The elite of poetry as well as the scholarly and sagacious Turks believe that even since the birth of Turkish poetry none else has been so impressive. He is the undisputed king of this realm and the Turks class him with Mowlana Abdul Rahman.

Babur claims, "For as long as verse has been written in the Turki tongue, none has written so much or so well as he".⁵

"Although he wrote much and well in the Persian langu-

age," wrote Gibb, "his best and most important works are in the East-Turkish dialect known as Jaghatay. It has been claimed for Navai, and perhaps justly, that he is the first great poet who wrote in the Turkish language. At all events it is certain that notwithstanding the difference of their dialects, he was for long looked upon as a model by the Ottoman poets"⁶

Only a little of his Persian poetry has come to us. He was attached to Mowlana Jami and used to get his verses corrected by him.⁷ Mowlana Jami has summed up the characteristics and quality of his Persian poetry in one of his letters.⁸

زهی کرده از شوق شهباز طبیعت همایان قدسی هوای تذروی
ز مهرم فرستاده‌ئی مطلع خوش کز اهل سخن مثل آن نیست مروی
الحق مطلعی ست انوار لطف و ذکا از معانی آن طالع و آثار حسن
از عبارات آن لامع - اگر چنانچه گاهی به اتمام آن پردازند و پرتو اندیشه
بر تکمیل آن الدازند شک نیست که واسطه‌العقد شهور و اعوام خواهد بود -
حق سبحانه از هر چه نباید مصون دارد و هر چه نشاید مأمون -

Besides Jamia Masjid Herat, he built nineteen other mosques as well as the tombs of Khaja Abdullah Ansari, Sheykh Fariduddin Attar and Qasem Anwar, and took part in the construction of schools. He gave scholarships to some of the students in the Khanqahs.⁹ Handsome salaries were given to teachers, and hundreds of books were dedicated in his name.¹⁰

Several poets and writers were favoured by him besides the experts in art, painting, architecture, calligraphy, carpet making, music, sculpture, etc. The greatest classical painter of the Muslim world, Behzad, was also patronized by him, as well as Khaja Mirak, Qasem Ali, and Sultan Muhammad, the painters of the age.¹¹

Two incidents in Mir's early childhood reveal already his poise and intelligence. After the death of Shahrokh (d 850 A.H./1446 A.D.), Amir Kachkina Bahadur and his family-

including Ali Shir, then but six years old—were journeying from Yazd towards Khurasan. Ali Shir, very tired, let the reins of his horse escape his hands, and he was left behind. Thus separated, he went off the high road and fell asleep in very frightening surroundings. Early in the morning when he woke up astounded to find himself alone in the wilderness, he calmly and patiently resumed his journey on unknown paths till he found out the highway where he met the messengers sent by his father.¹²

Another incident related about this journey took place at Taft, where the travellers had encamped for one day, nearby the Khanqah of Sharafuddin Yazdi, the author of Zafar Name-ye Teymuri. When Ali Shir and other children ran into the Khanqah, he aroused the interest of Mowlana Sharafuddin, who began to question him. Ali Shir gave apt answers to his queries, and the Mowlana blessed him, which proved to be a good augury for his future.

Ali Shir was a schoolmate of Sultan Husain Mirza, and they developed a lifelong friendship which was mutually beneficial.¹³ During the reign of Abul Qasem Berber (855-861 A.H./1451-1457 A.D.), after a separation, the friends came together once again. Both rose high in the favour of the Sultan; Abul Qasem often addressed Mir Ali Shir as "Son"¹⁴ After the death of Baber in 861 A.H./1456-57 A.D., Ali Shir continued his studies until 873 A.H., first at Mashhad and then at Samarqand.¹⁵

At Mashhad, during the reign of Sultan Abu Said, Ali Shir had the opportunity of meeting the renowned humourist, Sheykh Kamal Torbati. Ali Shir had long been desirous of meeting him. Ali Shir was lying ill and unattended in the tomb of Imam Reza when Sheykh Kamal, accompanied by his friends, happened to go there. These newcomers soon entered into a lively discussion about the couplet written on the wall of the tomb, attracting the attention of Mir Ali Shir. His opinion

carried them all with him. Thus he was introduced to the versatile Sheykh. What transpired between the two is best described in his own work :¹⁶

چون زمانی دیر بنشست مرا معلوم گشت که او شیخ کمال است و
 ابن معما به اسم (قطب) بخواند :
 آنسی که در هوای سر زلف یارماست از سر گذشته اول و در آخرش هبابت
 و در ابن معما سخن چند گفته شد و به این تقریب آشنائی میان
 بن و او پیدا شد و محبت ازلی خالی ظاهر و هویدا گشت و در آن زمان هر
 روز به پرسش من میآمد و انواع انسانیت مینمود - - -)

Another teacher from whom he learnt during the reign of Sultan Abu Said was Khwaja Fazlullah Abul-Laisi, who taught him in his own Khanqah. Khwaja was a well-known teacher to whom the seekers after knowledge came from far and wide. Khwaja liked his pupil for his clear grasp of ideas and intelligence, and often praised him for his scholarly qualities. This was a period of extreme poverty for Ali Shir, so much so that he had to think of mortgaging his satchel after taking a bath in the hammam, and yet his offer was turned down.¹⁷

He entered a new place in life when Sultan Husain Mirza captured Herat and summoned him, in 873 A.H./1469 A.D. Here also in spite of his official duties he continued to devote his leisure time to studies and to get regular instruction from Mowlana Fasihuddin Nezami, who is considered to be one of his principal teachers. In the beginning he was given the office of the Seal (مهرداری)¹⁸ from which he rose to Emirate and finally Minister.

In 887 A.H./1482 A.D., he desired to be relieved of these duties, but his request was not accepted by the Sultan. Rather he was entrusted with the functions of Divane Mali (Finance Minister). In 892 A.H./1486 A.D., he was appointed governor of Astarabad, the capital of Mazandaran. This post he relinquished in 893 A.H./1487 A.D. and began to lead a life of solitude in Herat.¹⁹

More than once, Mir planned to go on pilgrimage, but the Sultan would never give his consent. In 904 A.H./1488 A.D., when Sultan Husain was encamped at Marv in connection with some political business, Mir was seized with the idea of performing Haj.²⁰ He sent Mowlana Nezamuddin Yahya Abdul Hay-e-Tabib to the Sultan to get the necessary permission while he himself marched to Mashhad in the company of scholars and divines. But when the Sultan's answering letter came, it refused permission, reminding Mir of their long and mutually beneficial relationship, stressing the dangers of the way and reminding him that in times of peril the Haj is not obligatory.²¹ The letter also carried a wish of the Sultan for a meeting.

Mir was greatly impressed by this letter, and he moved back to Marv. But he seemed to be determined to be relieved of his official connections. He, therefore, requested the Sultan to allow him to reside in the holy tomb of Khwaja Abdullah Ansari. The Sultan valued him so much that he not only granted this request but also assured him that his every wish would be conceded so long as he was in Khorasan.²²

About his general popularity Babur writes :²³ "A great many good new things used to be made for Ali Shir, so whenever anyone produced a novelty, he called it Ali Shir's in order to give it credit and vogue. Some things were called Ali Shir's by way of compliment: for example, when he had an ear-ache, he wrapped his head up in one of the blue triangular kerchiefs women tied over their heads in winter, and that kerchief was called Ali Shir's comforter."

Mir was very kind and affectionate by nature. His manner was marked by frankness. He freely made jokes with his companions and smilingly bore their counter-jokes. During the Sultanate of Mirza Ibrahim, son of Mirza Alaudowla. Mir was once sitting in the company of his friends when the prince happened to pass that way. He was a handsome and fine looking young man. One of his comrades remarked ;

آن سیه چرده که شیرینی عالم با اوست
لب میگون رخ خندان دل خرم با اوست

*That blackish to which is due the sweetness of the world,
as well as winelike lip, smiling face and happy heart.*

to which the Mir immediately retorted :

گر چه شیرین دهنان پادشهانند ولیک
چشم دارم که به جاه از همه افزون باشی

*Though the sweet - mouthed beloved are kings but
I hope you surpass them all in rank,*

and the whole company was amused.²⁴ However he was not insensitive as is shown by his estrangement from the contemporary poet, Mowlana Banai, who was in the habit of making unkind comments about Mir.²⁵

A strange incident is told of Ali Sher's death. In 906 A.H./ 1500 A.D., when Sultan Husain was marching back to his capital after leading a successful expedition against Astarabad, Ali Shir came from Herat to welcome him. On his way he stayed in the Pariyan Saray. Waking up in the morning he busied himself with the verses written in hand by previous visitors and was extremely touched by the following :²⁶

درین دقیقه بما ند ند جمله حکما
که آدمی چه کند باقضای کن فیکون
فروع نبض چو شد منحرف ز جنبش اصل
به لای عجز فرو رفت های افلاطون
صلای طبع چو سوی فساد روی نهاد
بماند بیهوده در دست بو علی قانون

*At this moment, all philosophers wandered
as to what Man may do with pre-destination
When the pulse deviated from the throbbing of heart,*

*the calamity of helplessness penetrated into the feet of
Plato,
when the dispositional balance got deranged
"Kanun" remained useless with Bu Ali (Sina).*

Next he stayed in the Saray-e-Payab where he received a message from the Sultan that he was waiting for the Mir in the Malik Saray.²⁷ This news so much gladdened him that he fell into a coma, and in spite of the best available medical treatment he could not survive and expired.²⁸

His death was officially mourned by the Sultan, and his funeral prayers were read in the Eidgah of Herat, and he was buried in the dome near the Jamia Masjid Herat.²⁹

Balkhi wrote an elegy on his death :³⁰

ای فلک بیداد و بیرحمی بدینسان کرده‌ئی
وی اجل ملک جهان را باز ویران کرده‌ئی
کرده بر جانها کین بنهاده‌ئی دام عنا
هر زمان از کینه جونی قصد صد جان کرده‌ئی
عالمی را کرده‌ئی از حزن پـژمان دم بدم
اهل عالم را به کین محزون و پژمان کرده‌ئی
کی رها سازی عزیزان راز زندان حزن
از جفا کاری که چون یوسف به زندان کردائی
آسمانا بر دل و جانهای دینداران از آن
جور بیحد و جفاهای فراوان کرده‌ئی

*O Heaven ! you have done injustice and tyranny to them,
Death had again devastated the world,
You have spread your net work after them,
You have aimed at hundreds out of malice every time,
You have tormented the world by grief moment by moment.
You have tormented the world out of malice !
When will you release the dear ones from the prison of grief*

*Those dear ones whom you have imprisoned like Joseph out
of tyranny?*

*O Heaven ! on the bodies and hearts of the religious ones
You have done maximum tyranny and injustice !*

Khwandmir has recorded the date in an affectionate chronogram :³¹

| | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| جناب امیر هدایت پناهی | که ظاهر ازو گشت آثار رحمت |
| شد از خار زار جهان سوی باغ | که آنجا شکفته است گلزار رحمت |
| چو نازل شد انوار رحمت به روحش | بجو سال فوتش ز (انوار رحمت) |

۵۹۹۵

*His highness, the Amir, the asylum of divine guidance
in whom all the marks of mercy were conspicuous,
has quitted the thorny brake of the world,
and fled to the rose-garden of pity.*

*Since the light of merey has descended on his soul,
those words represent the day of his departure.*

Some of his Persian verses are given below :³²

خیال طاعت شب میکنم به روز بسی
چو شب شود برد از خود مرا خیال کسی

*Often during the day I think of night prayer, and when
night comes,*

My beloved's thought again keeps me away from prayer.

ای شب غم چند دور از روی یارم میکشی
زنده میدارم تو را بهر چه زارم میکشی ؟

*O Night of Sorrow ! how long will you keep me away from
the face of my beloved.*

*I keep you alive (by remaining awake), what for do you
drive me to weeping ?*

دلم به دست تو مرغی ست در کف طفلی
که نه کشد ، نه گذارد ، نه سازدش قفسی

*My heart in your possession is just like a bird in the hand
of a child,*

who neither kills, nor releases nor cages it.

او به مسجد شده و غیرت این میکشدم
پیش من گرچه عیان است که درخانه کیست

*He has gone into the mosque and the jealousy kills me,
though it is clear to me in whose house He has gone.*

نیست دل ، این که من زار بلا کش دارم
از تو در سینه خود پاره آتش دارم

*This is not heart which is so tormented and applicted,
it is in fact a piece of fire in my breast due to you.*

اگر دریاتی یکبار ذوق لعل جانان را
به عمر خود نخوردی خضر دیگر آب حیوان را

*If only once could experience the desire for the lips of the
beloved,*

Khizr would no more drink Life Water during his life.

تتبع خواجه حافظ

مطلع - کنج تاریک غمت را تابکی مسکن کنم
باشد از شمع رخت آن خانه را روشن کنم
مقطع - فانی ازلاف مردی به بود افتادگی
چاره این لاف از یک جام مردافکن کنم

How long will I occupy this dark chamber of your separation?

Should not it be lighted with the candle of your face?

O Fani ! falling down is better than a gossip of bravery.

I remedy this spread, eagliness by a man-staggering cup.

NOTES

1. - *Majalis-un-Nafais*, p. 133.
 - Sam Mirza states in *Tohfe ye Sami* (Tehran. Ed.), p. 179 :
 ”وی خاف گنجینهٔ بهادر است“
 - Khwand Mir, *Makarim-ul-Akhlaq*, MS.F.127a. (This rare manuscript is in the British Museum, London. I have studied a photocopy of it.)
2. *Tohfe ye Sami*, p. 180.
3. - *Oriental College Magazine*, Lahore, Feb. 1934, p. 20.
 - *Tohfe ye Sami* (Tehran Ed.) p. 180.
 - *Majalis-un-Nafais*, p. 135.
 - Hekmat, Ali Asghar, *Jami*, pp. 32,33.
Books written by Mir Ali Shir Navai :
 - Chahar Divan-e-Ghazaliyat named, *Gharaeb-ul-Seghar*, *Nawader-ul-Shabab*, *Badaye-ul-Wasat*, *Fawaid-ul-Akbar*.
 Masnaviyat-e-Khamsa named, *Tahiyyat-ul-Abrar*, *Farhad-o-Shirin*, *Leyli-o-Majnun*, *Sadd-e-Sekandari*, *Sab'-e-Sayyara*.
 - Masnavi *Lisan-ul-Teyr*.
 - *Tazkerah Majalis-un-Nafais*.
 - *Siroj-ul-Muslemin*.
 - *Arbain Manzum*.
 - *Nazm-ul-Jawaher*.
 - *Mahbub-ul-Qulub*.
 - *Tarikh-e-Ambiya*.
 - *Resale ye-Aruziye*.
 - *Tarikh-e-Muluk-ul-Ajam*.
 - *Nasaim-ul-Mahba*.
 - *Khamsat-ul-Mutahayyirin*.
 - *Muhakimat-ul-Lughatayn*.
 - A History of *Pahlvan Asad*.
 - A History of *Seyed Hasan Ardashir*.
 - *Mufradat dar Fann-e-Moamma*.
 - The story of *Sheykh San'an*.
 - *Munajat Nama*.
 - *Munshaat-i-Turki*.
 - *Divan-e-Farsi*.
 - *Munshaat-e-Farsi*.
 - *Mizan-ul-Owzan*.
4. *Lataif Nama-i-Fakhri*, p. 221.
5. *Babur Nama*, Beveridge, Vol. I, p. 271.
6. Gibb, *A History of Ottoman Poetry*, vol. II, p. 10.

7. *Makarim-ul-Akhlaq*, MS. F. 136 a.
8. *Ibid.* 136 b.
9. Dowlat Shah, *Tazkerat-ush-Shuara*, p. 505.
 - *Makarim-ul-Akhlaq*, MS. F. 156 a.
 - *Rowzat-us-Safa* (Vol. IV to VII) pp. 50,51.
 - Owthadi, Taqiuddin, *Arafat-ul-Ashegin*, MS. (Malek Library, Tehran).
 (Only the following seven buildings have survived :)
 a. The southern palace in the holy tomb of Imam Reza at Mashhad.
 b. The tomb of Sheykh Faridudin Attar in Nishabur.
 c. Nahr-e-Khuban in Mashhad.
 d. The stone caravansara at Bost.
 e. The caravansara Dizabad.
 f. The brick wall at village Tarq.
 g. The tomb of Qasem Anvar at Kharjard Jam.
 (*Majalis-un-Nafais*, Edited by Ali Asghar Hekmat, Preface p. 10).

10. Examples are such as the famous "Commentary on the Quran" by Husain Vaez e Kashefi. "*Nafahat-ul-Uns*," being a biographical memoir of learned and pious Sufis and Saints, by the celebrated Abdur Rahman Jami; "The Memoirs of the poets", by Dowlat Shah of Samarqand, and various others.

(Ouseley, Sir Gore, *Biographical Notices on Persian Poets*. p. 52)

11. - *Habib-us-Siyar*, vol. III, part III, pp. 341,342,350
 - *Rowzat-us-Safa*, vol, VII. p. 78.

Elliot, H.M. *The history of India as told by its own Historians*. Vol. IV, p. 528.

12. Khwand Mir, *Makarim-ul-Akhlaq*, MS. FF. 178 a, 178 b.
13. - *Makarim-ul-Akhlaq*, MS. F. 128 a.
 - Sam Mirza, *Tohfe ye Sami*, p. 179, States :

”جد مادرش امیر ابو سعید در سلک اعظام امرای بایقرا میرزا
 جد سلطان حسین میرزا منتظم بود لهذا در ایام صبی با پادشاه مذکور
 در یک مکتب چیزی خوانده بودند و در آن احوال چنانکه مشهور است
 بینهما عهد و میثاقی رسوخ پیدا کرده بود)

14. *Majalis-un-Nafais*, p. 133. Dowlat Shah, *Tazkerat-ush-Shuara*, *Tohfe ye Sami*, p. 179.
 (Edited by Browne) p. 144.
15. *Habib-us-Siyar*, vol. III, part III, p. 317.

16. *Majalis-un-Nafais*, pp. 32, 206.
17. *Makarim-ul-Akhlaq*, MS. 132 a 132 b. 185 a.
 - *Majalis-un-Nafais* p. 134.
 - *Tohfe ye Sami*, p. 179, 180.
 - *Habib-us-Siyar* vol. III, part III, p. 345.
18. *Majalis-un-Nafais*, pp. 91, 265.

ماده تاریخ مولانا برهان الدین در موقع اعطای منصب مهرزدن دیوان به میر تاریخش این بود که (علیشیر مهرزد) و آن در شعبان سنه ۸۷۶ بود -

19. *Makarim-ul-Akhlaq*, MS. FF. 145 a 145 b.
20. *Makarim-ul-Akhlaq*, MS. F. 152 b.
21. *Makarim-ul-Akhlaq*, MS. FF. 153 a, 153 b.
22. *Ibid.*, FF. 154 b, 155 a.
23. *Babur Nama* (Translated by S. Beveridge) Vol. I, 287.
24. *Makarim-ul-Akhlaq*. MS. F. 175 a.
25. *Majalis-un-Nafais*. p. 233. reveals :

(چون میرعلیشیر در هر لباس و اساسی طرزی خاص اختراع نموده و آن طرز و طور را طرز میرعلیشیر میگفته اند مثل آنکه دستار میر علیشیری و قبا سیر علیشیری غیر ذلک - روزی مولانا بنائی پیش پالان گری رفته و گفته پالان میرعلیشیری) میخواستیم میرچون خاطر نازک داشته ناچار بپسار میرنجیده - -

26. *Makarim-ul-Akhlaq*, MS. FF. 181 a, 181 b.
27. *Ibid*, MS. F. 182.
28. *Ibid.*, F.F. 182 b. 183 a.
29. *Ibid*. F. 183 b. *Tazkereye Khoshgu*, MS. F. 5 a.
30. *Majalis-un-Nafais*, p. 224. *Tohfe ye-Sami*, (Tehran Ed.) p. 180.
31. *Habib-us-Siyar*, vol. III, part III, p. 389.
 Elliot, H.M., *The history of India as told by its own Historians*, vol. IV, p. 558.
32. *Tazkere ye Khoshgu* MS. F. 5 b.
 Ouseley, Sir Gore, *Biographical Notices on Persian Poets.*, p. 52.
 Valeh Daghestani, *Riaz-ush-Shuara*, MS. F: 103 a.
 Ahmad Ali, *Makhzan-ul-Gharaib*, MS. F. 254 a.
 Sam Mirza, *Tohfe ye-Sami*, p. 181. (Tehran Ed.)
 Ibn-c-Yusuf in Catalogue Library Majlese Showra ye Melli Tehran. part III, p. 368, Mentions about *Divan-e-Fani*. It includes Ghazals, Muqattaats, quatrains and riddles. Most of the Ghazals are in imitation of Hafez, Sadi, Kamal; Salman; Khosrow; Hasan Dehlavi; *Divan-e-Fani*; MS. pp. 202; 257; 271-272. (Ketabkhane ye Majles; Tehran).

ASAFI

Khwajah Asafi b. Khwajah Muhkim al-Din Ni'mat Allah Kuhistani was one of the most eminent poets of Herat in the reign of Sultan Husayn ; and attached himself especially to Mir 'Ali Sher, and to the Sultan's son, Mirza Badi' al-Zaman, whom he accompanied to Balkh. The real name of the poet is not clearly mentioned in any *tadhkirah*.¹

Sam Mirza² has stated that his father had been a minister for a long time to Sultan Abu Sa'id Mirza (1451-68). Due to this status he adopted Asafi as his pen-name.

1. *Haft Iqlim*, MS. F. 230b.

Here he mentions about Balkh :

شاهان رمضان رسید و من در بدرم
در کشور بلخست هوای سفرم
شد قحط امید خوردنی صبری نیست
باری بیپایان سفر روزه خورم

Diwani-i-Asafi, MS. F. 71b.

2. *Tuhfah-i-Sami*, p. 25.

Asafi passed away in 928 A.H./1521 A.D.¹ According to *Haft Iqlim* (MS. F. 230b) he died in 923 A.H./1517 A.D. The following chronogram, by a contemporary poet, Amir Sultan Ibrahim Amiri, gives the same date 923 A.H./1517 A.D.²

چون آصفی آن چشم خرد را مردم
در ابر اجل گشت نهان چون انجم

Like Asafi, the pupil of the eye of Reason,
Hid like a star in the cloud of death.

1. Sprenger (*Catalogue* p. 310) reveals : "Ilahy says that he uttered the following *rubai* on his own death when he felt it was approaching it :

سالی که رخ اصفی بهفتاد نهاد
دفتاد تمام کرد و از پای افتاد
شد در هفتاد و مصرع تاریخست
پیموده ره بقا بکام هفتاد

Arzu does not consider it genuine.

The last line of this *rubai* should be (پیمود ره بقا بکام هفتاد). Its chronogrammatic value is 923. Some biographers like Taqi Awhadi ('*Arafat al-Ashiqin*, MS. F. 34a), *Khulasat al-Afkar*, F. 19a *Majma' al-Nafa'is* F. 5b. *Makhzan al-Ghara'ib*. F. 44. add 5 in 923 by reading پیموده instead of پیمود and conclude that the poet died in 928 A.H./1521 A.D.

Muqtadir 'Abd al: *Catalogue of the Arabic and Persian MSS.* in Oriental Public Library at Bankipur, Vol. II, p. 106.

According to *Habib al-Siyar* (Tehran Ed.) Vol III, Part III, p. 354. Asafi died in 921 A.H./1515 A.D.

"وفات خواجه اصفی در شانزدهم شعبان سنه' احدی و عشرين و

تسمائه اتفاق افتاد"

Tuhfah-i-Sami gives 920 A.H./1514 A.D. (p. 20) Taqi Kashi, Sprenger's *Catalogue*, p. 21 and the author of *Suhaf-i-Ibrahim*. MS. F. 7b, fix the poet's death in 920 A.H./1514 A.D.

2. Sprenger's *Catalogue*, p. 311.

پرسید دل از من که چه آمد تاریخ
گفتم ز برات آمده روز دوم

He composed a *mathnawi* in the measure of the *Makhzan-i-Asrar*, written by a famous *mathnawi* writer Nizami and *qasidahs* in the praise of *Imams*. But it is particularly his elegant *Ghazals* which brought him celebrity.¹

Some examples of his characteristic features are given below :—

Depth of emotion.²

می توانی که دهی اشک مرا حسن قبول
ای که در ساخته قطره بارانی را

O thou who mak'st a drop of rain a pearl,

Thou can gracefully accept my tear.

Effect of loving and intoxicated eyes.³

غم دورنگی آن چشم مست فارغ ساخت
ز فکر روز سفید و شب سیاه مرا

Just mark بندی. It is an exquisite verse.⁴

با ما سخن نیست ولی بهر تلی
گویم بدل خود ز زبانی تو سخنما

You don't talk to me but for consolation,

I talk to myself on your behalf.

This verse is also well-said.⁵

ایام گلست آصفی و غنچه تہی دل
ہر نیست صراحی چه نشاط از گل آہما

1. *Atashkadah*, p. 136. *Rawdat al-Safa*, Vol. III, p. 80. Abdullah, S.M., Dr. : *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Persian, Urdu and Arabic MSS. in the Punjab University Library*, Lahore. p. 313.

2. *Diwan-i-Asafi*, MS. F. 1.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 2b.

4. *Ibid.*, F. 3b

5. *Ibid.*, F. 3b.

It is the season of flowers, Asafi, and the bud is empty inside,
The flask is not full, what pleasure from the flowers outside?
This lyric is simple and flowing.¹

هر چند شعله زد بفاک برق آه ما
روشن نگشت کوکب بخت میاه ما
ما از کجا بکعبه مقصود ره بریم
کوه گناه چونکه بود سد راه ما
بودیم گرچه نافه صفت لیک از خطا
موی سفید بین و درون میاه ما
گر لطف میکنی و گر قهر میکنی
ما بنده تو ایم توئی بادشاه ما
مر تا قدم اگرچه گناهست آصفی
غم نیست اگر شود کرم مت عذر خواه ما

The lightning of our sighs set flames to the skies time and
again,

Yet the star of our dark fate was never brightened up.
How could we tread the path of the Kaabah of our goal,
When the mountain of sins stood in our way?
We had the qualities of musk yet due to sins,
Just see our white hair and black inside.
Whether kind or wrathful,
We are thy slaves, thou art our king.
Though Asafi is all sin from head to foot,
Yet we worry not if thy generosity apologizes for us.
Here is a common idea illustrated by an example.²

1. *Diwan-i-Asafi*, F. 8a.

2. *Ibid.* F. 8b.

دارد اندیشه هجر تو سز شکم همه روز
همچو طفلی که بود در غم مکتب همه شب

The fear of thy separation keeps me tearful all the day long,
Like a child consumed by the dread of school all the night
long.

It is a wistful theme of disappointment and failure.¹

رسید کشتی امید صد رهم بکنار
که باز باد مخالف وزید دور انداخت

The boat of my hope at length reached the shore,
But again the unfavourable wind blew and drove it back.

Theme of restlessness.²

آصفی خیر ندارد بغم و درد فراق
می کشد محنت ایوب ولی صابر نیست

Clear, simple verse.³

دامن کشان بجانب اهل نظر خرام
های و جانب تو نظر های پاک ماست

Walk thee arrogantly towards the observers,
Thou art pure and only pure eyes are riveted upon thee.

Love's labour.⁴

یافتم صبر و تحمل راز مسکلهای عشق
مینماید عاشقی آسان ولی آسان گجاست

A new idea;⁵

و صف آن چاه ذقن بس کن که دارند اهل فضل
از ته کارش خبر که این قصه را پایان گجاست

One must be on one's guard in this tricky world;⁶

1. *Diwan-i-Asafi*, F. 10a

2. *Ibid.*, F. 11a.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 11b.

4. *Ibid.*, F. 11b.

5. *Ibid.*, F. 12b.

6. *Ibid.*, F. 12b.

تو هم در آئینه حیران حسن خویشینی
 زمانه ایست که هر کس بخود گرفتار است
 شدی فریفته لکش خانه ایام
 مباش غافل ازو آصفی که پر کار است

Thou art astonished at thy beauty in the mirror,
 Time is such that everybody is a prisoner unto himself.
 Thou art enamoured of the image of the House of Time,
 Don't be unawares of it, O Asafi, for it is tricky.
 A rare simile¹;

مهر بر لب چونمد درج دهان تو ز خال
 در دندان ترا گوهر نایاب کند

A fresh idea²;

گل بیک هفته شود پیر که لازم بدنان
 قدر حسن خود و ایام جوانی دانند

The flower withers away in a week so that the delicate,
 Know the worth of their beauty and youth and their fate.

It is a good lyric, sweet in language, simple in diction and rich in emotions and impressions. Though exceedingly simple in language, verses 2 and 4 are very forceful.³

خلوت مرای دیده من خوابگاه تست
 چشم نمی پرد که ترا یاد میکند
 فریاد من رسید بگوشت ولی چه سود
 پنداشتی که گوش تو فریاد میکند
 دل را تبسم دو لب می برد ز راه
 شیرین دهن بجانب فرهاد میکند

1. *Diwan-i-Asafi*, F. 21b. 2. *Ibid.*, F. 23b. 3. *Ibid.*, F. 24b.

چندین بقصر خویش چه نازی که روزگار
 بهر خراب کردنش آباد میکند
 بهر مرغ دل که زلف تومی سازدش هلاک
 در دامگاه حادثه آزاد میکند

Repetition of words has enhanced the beauty of the verse.¹

ز شمار کنج رف رف هم را فشاند کف کف
 شب روی که صف صف زملک سپاه دارد

An account of the sad plight.²

در روزگار عشق بنای دل مرا
 حسنت خراب کرد و غم آباد میکند

In the days of love, the structure of my heart,
 Thy beauty annihilated and thy worry re-habilitated.

An example of the impact of Fughani's style.³

بر آرم آه ز باد بهار مشکین تر
 چو در دلم گذران مشکبو غزال کند
 مست مارا اثر گریه اخیاب نشند
 پنداشت بهار آمد و هارانشا شد
 مهربان بود میان همه خوبان شیرین
 پای فرهاد ازین واسطه بر سنگ آمد

A striking beginning verse flowing and simple.⁴

خوش آن مستی که از رخسار زیبات نقاب افتد
 بجای پرده بر روی تو گله و شراب افتد

A good simile;⁵

بیقراری دل ازان زلف پریشان دارد
 مرغ در دام چو افتاد طپیدن کرد

1. *Diwan-i-Asafi*, F. 26a.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 28a. 3. *Ibid.*, F. 29a. 4. *Ibid.*, F. 29a.

5. *Ibid.*, F. 30a.

A new idea in a simple expression.¹

فروخت رطل گران را بهالمی زاهد
که صد هزار هلا بر گران فروش رسد

A successful attempt to accommodate lukewarm beauty and fond love.²

معشوقه ناز دارد عاشق نیاز مندی
هم این نمی خرد کس هم آن نمیفروشد

These are two good verses, the first being realistic.³

جز رسم مهر آنچه ز آئین دلبریت
اورا خدا بمردم صاحب جمال داد
گفتی بوصل من نرسد زنده آصفی
جان یافت هر که جان باسید وصال داد

A fine verse compressing a wide subject in a few words.⁴

از تو ندارد خبری آصفی
هیچ کس نیست که آگه کند

Asafi has no news about thee,

There is none who can give some information.

Pun upon بار.⁵

خواستم از دل خود دور کنم بار غمت
باز چون رویتو دیدم دل من بار نداد

Day and night compared beautifully⁶;

تو عیش روز داری من غم شب
شب غم بگذرد روز طرب نیز

Thou hast the pleasure of the day and I have the grief of the night,

The night of grief passes away as the day of delight.

In praise of love locks and mole.⁷

1 *Diwan-i-Asafi*, F. 32a.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 33b.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 34b.

4. *Ibid.*, F. 36b.

5. *Ibid.*, F. 37b.

6. *Ibid.*, F. 41a.

7. *Ibid.*, F. 50b.

بدیده هر مژه زنجیر های مردمک است
که چشم بر رخ آشفته کا کلی دارم

These three verses are simple and lyrical with a clear theme and harmonious words.¹

بر نمی آرم ز بیم جان فغان خویشتن
خوی او تنداست میترسم ز جان خویشتن
در شب باران حدیث گریه ما باز پرس
تا بر افروزیم ماهم داستان خویشتن
آصفی خاک قناعت به ز اکسیر امل
کنج عالم را تصور کن ازان خویشتن

Love has no patience.²

آصفی باشد مگر باهم برابر صبر و درد
ورنه ممکن نیست عاشق بودن و صابر شدن

O Asafi, perhaps pain and patience are one,
Or it is not possible to love and yet to be patient,
Just see ³بندی

دل بکویتو گم شد بکو چه میطلبی
چو آصفی ز دل خود سراغ می طلبم

These two verses are straight and clear.⁴

همه شب میکند گوش من آواز
دلم گوید که افغان منست آن
مسوز ای آه خارا تر یتم را
که دامن گیر جانان منست آن

This verse seems to be the (بیت الغزل) (i.e., the best couplet of the poem) reflects the innermost secret of the lover.⁵

1. *Diwan-i-Asafi*, F. 56a. 2. *Ibid.*, F. 57b. 3. *Ibid.*, F. 53b.

4. *Ibid.*, F. 59a. 5. *Ibid.*, F. 62b.

چهره آراسته خندان سخن گو شده
چشم بد دور ز رو یتر چه نیکو شده

Having adorned thy face and laughing thou hast broken the ice,

Away with black eye ! thou hast become so nice !

The entire *Ghazal* is figurative, exquisite in language, sweet in diction and has emotional themes.¹

زان نو بهار حسن که می سوزم این همه
گلها مرا شگفته ولی آتشین همه
ای ناز دور نیازی که نیکوان
دارند خوی نازک و خود نازنین همه
بر هر گلی زمین که زرویت عرق چکد
اینها بهار گل دمد و یاسمین همه
مجنون صفت روم چو بهصرا ز خانقاه
بیرون روند مردم صحرا نشین همه

This quatrain contains the old theme of transitoriness of the world expressed in a new form. The source of this theme is taken from 'Umar Khayyam.²

پیمانه چومن دمی بمیخانه گریست
گفت از پی آن مرا که این گریه چیست
امروز گل منست پیمانه تو
خاک تو فردا گل پیمانه گریست

1. *Diwan-i-Asafi*, F. 63a

2. *Ibid.*, F. 59b.

MUHYI LARI

Muhyi Lari, a native of Lar¹ in the Persian Gulf, lived from the time of Sultan Yaqub to the reign of Shah Tehmasp. He died, as stated by Taqi Kashi (Oudh Catalogue, p. 21) in 933 A.H./1526 A.D.

He wrote a commentary on the (قصیده* تائیه) of Ibn-ul-Farid, which it is said, was much approved by the scholars of the day.²

He was one of the 'Disciples' of Allama Dawani (d. 908 A.H./1502 A.D.) and proficient in prosody (عروض). He adopted the style of Fughani in poetry and was responsible for a revival of the Fughanian school.³

Some of his lyrical verses are⁴:

ندانم این که ترا ساخت بدگمان با من
که تند میشوی از بیچ هر زمان با من
هر کو بکوی عاشقی در پی نیک و نام شد
بگذر از و که نزد ما عشق پرو حرام شد
از برای تو هر کس که شدم تلخ سخن
تو باو یار شدی دشمنیش ماند بمن
چون من از رشک نمیرم که چو آیم بر تو
پرسی اول زمن موخته حال دگران
هر توام کشندو تو آهی نمی کنی
بر کشتگان خویش نگاهی نمی کنی
هر که آن مه بد خو بگفت و گو آمد
بود کنایه طبعش دران میان بامن
بر ای مصلحتی دوش گفته ام سخنی
سخن نمی کند امروز هر آن بامن

Besides, Lari was luckily enough to visit the sacred places and he wrote his Masnawi 'Fatuh-ul-Haramain', on return and dedicated it to Sultan Muzaffar bin Mahmud Shah⁵ (917-932 A.H./1511-1525 A.D.) who rewarded him with a prize. Two manuscripts of this masnawi are preserved in the Punjab University Library, Lahore. The manuscript, which I have kept under study in this brief exposition, contains 57 folios in all. This masnawi was published in 1835 A.D. in Lucknow.

The masnawi opens with this verse of Nizami Ganjawi, the past master in the art of masnawi.⁶

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم هست کلید در گنج حکیم

According to the general style of masnawis, he begins with praise of Allah (حمد), followed by praise of the Prophet (نعت), of Ali (منقبت), of the foundation of Kaaba, of Mecca which is (خير البلاد) or the purest of cities and then describes his own distress. Then he describes the requisites of love and begins the main story. Muhyi says that before starting for this auspicious journey.⁷

ای که درین کوی قدم می نهی دان که قدم بر سر جم می نهی
دست زدامان هوس باز کش پای تردد زره آزر کش

one must bear the hardships of this journey in high spirits⁸:

گر رسد زخم مغیلان چه پاک سینۀ گل هم بود از خار پاک

And bearing the hardships he proceeds with the zeal of a pilgrim. Muhyi has exquisitely described the donning the grab of a pilgrim (احرام بندی), the sacred Kaaba, Arafat and other places of respect. After duly performing the ceremonies of Haj he proceeds to Medina and thus offers his devotional obeisance⁹:

السلام ای سرور افراد عالم السلام
السلام ای سید اولاد آدم السلام
السلام ای آنکه از روی تو روشن شد جهان
السلام ای صیقلی مهات عالم السلام

السلام ای آنکه از نعلین تو دارد شرف
 با همه قدر و بزرگی عرش اعظم السلام
 السلام ای آنکه از فیض سیاح جود تو
 کشت زار هستی ما بوده خرم السلام
 السلام ای آنکه از دریای فضل جود تو
 جمله ذرات جهان با شد چو شبنم السلام
 بر روان پاک تو باد از حرما گشتگان
 هر زمان هر ساعت و هر لحظه هر دم السلام
 کار ما و صد چو ما اتمام یا بد پیشگی
 گر قبول افتد ترا از صد سلام ما یکی

Then he has drawn a pen picture of all the important places and towards the end of his Masnawi thanks God. In this masnawi Mohyi successfully tried to depict all the important places in maps of different colours as well as to delineate the sequence of emotions and ideas peculiar to each place which is a testimony to his close observation and introspection.

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1. *Tuhfah-i-Sami*, p. 95. *Arafat-ul-Ashiqin*, MS. F. 697b. *Riaz-us-Shuara*, MS. F. 376b, reveals that the poet was alive till the reign of *Shah Tahmasp*. (930-984 A.H./ 1524-1576 A.D.)
 2. *Haft Iqlim*, MS. F. 74.
 3. *Tuhfahi Sami*, p. 95.
 4. *Ibid.*, p. 95.
 5. *Khazana-i-Amirah*, p. 404.
 6. *Fetuh-ul-Haramain*, MS. F. 1a.
 7. *Ibid.*, F. 9.
 8. *Ibid.*, F. 9b.
 9. *Ibid.*, FF. 45a, 45b.

AHLI KHURASANI

Ahli belonged to Turshiz in Khurasan. He should be carefully distinguished from another poet of the same name, Ahli of Shiraz. He is ignored by Rida Quli Khan and belonged to a school, which never became popular in Persia¹. His name was Sharm? His father was a very religious man and was familiarly called *Balpaki Sadah* (بلپکی سادہ). He died according to Sprenger in 934 A.H /1527-28 A.D.²

He was much given to amorous pursuits and would never miss an opportunity to enjoy the company of the beauties until he took a fancy for Faridun Mirza and was as beguiled away as Majnun, the famous Arabian lover. In his own words³ :-

موی ژولید کہ بر سر من ابتر دارم
سایہ دولت عشقست کہ بر سر دارم

The dishevelled hair on my head,
Are the shadow of love on my head.

At last the prince called this devoted "*Darwish*" to his close, gracious presence and was very benevolent towards him.

One day the said Mirza went to the garden for a walk ordering one of his attendants, named Bakht, not to allow any body to enter the garden. Ahli also arrived there and wanted to have a glimpse of the Mirza and, on being stopped at the

1. Rieu, *Persian Catalogue*, Vol. II, pp. 657-58.

2. Sprenger, *Oudh Catalogue*, p. 319.

3. *Tuhfah-i-Sami*, p. 49.

Haft Iqlim, MS. F. 226b.

Atashkadah, p. 68.

gate, which could not be opened in spite of his entreaties, he burst forth into an extempore lyric.¹ Some of its verses are given below² :-

دو چشمم فرش آن منزل که سازی جلوه گاه آنجا
 بهر جا پا نمی خواهم که گردم خاک راه آنجا
 خوشم در کوی آن نا مهرهان با سوز پنهانی
 بلای کز نیارد بر سر من دود آه آنجا
 بمحشر داد خود خواهم مگر زان خسروخوہاں
 کہ فی بیم رقیبانست و فی خیل و سپاہ آنجا
 نگرده سبز و خرم تربتم گر صد بہار آمد
 چنان سوز یکہ من دارم کجا روید گیاه آنجا
 چہ خوش بزمیست رنگین مجلس جانان چہ سودا
 کہ نتوان شد سفید از شومی بخت سیاه آنجا
 اگر در بزم و وصلش رہ نیابی غم مخور اہلی
 کدا را نیست رہ جای کہ باشد بادشاہ آنجا

Let my eyes be the floor of your beauty palace,

Let me be the dust of your path.

Perhaps I may ask for justice from that of King of Beauties
 on the Day of Resurrection,

Where there is neither any fear of rivals nor that of armed
 forces.

My grave does not grow green inspite of a hundred
 springs,

No grass can grow on the fire that I have.

How happy and colourful is the company of beauties but of
 what use ?

1. *Tuhfah-i-Sami*, p. 49.

Atashkadah, p. 68

2. *Diwan-i-Ahli*, MS. F. 1.

When the dark fate can not be brightened.

Don't be aggrieved, Ahli, if you can't get admission into
the gathering of his union,

For a beggar has no admission to a palace.

This lyric is highly figurative as well as simple and direct and there is a wonderful harmony in its diction and meaning. He wrote this *Ghazal* on paper, pasted it on an apple and passed it in through a (*mihrab*) niche.¹ Coming to know of this, Mirza summoned him into his presence and treated him in a kind manner.

Ahli went over to Tabriz. As he was an expert in archery, therefore the youngman interested in the art, used to assemble round him. With the approach of old age and due to unfavourable circumstances he cut himself aloof from all contacts and ultimately met his death as a hermit.²

The chroniclers have not recorded any details about his life. Whatever can be deduced from their statements and a study of his *Diwan* show that Ahli was a great amorist and sought to teach the mysteries of love. He did not confuse divine love with temporal love which was his main theme. In fact this attitude was gaining influence due to Fughani Shirazi and Ahli could not but be influenced by this strong time current.

Here is a *Ghazal* in imitation of Hafiz Shirazi,³ but lacking

1. Awhadi states in '*Arafat-al-Ashiqin* MS. (Malik Library, Tehran Catalogue No. 5324-without number of folios).

"این غزل که از وی مشهور است گفته بر تخته نوشت و بر آب انداخت، مطلوب آنرا دیده و خوانده"

2. *Tuhfah-i-Sami*, p. 49.

3. *Diwan-i-Hafiz*, (M. Qazwini & Dr. M. Qasim) p. 2. begins this lyric thus :-

الا یا ایها الساقی ادر کسا وناولها
که عشق آسان نمود اول ولی افتاد مشکلها

"Ho! O Saki, pass around and offer the bowl (of love for God) :

For (the burden of) love (for God) at first (on the day of covenant) appeared easy, but (now) difficulties have occurred".

the beauty of expression characteristic of Hafiz. It is loose in construction and words are not well adjusted. But it is rich in pun, a marked feature of Fughanian school¹ :-

ز شرح سوز من خون شد دل خلقی بمحفلها
 سخن کز روی درد آید کند تاثیر در دلها
 گر از یک شمع بودی سوز دل پروانه را چون من
 نگشتی این چنین سر گشته گرد شمع محفلها
 از آن جعد خم اندر خم بسی درد دل گره دارم
 ز سوادی سر ز لفش مرا افتاد مشکها
 ز خوناب دو چشمم آنچنان گل شد سر کویش
 که روید لاله خونین کفن تا حشر ازان گلها

The people shed tears and blood on the story of my consuming love,

A tragedy does go straight into the hearts.

If the moth had infatuation for only one candle like me,
 It would not have circled round the various candles.

So many knots have grown up in my heart due to her
 intertwined tresses,

That many difficulties have be-fallen me due to the mania
 of the root of her tresses.

Her street became all flowers due to the blood shed by my
 eyes,

And the blood red tulips will grow on those flowers till
 Resurrection.

1. Cf. *Diwan-i-Ahli*, M.S. F. 2a.

ز فیض عشق اهلی خاطر م بحرست پر گوهر
که از موجش در سیراب میریزد ساحلها

My heart is an ocean so full of diamonds due to the blessing of love, O Ahli !

That its waves drop brimful pearls on the banks.

In the following verse معامله بندی (lit. dealing) is excellent.¹

از چه ای خورشید تابان روی می تابان زمین
وہ چه بد کردم نمیدانم گناه خویش را

Why are you turning your head from me, O Shining Sun,

Ah, what evil did I do ? I don't know my sin.

The following verse is marked by a pathetic وقوع گوئی or a description of revelations of love.²

مائیم و صد ملامت و از دور یک نگاه
آہم چو بنگری سبب صد الم شود

It is we and hundreds of rebukes and only one glance from a distance,

And that also becomes a source of hundreds of troubles.

Ahli often speaks of the lover in relation to the beloved as if he is less than a dog.³

چون سگ خود خوانده بیچاره اهلی را ز لطف
کم مکن زو التفات گاہ گاہ خویش را

You called Ahli 'my dog' out of kindness,

Please do not grudge this rare complement to him off and on.

In this couplet we have a simile as well as pun.⁴

1. *Diwan-i-Ahli*, Ms. F. 2a.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 15b.

3. *Ibid.*, 15b.

4. *Ibid.*, F. 2a.

مصور ازل از ابروان دلکش تو
کشید برمه تاهاں کمان دعوی را

The External Painter,
Drew a bow,
On the luminous moon,
From your captivating eye-brows.
This couplet contains a good simile.¹

در دلم نیست اگر زین گل رعنا خارے
چیست این اشک جگر گون و رخ زرد مرا

If this pretty flower has not planted a thorn in my
heart,
What's this liver-like tear and pale face ?
Day and night are excellently compared besides a good
theme.²

مکن روز وصال ای نازنین منع من از گریه
که میشویم ز لوح دل غبار شام هجرانرا

O Lady love! do not prohibit my weeping on the day of
union,
For I am washing away the dust of separation from the
tablet of my heart.

This verse renovates an old theme in a new form.³

ز سر آن دهاں گر نکته دانی لب به بند اهلی
میفگن درمیان مردمان این راز پنهان را

If you know a secret given out by her mouth, keep your
lips sealed, Ahli,
Don't disclose the secret amongst the people.
Here we have a good reference of supremacy and domi-
nance of Truth.⁴

1. *Diwan-i-Ahli*, F. 3a.

2. *Ibid*, F. 3a.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 3a.

4. *Ibid.*, MS. F. 3a.

آزاد کرد عشق ز قید خرد مرا
چندان تفاوتی نکند نیک و بد مرا

Love freed me from the bondage of Reason,
Good and bad makes little difference to me.

A fine comparison of beloved and rival and good and evil.¹

دانسته یار درد دلم را رقیب هم
پوشیده نیست حال دل از نیک و بد مرا

The beloved as well as the rival know my anguish,
My condition is not hidden from the good and the bad.

A conceit of the beloved has been described. All words are rhetorical, well adjusted and free from تنافر (cacophony). The verse is musical and style is clear and transparent.²

مگو اهلی که بد شد با تو آن شوخ جفاپیشه
که نیکو می شناسم شیوه آن ترک بد خو را

Don't say, Ahli, that the cruel darling was bad to you,
For I know well her tricks and conceits.

A simple, clear but bold style.³

بحسن و خلق آشوب سپاه و آفت شهری
که می بینم گر فتار تو شهری و سپاهی را

Thou art the mania of the army and citizenary due to
beauty and behaviour,

For I see the citizen and the soldier bewitched alike by thee.
A forceful verse.⁴

مهر عالم سوز کزوی عالمی روشن شود
یک شرار از شعله آه سحر گاه منست

The world-burning sun that illuminates the world,
Is nothing but a spark of my flaming morning wail,

1. *Diwan-i-Ahli*, F. 3a.

2. *Ibid.*, 3b.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 7a.

4. *Ibid.*, F. 7b.

Here is another lyric, a fine specimen of his versatility. The words are placed like jewels. Similes are rare and original e.g. the simile in the first verse is fine and natural, in the third one excellent while the fourth verse describes a fact in a novel manner.¹

بر مه روی تو گل گل از شراب افتاده است
یا پریشان گشته برگ گل در آب افتاده است
با و کش یکدم عنان کز بهر جولان کردنت
رفته دل بر باد و جان در اضطراب افتاده است
نور خورشید مست یا رب گشته ظاهر از شفق
یا ز رخسار تو آتش در نقاب افتاده است
محنت شبهای بیداری چه داند آنکه او
تا سحر بر بستر راحت بخواب افتاده است
قاسم خم گشت زیر بار اندوه ملال
بس که در رگهای جانم پیچ و تاب افتاده است
باده عشرت مجو از ماغر دوران که او
سر لگون در بحر غم همچون حباب افتاده است
گشته اهل بیخود از شوق لب میگون او
رفته از حال خود و مست و خراب افتاده است

Drops of wine have fallen on your moon-face,
Are a disjointed petal of flower into the water.
O God, is it the light of sun emerging from the twilight,
Are fire from thy cheeks fallen into the veil?
How can he know the toils of the vigin,
Who keeps in his bed till morning?
Pain and anguish have bent my physique,
So much so that my veins are over-lapped.
Don't seek the wine of pleasure from the cup of Time,

1. *Diwan-i-Ahli*, F. 10a.

For it has fallen upside down in the sea of grief like a bubble.

Ahli is beside himself with a mania for her red lips,
He is all unconscious, and intoxicated.

An excellent phrase.¹

از آن ز بزم وصالش نمی روم بیرون
که هجر تیغ کشیده در انتظار منست

I do not leave the circle of your union,
Because separation with a sword in hand is in ambush.
How real it is.²

میخواستم ز فتنه دوران کناره آمد سپاه عشق و مرا در میان گرفت

I wanted to be ashore from the tumultous time,
But the host of Love caught me between the waves.

This is how Ahli has praised the residence of the beloved
and described the jealousy of the lover for the rivals³ :

بیخبر تا نگذرد یار از گذر گاه دگر
هر دم از بیطاعتی گیرم سر راه دگر

Least the beloved passes an unwonted way,
Every moment I start on an other way.

In one lyric he has brought forth the dignity and glory of
self-respect. Its opening verse is as follows⁴ :-

مکن چو آئینه خود را مقابل همه کس
چو آفتاب مشو شمع محفل همه کس

Don't be in a front of everybody like a mirror,
Don't be a common light like sun.

Man should take the storm and stress of life ungrudgingly.⁵

1. *Diwan-i-Ahli*, MS. F. 11a.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 11a.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 18b.

4. *Ibid.*, F. 20a.

5. *Ibid.*, F. 21a.

ی هو الهوس از عشق مجو شادی عشرت
با درد و الم خوکن و خوشدل بهمین باش

O greedy! don't seek pleasure from love,
Live in pain and agony and be happy at this.
It is a comprehensive and meaningful verse.¹

پس از عمری بخواش دیدم و مردم ازین حسرت
که این دولت نصیب دیده بیدار بایستی

I saw her in a dream after a long time and died yearning.
That such a treasure ought to have graced a wide-awake
eye.

The lyric beginning with.²

ماه من از دولت عشق ارجمندم ساختی
داغ بر جانم نهادی دردمندم ساختی

My moon elevated me with the wealth of love,
Put the scar on my soul and made me pain-stricken.
is characterised by unity of thought.

In the undermentioned lyric he has portrayed the beloved
delineating his face, stature, tears etc.³

رخ تو سبزه ز گلبرگ تر بر آورده
بهار حسن تو رنگ دگر بر آورده
چوباز کرده از خواب ناز چشم سیاه
بزار فتنه زهر گوشه سر بر آورده
قدت بخلعت گلگون کشید شاخ گل است
که روز گار بخون جگر بر آورده
زمانه مردم آبی که داده بی تو مرا
با شک حسرتم از چشم تر بر آورده

1. *Diwan-i-Ahli*, F. 29b.

2. *Ibid.*, MS. F. 29a.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 27b.

چه آتش است رخ دلفروز را یا رب
 که دود از دل اهل نظر بر آورده
 ز دیده بر دلم آمد ز دل بدر نرود
 که شد بیخون دل آن رهگذر بر آورده
 چو کرده شرح غم درد خویشتن اہلی
 فغان و ناله ز دیوار و در بر آورده

Your face has brought out green from the wet petals,
 The spring of your beauty has brought out a new colour.
 As you have opened your black eyes from the lovely sleep,
 Thousands of tumults have popped their heads from every peep.

Your stature in red dress is a straight flowery bough,
 Brought out by the Time with the blood of liver.
 What fire is there in that illuminating face, O God !
 That smoke was brought out by the hearts of the observers ?

Her entrance was through my eyes, but she has no exit,
 As the entrance was obliterated due to the blood of the heart.

When Ahli narrated the details of his pain and anguish,
 He inspired moans and groans even amongst the doors and walls.

HILALI

His name was Badr al-Din and pseudonym *Hilali*. Though a descendent of Turkuman Chughta'is¹, he was brought up in Astarabad, the capital of Iranian province of Gurgan, where he passed his childhood. In his early youth he set out for Khurasan and stayed in Herat.²

He seems to have received good education. It is on account of this combination of poetical talent with erudition that he is called the "Little Jami". Early in his life he went to Herat, which was in its hey-day as a great seat of learning, due to the patronage of Mir 'Ali Shir Nawa'i and many other celebrated poets, such as Nargisy, with whom, he had several controversies.³

Sam Mirza⁴ has recorded a statement of Hilali. On being presented to Mir 'Ali Shir Nawa'i, he recited this verse ;

چنان از پا فگند امروزم آن رفتار وقامت
که فردا بر نخیزم بلکه فردای قیامت

Today I am so much infirm in foot, speed as well as physique,

That tomorrow, rather even day after Resurrection, I won't be able to rise up.

1. His name was Nur al-Din.

Habib al-Siyar, (Tehran Ed.) Vol. III. Part III p. 361.

2. *Tuhfah-i-Sami*, p. 11. *Haft Iqlim*, MS. F. 313.

3. Sprenger, *Oudh Catalogue*, p. 426.

Badr al-Din, poetically called Hilali, in his early days was in the habit of producing unintelligent verses

Walih Daghistani, *Riyad-al-Shu'ara*, MS. F. 465a,

4. *Tuhfah-i-Sami*, p. 11.

which won applause from the cultured Mir and he asked what his pseudonym was? On being told that it was Hilali (crescent) he exclaimed, "*Badri Badri*". (lit. thou art full moon) and exhorted him to make extensive study of literature. Accordingly he improved his knowledge.

Once 'Abd Allah Hatifi remarked that Hilali's *ghazal* was all right but he had no aptitude for *mathnawi*. Hilali felt incensed at this and started composing his *mathnawi Shah wa-Darwish* and alluding to the episode wrote ;

مذعی چون مذاق شعر نداشت مثنوی را به از غزل پنداشت
آنکه نظم غزل تواند گفت مثنوی را چو در تواند سفت

As the plaintiff had no taste for poetry,
He preferred masnawi to ghazal (lyric).
He who can compose a (lovely) poem or a lyric,
Can also compose masnawi as beautiful as pearls

Mulla Baqa'i has stated that after completing his *mathnawi* he presented it to Badi al-Zaman¹ Mirza who rewarded him handsomely. Among the gifts was a handsome page who, though coveted by Mulla, was bestowed upon Hilali. Mulla Haydar wrote the following verses and presented them to the princes.²

شما کامگارا بی خادمانت فرستاده شد زین دعا گو پیامی
بلانی غلامی طلب کرد دادی مراهم بده چون بلالی غلامی

O thou King ! bounteous for thy servants,
Let a message be sent from this well wisher,
Hilali asked for a page and that ye gave,
Bestow a page on me also like Hilali.

After he had attained some fame, Hilali visited 'Iraq and Adharba'ijan and was every where well received. He remained

1. Badi' al-Zaman was the eldest son of Sultan Husain Ba'iqara of Herat.

2. Sprenger's *Catalogue*, p. 427. *Khazana-i-Amirah*, p. 456.

for some time with prince Sam Mirza, but love for his native soil brought him back to Herat, which, in the meantime, had been taken by 'Ubayd Allah Khan Uzbek'. Mawlana Hilali presented to him a *qasidah*.

خراسان سینه روی زمین از بهر آن آمد
که جان آمد درو یعنی عبیدالله خان آمد

Khurasan became the breast of the Earth,
Because life entered into it with the advent of Ubaidullah Khan.

The Khan liked it and made him his own courtier. Thereupon Mawlana *Baqā'i* and Shams al-Din Kuhistani, already in the service of the Khan, felt jealous of him and manoeuvred to convince him that *Hilali* was a Shi'ah. This enraged the Khan who got him killed. Afterwards the Khan came to know that his murder was the outcome of this jealousy and he felt very sorry and was seized with remorse. One day he opened *Hilali's Diwan* and the following verse caught his attention² :-

مارا بجفا کشته پشیمان شده باشی
خون دل ماریخته حیران شده باشی

Having killed us out of oppression,
You must have been struck by remorse,
Having spilled the blood of our heart,
You must have been engulfed by wonder.

It is stated that when they were about to kill him and his head was broken and the blood started running on his face, he read this closing verse³ :-

این قطره خون چیست بروی تو ہلالی
گویا کہ دل از غصہ بروی تو دویدہ

What is this drop of blood on your face, O Hilali ?
Has your heart run to your face out of wrath ?

-
1. *Khazana-i-Amirah*, p. 457. *Haft Iqlim*, MS. F. 318.
 2. *Sprenger's Catalogue*, p. 427.
 3. *Tuhfah-i-Sami*, p. 19.

Sam Mirza has written in *Tuhfah-i-Sami* (p. 19) that this tragedy took place in 939 A.H./1532 A.D. Sayf Allah had played a conspicuous part in his murder and so the chronogram was سيف الله كشت (Sayf Allah killed). The other chroniclers do not agree with this and assign this tragedy to 936 A.H./1529 A.D. instead, which is more correct. The chronogrammatic value of above mentioned *tarikh* is 936.¹

The legacy his *diwan* comprise three *mathnawis*, *Shah wa Gada*,² *Sifat al Ashiqin* (qualities of lovers) and *Layla wa*

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1. 'Arafat al-Ashiqin, MS. F. 800b.
Riyad. al-Shu'ara, MS. F. 465a.
Makhzan al-Ghara'ib, MS. F. 100b.
Khazana-i-Amirah, MS. F. 396a.
Nato'ij al-Afkar, p. 466.
Nashtar-i-Ishq, MS. F. 202b.
Tarikh 'Alam Arai 'Abbasi, pp. 42-43.

2. *Shah-wa-Darwish* or *Shah-wa-Gada*—Babur criticised very harshly the subject matter and its treatment in *Shah-wa-Darwish* (E.G. Browne, *A Literary History of Persia*, Part III, p. 459). Sprenger (*Oudh Catalogue*), p. 427) also criticized it. Ethe warmly defended it and translated it into German verse (*Morgenlaendische Studien* 197-282). E.G. Browne, *A Literary History of Persia*, Vol. III. p. 234. W. Arnold has published a study about the illuminated Stockholm MS. of Halali's *mathnawi*. (*The King and Derwish*, Vienna 1926). See also *Journal of the Pakistan Historical Society*, July, 1960, Article "Some Notes on the Cultural Activity of the first Uzbek Rulers," By Professor Dr. Annemarie Schimmel, p. 165.

*Majnun*¹; but his real genius lay in his lyrics. The *Diwan-i-Hilali*² was published in 1912 A.D./936 from Kanpur (India) comprising of 156 pages.

1. Its manuscript is in Public Library, Lahore (Vide No. 871, 79, 437). Here are some verses from that manuscript,

در تعریف لیلای

هاکیزه تنی چونقرهٔ خام نازک بدنی چو مغز بادام
چشمش زاغی نشسته در باغ ابروئی سیاه او بر زاغ

In praise of Laila :—

Pure in body like raw silver,

Tender in physique like kernal of the almond,

Her eyes like a crow seated in a garden,

Her black eye-brows like a feather of crow.

2. *Diwan-i-Hilali*, including *Shah-wa-Darwish* and *Sifat al-Ashiqin* (edited by Said Nafisi has been recently published. Tehran, 1337). Its contents are 2763 verses of lyrics, 78 verses for *qasidahs*, 36 verses of *muqatta'at* and 75 quatrains.

Mathnawi *Shah-wa-Darwish* or *Shah-wa-Gada* from p. 217 to 275, and *Sifat al-Ashiqin* from p. 230 to 276.

Some verses are presented from these two *mathnawis* ;

در تعریف دریا

لب دریا ست چون لب دلبر
از برون سبزه در درون گوهر
آن نه دریا که بود صد قلزم
صد چو طوفان نوح دروی گم
موج آن سر بر آسان می سود
یعنی از ماه تا بهامی بود
از خوشی کف زنان که دارد در
کف او خالی و کنارش پر

In praise of the river :—

The river bank is just like the lip of the beloved,

(contd)

Green outside, diamond inside.
 River is not that contains hundreds of oceans,
 But that embraces hundreds of deluges.
 Its waves struck their heads against the sky,
 That is, it spread from the moon down to the fish.
 Clapping its hands out of delight,
 Its palm empty but its lap full,

در تعریف تیر انداختن شاه p. 244

استخوان را اگر نشان کردی
 تیر را مغز استخوان کردی

In praise of the flinging of arrows by the King :—
 If thou aimed at a bone,
 Thou made the arrow,
 The very marrow of the bone.

در بی وفا عمری p. 272

آه ! ازین منزلی که در پیشست
 که گذرگاه شاه و درویشست

About the transitoriness of life :—
 Ah ! this distance which faces me,
 And which is to be covered both by the king and the
 beggar.

نه ازین دام میتوان جستن نه ازین بند میتوان رستن
 Neither I can jump out of this snare,
 Nor I can get rid of this knot.

گر خودی همچو خضر آب حیات
 تشنه لب جان دهی درین ظلمات
 گر چو عیسی روی بچرخ برین
 عاقبت جا کنی بزیمر زمین

(contd.)

گر چو یوسف باوج ماه روی
 عاقبت مر نگون بچاه شوی
 فی المثل عمر نوح اگر بابی
 چون بطوفان رسی خطر بابی
 احد واجب الوجود یکيست
 آنکه جاوید هست و بود یکيست

صفات العاشقین p. 326

If thou drink even water of eternity like Khizr,
 Thou shalt die out of thirst in this darkness.
 If thou art moving towards heavens like Christ,
 At last thou shalt be buried under earth.
 If, like Joseph, ye attain the height of moon,
 At last ye will go into the well.
 Indeed if thou get even the life of a Noah,
 Thou shalt find danger as thou reach the deluge.
 The Self-existent is one and only one,
 The Everlasting is one and only one.

در پیر شدن زلیخا که بطریق حکایت گفته :-

غم پیری سخن بر منبلش ریخت
 ز آسیب خزان برگ گلش ریخت
 میه بادام او از جور ایام
 شد از عین سفیدی مغز بادام
 بیاض موی او شد معجز او
 بین کاکر چه آمد بر سر او

About the growing old of Zulakha :—

The grief of old age cut jokes at her fading youth,
 The petals of her flower (*i. e.* youth) fell off due to the
 evil-spirited Autumn,
 Her black almonds (*i. e.* eyes) became white and lustre-less
 like the kernal, (contd.)

Hilali is noted for figurative and smooth style.¹

پیش تو دعا گفتم و دشنام شنیدم
هر گز اثری بهتر ازین نیست دعا را

I wished thee and received a rebuke,
Probably wish has no better effect than this.

Just see *معامله بندی*, a common feature of the poets of his age.²

از دیدنت پیخود شدم بنشین ببالینم دمی
تا چشم خود یکشایم و باردگر بینم ترا
بعد بار آیم سوی تو تا آشنا گردی ولی
هر بار از بار دگر بیگانه تر بینم ترا

I fell unconscious at thy sight, do sit awhile beside my pillow,

So that I open my eyes (regain my consciousness) and see thee once again.

I came to thee hundreds of times so that thou get familiar,
But every time I find thee stranger than before.

Following is a simple but meaningful lyric³.

گفتگوی عقل در خاطر فرو نا بد مرا
بنده سلطان عشقم تا چه فرماید مرا
هسته زلف پری رویان شدن از عقل نیست
لیک من دیوانه ام زنجیر می با ید مرا
بسکه کردم پیش مردم گریه و سودی نکرد
بعد ازین بر گریه خود خنده می آید مرا
وعده وصل توام داد اندکی تسکین دل
تا رخ خوشت نه بینم دل نیا ساید مرا

Due to the storms and stresses of time.

The whiteness of her hair became her veil,

Just see, what over took her at last !

1. *Diwan-i-Hilali*, p. 2.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 4

3. *Ibid.*, p. 7.

وہ کہ خواہد شد ہلالی خانہ عمرم خراب
جان غم فرسود چند از غم بفرساید مرا¹

The words of wisdom do not penetrate my heart,
Being a slave of the King of Love, I am at his command.
It is not wise to be tied to the tresses of the fairy faces,
But I am mad ; I run after chains.
Though I wept bitterly before the people yet to no effect,
And now I laugh at my own weeping.
A promise of thy union did afford me a little relief,
Unless I see thy face, my heart won't rest.
Alas ! my life will be spoilt, O Hilali !
How long will the sorrow wear out my life ?
Here is a picture of night of separation with a rare unity
throughout.¹

شب ہجر مت و مرگ خویش خواہم از خدا امشب
اجل روزی چو سویم خواہد آمد گو بیا امشب
چنین دردی کہ من دارم نخواہم زیست تا فردا
بیا بنشین کہ خواہم جان سپرد امروز یا امشب
دل و جانیکہ بود آوارہ شد دوش از غم ہجران
دگر یا رب غم ہجران چہ می خواہد زما امشب
نہ سر شد خاک درگاہت نہ پا فرسود در راہت
مرا چون شمع ہاید سوخت از سر تا بیا امشب
شب آمد یار دور افکند از وصال ہلالی را
در یغا شد ہلال و آفتاب از ہم جدا امشب

It is the night of separation and I pray to God for my
death to night,
Let it come to night.

1. *Diwan-i-Hilali*, p. 15.

I don't want to survive till tomorrow out of the immense
pain that I have,

Come, sit, for I want to surrender life to day or to night.

My heart and soul went a wandering yesterday due to
the grief of separation,

What else does this grief require from us to night,
O God?

Neither my head became the dust of thy door way nor
my foot wore out in thy path way.

(So) I must burn like a candle from head to foot to,
night.

The night set in, and the beloved threw away Hilali from
her lap,

Alas ! the crescent was separated from the sun to-night.

The repetition of دریاب enlivens the verse.¹

زها افتادم آخر دست من گیر

همین گویم مرا دریاب دریاب

At last, I have fallen down, pray, hold my hand,

I say and say again help me out, help me out !

The following *ghazal* could be cantioned "کجاست".²
Ordinary and commonplace events have been described but
the lyric is marked by richness of diction.

اے کہ می ہر سی زمن کان ماہرا منزل کجاست

منزل اودر دل است اما ندانم دل کجاست

O thou who ask me where the abode of that moon is !

His abode is in the heart but where is the heart, I don't
know.

Here ردیف - کجاست has been used to make the expressions
more emphatic³.

1. *Diwan-i-Hilali*, p. 16.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 18.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 19.

ایکه از یار نشان می طلبی یار کجاست
 همه یار اند ولی یار وفادار کجاست
 در خرابات مغان بهوش مجوئید زما
 همه مستی درین می کده هشیار کجاست
 بهتر آنست هلالی که ماند راز
 سر خود فاش مکن محرم اسرار کجاست

O thou who ask the whereabouts of the friend ! where's the friend ?

All are friends but where is the faithful friend ?

Don't expect sense from us in the wine house,

All are intoxicated, where is the sensible ?

O Hilali ; It is better to keep it a secret,

Don't divulge your secret, where is the confidant ?

There are also figurative verses, clear and simple, without any cacophony (تنافر) or unintelligibility (تعقید).¹

ناصر عمارت دل ویران ما مکن
 بگذار تا خراب شود کانچنان خوش مت
 بی ذوق راز لذت تیغت چه آگهی
 از حلق تشنه پرس که آب زلال چیست
 گفتم همیشه فکر وصال تو می کنم
 در خنده شد که این همه فکر محال چیست
 چون حل نمیشود بسخن مشکلات عشق
 در حیرتم که فائده قیل و قال چیست

O advisor ! Don't dig up our desolate of heart,

It is better to leave it to collapse.

What does an uncouth person know about deliciousness of thy sword-cut ?

1. *Diwan-i-Hilali*, p. 20. tying in knots or ambigrity.

Ask of a thirsty throat what sweet means !
 I said, "I always worry for thy union"
 Laughed (and replied), "What is all this impossible worry ?"
 As the words do not solve the difficulties of love,
 I wonder that is the use of all these discussions ?

(چه توان کرد-ردیف) has enhanced the beauty of the following lyric. Third couplet is of the highest degree of excellence.¹

من عاشق دیوانه و مستم چه توان کرد
 می خواره و معشوق پرستم چه توان کرد
 گر ساغر می روزه کشیدم چه توان گفت
 ورتوبه چل سانه شکستم چه توان کرد
 گویند که رندی و خراباتی و بدنام
 آری بخدا این همه هستم چه توان کرد
 من رسته ام از قید خرد هیچ بگوئید
 ورتانکه ازین قید برسم چه توان کرد
 بر خاستم از صومعه زهد و سلامت
 در کوی خرابات بشستم چه توان کرد
 عهدم همه با پیر مغان ست هلالی
 گر باد گری عهد به بستم چه توان کرد

I am a mad and intoxicated lover, what can be possibly done ?

I am a drunkard and love-worshipper, what can be possibly done ?

If I have drunk a cup of thirty days, what can be possibly said?

And if I have broken forty years old pledge, what can be possibly done ?

1. *Diwan-i-Hilali*, p. 54.

They say I am a libertine, drunkard and notorious,
 Yes, by God, I am all this, what can be possibly done ?
 I have freed myself from the shackles of Reason,
 And if I get rid of this also, what can be possibly done ?
 I got out of the temple of asceticism and security,
 And sat in the street of wine house, what can be possibly
 done ?
 O Hilali ! my pledge is all with the tavern-keeper,
 If I have made the pledge with an other, what can be possi-
 bly done ?
 A call for action¹ :—

دلا تا ميتوان امروز فرصت را غنيمت دان
 كه در عالم نميداند كسى احوال فردا را

Gather ye rose buds, while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying ;
 For the same flower that smiles Today,
 Tomorrow shall be dying. (R. Herrick)

It is a didactic lyric with a harmonious form and content. The first verse is didactic, the second is a moral, the third about transitoriness of the world, the fourth a plea for charity and the sixth contains a desire for liberty.²

خوشا كسى كه درين عالم خراب آباد
 اسامى ظلم فگند و بنای داد نهاد
 بيا بيا كه ازان رفتگان بباد آريم
 كه رفته اند و ازيشان كسى نيارد يار
 مكن اقامت و بنياد خانمان مكن
 كه دمت حادثه خواهد فگندش از بنياد

1. *Diwan-i-Hilali*, p. 12.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 61.

توانگری که در خیر بر فقیران هست
 دری زعالم هالا به روی او نکشاد
 کسی که یافت بر اسوال زیر دستان دست
 بظلم اگر نه نشاند خدایش خیر دهد !
 صنوبرا ! تو چه دل بسته بهر شاخه
 چو سرو باش که از بار دل شوی آزاد
 چه خوش فتاد هلالی به بند خانه عشق
 برو غلامی این خاندان مبارک هاد

Happy is he who, in this world,
 Uprooted tyranny and planted justice.
 Come, come, that we should bring the dead to memory,
 Who have gone and none remembers them.
 Don't stay and lay the foundation of a mansion,
 As the Hand of Accident will root it out.
 The rich man who closed the door of charity on the beggars,
 Will find all doors closed on him from the upper world.
 He who got control over the properties of the under-dogs,
 If he did not tyrannise, May God bless him !
 O Sanobar ! why art thou in love with every branch?
 Like a Cypress tree be light in heart.
 How happily Hilali fell into the concentration camp of love!
 God bless him in this slavery !
 Often his themes are commonplace, language simple with
 ordinary ideas yet the verse is quite pathetic.¹

یارب چه کم شود ز تو ای بادشاه حسن
 گر سوی من ز گوشه چشمی کنی نظر

O God ! O king of Beauty ! what do ye stand to lose,
 If ye cast a kindly glance on me ?

An imitation of Amir Khusraw's lyric, it is a good attempt

1. *Diwan-i-Hilali*, p. 63.

but inferior to his composition in pathos. Amir Khusraw's first verse is:—

جان زتن بردی و در جانی هنوز دردها دادی و در جانی هنوز

Ye took life out of the body and still you are in my soul,

Ye gave me pains and still ye are in my soul.

Hilali says¹:—

یک نظر دیدیم دیدارت دران عمری گذشت

دیدهها برهم نمی آید زحیرانی هنوز

در صف طاعت نشستم روی دل سوی بتان

کافری صد بار بهتر زین مسلمانی هنوز

We had only a glimpse of thy beauty during the span of our whole life,

The eyes are still fixed out of wonder.

I sat amongst the faithful with my heart amongst the images,

Paganism is still hundred times better than such Islam.

Comparison of opposites and antonyms is noteworthy²:

ز آسمان و زمین فارغیم در ره عشق

درین سفر چه تفاوت کند نشیب و فراز

We have nothing to do with the earth and the heaven on the path of love,

What difference do the ups and the downs make in this journey?

How bold it is³:

خواهند عاشقان دو مراد از خدای خویش

هجر از برای غیر وصالش برائے خویش

The lovers have only two prayers to make before their God, Separation for others and union for themselves.

An excellent composition containing all the attributes of a

1. *Diwan-i-Hilali*, p. 66.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 67.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 71.

good lyric—clear theme, simple diction and a fine agglutination of words,¹

یارب غم بیرحمی جازان بکه گویم
 جان از غم او سوخت غم جان بکه گویم
 فی ہار و نہ غمخوار کس محرم اسرار
 رنجوری و محرومی و حرمان بکه گویم
 آشفته شد از قصہ من خاطر جمع
 دیگرچہ کنم حال ہریشان بکه گویم
 گویند طبیبان کہ بگو درد خود اما
 در دیکہ گزشت است ز درمان بکه گویم
 در دیکہ مرا ساختہ وسوا ہمہ دانند
 داغی کہ مرا ساختہ پنہان بکه گویم
 اندوہ تو نا گفتہ و درد تو نہان بہ
 این پیش کہ ظاہر کنم و آن بکہ گویم
 خلقی ہمہ با ہم سخن وصل تو گویند
 من بیکسم افسانہ ہجران بکہ گویم
 دور طرب افسوس کہ بگذشت ہلالی
 دور دگر آمد غم دوران بکہ گویم

O God ! whom should I confide the grief of the callousness of the beloved?

Life is burnt in that grief, whom should I confide the grief of life ?

I have neither a friend nor a companion, nor a confidant,
 Whom should I confide the sickness, deprivation and sorrow ?

The audience were aggrieved at my story,

1. *Diwah-i-Hilali*, p. 82

What else should I do? Whom should I confide my sad plight ?

The physicians ask me to express my pain,
But the pain that has passed over me whom should I confide about its treatment ?

The pain that has made me notorious is known to all,
Whom should I confide the scar that has made me concealed ?

Better untold thy grief and secret thy pain,
Whom should I tell the pain and whom should I confide the grief?

All the people talk of thy union,
Whom should I, the helpless, confide the story of my separation ?

Alas, the time of mirth passed away; Hilali !
An other time set in, whom should I confide the grief of time ?

The poet describes the condition of a lover.¹

هر شبی گویم که فردا ترک این سودا کنم
باز چون فردا شود امروز را فردا کنم

Every night I pledge to leave off this frenzy tomorrow,
And when tomorrow comes, I again put off to day till tomorrow.

Another fine verse² :—

جای رسیده ایم که از خود گذشته ایم
از خود گذشته ایم و بجای رسیده ایم

We have reached a stage where we are beyond ourselves,
We are beyond ourselves and have reached the stage.
A fine portayal of union of the lover and the beloved.³

1. *Diwan-i-Hilali*, p. 89.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 89.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 112.

بروز وصل تو دانی که چیست حالت ما
 نفس نفس بتو دیدن زمان زمان مردن

Do you know our condition on the day of your union?

Every breath an eager eye, every moment a death knell.

Hilali thus describes his sad plight in a very touching manner like some other poets.¹

آه ازین روزگار بر گشته که زمن لحظه لحظه بر گردد
 گر فلک را بکام خود خواهم او بکام کسی دگر گردد
 ور زجام نشاط باده خورم باده خونابه جگر گردد
 ور قدم بر بساط سبزه نهیم سبزه در حال نیشتر گردد
 لیک هاین خوشم که طالع من نتواند ازین بتر گردد

Ah ! this discondant time,

That turns against me moment after moment !

If I want the heaven (*i.e.* fate) to favour me,

It favours somebody else.

An if I drink from the cup of pleasure,

The wine turns into the blood of liver.

And if I put my foot on the carpet of greenery,

The greenery turns into surgical knife (Lancet).

But I am happy still,

That my fate can't turn worse than this.

This quatrain contains a well-deserved praise of Love.²

هر کس که می عشق بجاش کردند
 از دردی درد تلخکامش کردند
 گویا همه غمهای جهان دریک جا
 جمع آمده بود عشق نامش کردند

Every body in whose cup the wine of love is poured,

Will find his throat embittered due to the dregs in it.

1. *Diwan-i-Hilali*, p. 150,

2. *Ibid.*, p. 153,

As if all pangs of the world,
Were gumbled together and named 'Love'.
How original is the theme of this *Ruba'i* (quatrain) :¹

دردا که اسیر لنگ و نامیم هنوز
در گفت و شنید خاص و عامیم هنوز
شد عمر تمام و ناتمامیم هنوز
ضد بار بسوختیم و خامیم هنوز

Alas ! we are still the slaves of name and fame,
We still talk in terms of the high and the low,
The span of life is over and we are still imperfect,
Burnt hundreds of times, we are still raw !

It is a terse quatrain and its last line is exceedingly lofty.²
In the words of Mirza Ghlaib :—

در رباعی مصرعه آخر زند ناحق بدل
نی از تو حیات جاودان می خواهم
نی عیش و تنم جهان می خواهم
نی کام دل و راحت جان می خواهم
آنی که رضای تست آن می خواهم

I desire not eternal life from Thee,
Nor the plenty and luxury of the world,
Nor the hearts desire nor the peace of mind,
What ever is thy pleasure, that, only that I desire.
Here are two nice *muqatta'at*³ :-

چند عربی آبروی هر دوسرا ست
کسی که خاک درش نیست خاک پر سر او

-
1. *Diwan-i-Hilali*, p. 154.
 2. *Ibid.*, p. 155.
 3. *Ibid.*, p. 211, (Tehran Ed.)

شنیده ام که تکلم نمود همچو مسیح
 بدین حدیث لب لعل روح پرور او
 که من مدینهٔ عالم علی درست مرا
 عجب خجسته حدیثیست ! من سگ در او
 بعلم کوش هلالی که عاقبت چو هلال
 بلند مرتبه گردی فلک مقام شوی
 نهفته از نظر خلق باش ماه بماه
 گرت هوات که منظور خاص و عام شوی
 خمیده قامت و زار و نزار شو یعنی
 چو ماه نو کم خود گیر تا تمام شوی

Muhammad (Be peace on him), the Arabian, is the honour
 of both the worlds.

Curse on him who is not the dust of his door !

Like Messih he spoke out thus,

With his soul-infusing lips.

'That I am the City of Knowledge and Ali is my gate ;

What a blissful saying ! I am just a dog of his door.

Hilali ! strive for the knowledge so that like the crescent,

You should grow lofty and sky-high.

Be concealed from the public view month by month,

If you have the ambition to be popular with the high and
 the low.

Be feeble, insignificant and hunch-backed, that is,

Like a crescent, start with thy humble beginnings till thou
 attain fulness.

AHLI SHIRAZI

His name was Muhammad and pseudonym Ahli. He was born in Shiraz. Ahli eulogised Sulan Ya'qub (d. 896 A.H./1490 A.D.), Mir 'Ali Sher Nawa'i (d. 906 A.H./1500 A.D.) and Shah Isma'il (d. 930 A.H. 1524 A.D.). He died in 942 A.H./1535-36 A.D. at Shiraz in an advanced old age. Mulla Mirak wrote the chronogram and he was buried on the right side of the Takiyah Hafziyah.¹

در میان شعرا و فضلا پیر با صدق و صفا بود اهلی
رفت با مهر علی از عالم پیرو آل عبا بود اهلی
سال فوتش زخرد جستم گفت بادشاه شعرا بود اهلی

"Among the poets and scholars Ahli was a man of truth and piety. He breathed his last harbouring love of Ali. He was a follower of the Holy Prophet's (Peace be upon him) descendents. When I enquired of the year of his demise, Reason told me that his chronogram coincides with the phrase, "Padshah-i-Shoara" (Ahli the king of poets)."

This couplet is inscribed on his grave² :—

جانم بروز واقعه پهلوی او کنند او قبله منست رخم سوی او کنند

On my death my spirit should be laid down beside him ;
as he is my sanctuary, my face should be turned toward him.

He had won distinction in the art of poetry and was an expert in metre, prosody and riddles. He could express himself in every form of verse. A mathnawi—"Dhu Bahrayn and Dhu

1. *Tuhfah-i-Sami*, p. 38. *Atashkashah*, p. 233. *Majalis-i-Muminin*, p. 540. *Catalogue of Sprenger*, p. 320.

2. Awhadi, Taqi al-Din, 'Arafat al-'Ashiqin, MS. (Malik Library, Tehran).

Qafiyatayn” known as *Sihr-i-Halal* was written by him. The chroniclers have ascribed his claim to greatness to this very marvellous mathnawi which combined in itself the merits of two different poems of Katibi viz., *Majma’ al-Bahrayn* and *Tajnisat*.¹

Ahli wrote a qasidah of Amir ‘Ali Sher in imitation of the *Qasidah-i-Masnu’* of Khwajah Salman so that the Mir justly remarked that the copy was better than the model.²

Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi, MS. F. 337a. This *Qasidah* begins:

پروانه شمع تو شد دل کز وفا دارد نشان
پروانه وصلشن بده گش غم بخون دارد نشان
همیشه خاتم اقبال و خطبه دولت
بنام میر علی شیر باد و خواهد بود
عدوی دولت او دست قدرتش یا رب
چودست دشمن دین زیر باد و خواهد بود

My heart is but a moth on your candle like face, for it bears prints of faithfulness. Issue the edict of union, for it is besmeared with blood of grief.

Insignia of prosperity and edict of authority will be decorated in the name of Mir Ali Sher.

O God, I pray thee that enemy’s hand of power, should always stand turned down as has been in the past.

Catalogue of Bodleian Library p. 652b reveals :

There are four different subtitles in it :

All the words of two and, or three *bayts*, written in red ink, form together a new *mathnawi-bayt*, and every *bayt* of this kind represents a different metre and a different trope ; for instance, from the two *bayts* of the *Qasidah* :

نسیم کا کل مشکین کراست چون تو نگار
شمیم منیل پر چیں کراست مشک تار

1. *Tuhfah-i-Sami*, p. 38. *Sihr-i-Halal*, p. 1.

2. *Tuhfah-i-Sami*, p. 38.

شمیم خیزد از آهو دلی نه زین خوشتر
نسیم گل و زد اسام چنین نه عنبر بار

O beloved ! none possesses breeze of fragrant tresses like yours ; none has fragrance of curly hyacinth like your matching with musk of Tartar. Of course fragrance emits from abdo mens of Tartar deers, but it can not hold candle to yours.

Flower no doubt emits fragrance but it is not sweet as ambergris of yours.

There is developed the following *Mathnawi-bayt* :-

نسیم کا کل مشکین گوا خیزد ازین خوشتر
شمیم منبل پر چین کراریزد چنین عنبر

There is none whose musky tresses emit so sweet fragrance as yours; there is none whose fragrance of curly hyacinth is spread like ambergris.

At the end there springs also from single *bayt* a single hemistich by *tawshih*.

All the first letters of the *hayts* connected into words give the following *qit'as*.

نشان فصل بنام کسیست طغرایش
که سالهای بسی دیر باد و خواهد بود

The insignia of Bounty is decorated in the name of a person who has been enjoying it in the past and shall enjoy it till eternity.

همیشه خاتم اقبال و خطبه دولت
بنام میر علی شیر باد و خواهد بود

Insignia of prosperity and royal edict will always be decorated in the name of Mir Ali Sher.

From the *حشو* of all the first hemistichs together, and all the second ones also two *qit'ahs* arise, each containing eight

bayts. Beginning of the first *سخن که نخلست*; beginning of the second *سر در ملک کرم حاکم دهر*.

In lyrics, his verses are mostly love-laden. We first of all describe the merits of his *Ghazal* :—

The state of love,¹

گر تیغ رسد بر سرم از عشق نلالم
من عاشق و مستم ز سر خود خیرم نیست

Even though the sword of your love cuts down my head.
I would not moan for I being a lover am oblivious of my surroundings.

The supplication of love, its fire and depth of emotion.²

جان هیچ نیر زد غرضم عرض نیازمست
بپذیر نیازم که متاعی دگرم نیست

My soul is worth naught ; my soul aim to present my devotion. Do accept it for I own nothing else.

Allegory, hypothesis and argument both being good.³

بود که گریه بشوید خط گناه مرا
سفید روی کند لاله سیاه مرا

It is just possible that my tears wash away the prints of sin and the black scroll of sin is turned into white.

A good verse elevated by a comparison of heart.⁴

سخن چه حاجت اگر دل مقابل افتادست
زبان چه کار کند کار بادل افتادست

If I face him, speech avails nothing, for when the communion heart is involved, tongue has nothing to express.

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS. F. 4b.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 4b.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 8a.

4. *Ibid.*, F. 12a.

The couplet is simple and flowing.¹

گرچه رندیم و تهی دست چو اهلی شادیم
چرخ را باهمه خشم حسد از شادی ماست

Although like Ahli we are pauperd yet we are delightful.
It is strange that prosperous firmament envies our lot.

A frank description of Beauty's blandishments. Second line is very suggestive.²

زهی ملاحه و خوبی که با تو محبوبست
که خشم و ناز و وفا هرچه میکنی خوبست

O beloved; thy beauty and grace are welcome, for both rath
coquetry and faithfulness are all equally delightful for me.

Strikes a new idea.³

تاب نظر نیاورد آن گل ز نازی
اهلی نگه مکن که ملول از نگاه ماست

My flower hardly bears my looks (so frail is he). Better
don't cast looks on him any more, for it is our looks that
offends him most.

An old theme renovated by a new expression,⁴

ای شمع شب افروز که ماندی ز نظر دور
باز ای که بی روی تو آه سحرم سوخت
از جان منی بجز و وصالم چه تفاوت
مشتاق حرفی ز لب چون شکرم سوخت
من بودم و چشمی ترا ز ایام و لبی خشک
در خرمنم آتش زدی و خشک و ترم سوخت

O my candle that enlightens my night, thou art out of my
sight : come back for show of thy face, the morning sighs
have burnt me.

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, F. 14a.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 23a.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 35a.

4. *Ibid.*, F. 59a.

Separation or union it makes no difference as far as my soul is concerned, longing of a few words from thy lips has gutted me. It is time that has turned my eyes wet and my lips dry and parched for setting my heart thou hast burnt all my wet and dry alike.

Mysticism¹ :

پیش ما غنچه مستور و گل مست یکپست
لزد صاحب نظران مشق و مستوری هست

We regard the hidden blossom and flower in full bloom as one. Men of insight treat ecstasy and Separation at par.

All these are simple but moving verses.²

نیاز مند ترا رسم خود پسندی نیست
طریق اهل دلان لیر درد مندی نیست
بخلق و لطف تو نازیم ای سحر بال
که سرو قد ترا ناز و سر بلندی نیست
مریض عشق تو از شربت طیب چه سود
دوای خسته دلان جز لبان قندی نیست
مرا سجود نیاز از نماز شیخ به است
نماز زنده دلان جز نیاز مندی نیست

Thy love never likes egoism. The policy of the righteous is nothing but sympathy.

O my cypress-like beloved, we are proud of thy bounty, and kindness, for thou art not haughty and resvive.

The patient of thy love can not be cured by any syrup of a physician, for thy broken-hearted people seek no remedy except thy sweet lips.

Prostration of my devotion is far better than the divines conventional prayer, for the prayer of men of intuition is nothing more than subservience.

1. *Kulliyat Ahl Shirazi*, F. 71b.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 73a.

All the three verses are excellent. The third is marked by a witchery of words. Just see how the verse of Ghalib stands in contrast with the first verse¹:

چراغ وصل گر از مهر میکند روشن
 بیا بیا که هنوز آتشی ز من باقیست
 کنون بکشت چمن باغبان درم بکشاد
 که گل برقت و خس و خار در چمن باقیست
 زجور زلف تو اهلی سخن دراز نکرد
 دگر مجال حکایت بود سخن باقیست

If the candle of union is kindled by caress,
 O beloved come, for I am still ablaze.

The gardener has given me access to the door of garden at a time when flowers are gone and only thorns and twigs remain.

Ahli did not draw upon the account of atrocities of thy tresses, although much can be said about it and he has the gift of the gale.

غالب :-

زمن بجرم تپیدن کناره می کردی
 بیابان خاک من و آرمیدن بنگر

Thou hast left me alone on the pretext of my pulsating,
 Now come to my resting place and witness my eternal rest.

Mysticism² :

در دام عشق ما ز سر شوق می رویم
 کآنکس که صید ما کند اول شکار ماست

We entangle ourselves in the net of love most willingly,
 but our hunter is himself caught before trapping us.

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS. F. 77b.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 84b.

Boldness¹ :

ما تشنه لب بمسجد و ساقی بمیکده
بر کف شراب کوثر و در انتظار ماست

We are staying in mosque thirsty, where as our Saki is waiting for us in the bar with a cup of nectar in his hands.

A good verse² :

صد کشته زنده کردی و کس را خبر نشد
یک مرده زنده کرد مسیح و قیامتست

None is aware of the fact that thou hast rejuvenated hundreds of corpses, where as Jesus brought into life only one, and put all the world a gap.

A clear, flowing picture of night of separation though nothing new in themes³ :—

گر صد هزار سال وصال میسر است
بالله اگر یک شب هجران برابر است
بی روی دوست مرگ به از زندگی بود
با درد هجر زهر ز تریاق خوشتر است
تا مانده است یک رمق از جان تشنه ام
گر جرعه دهد لب او روح پرورست
ناصرچو مرهمی ننهی لیش هم مزین
بر زخم خورده طعنه زدن زخم دیگر است
هر جا که بگذرم همه زخم زبان خورم
گو مرهمی که روی زمین جمله نشتر است
اهلی گرت ز نخل رطب کو تهست دست
همت بلند دار که روزی مقدر است

Even if union is secured for a thousand years, I swear by

1. *Ku'liyat Ahli Shirazi*, F. 84b.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 91b.

3. *Ibid MS.* F. 93b.

God this long period is no recompense for the sufferings and privations of a single night of separation.

Show of thy countenance of the beloved, I prefer death to life. Pangs of separation renders poison more palatable than antidote.

So long as the last breath of my thirsty soul survives, a draught from thy lips is most refreshing.

O wise man, if you don't dress my injury at least refrain from putting sting to it, for taunting an injured person adds to his injury.

Where ever I happened to pass I have to face injuries of tongue, I long for solvice for the world is all blades.

O Ahli ! if you have no access to the date-palm, persevere ! for you would certainly have it one day.

The overwhelming love¹ :—

ای عقل تو و مسجد و معمره تقوی
مائیم و خرابات که ویرانه عشقست
در مدرسه و صومعه و دیر خرابات
حرفی که شنیدی همه افسانه عشقست
با این همه هشیاری و عقلی که ملک راست
دل شیفته شیوه مستانه عشقست

You are engrossed with your worldly wisdom retiring in a mosque and home of piety on the other hand we recline in wine tavern which is for love in lovers.

Whatever you hear in school, monastery and wine tavern, it is nothing but tale of love.

Despite wisdom and propriety, befitting angles my heart enamoured of love.

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi F. 104a.*

An allegorical description of hard-heartedness of the beloved.¹

ثبات مهر چه جوئی ز گلرخان اهلی
هرو که نو گل این باغ را ثبات کمست

Don't expect fidelity from rose faced beloveds Ahli, for the newly bloomed flowers do not last long.

A poetical distinction between the love and the beloved²,

عندلیب از حسن گل افروختن داند که چیست
هر که با شمع در افتد سوختن داند که چیست

Only the nightingale knows how to be inspired by the beauty of flower as whoever is enamoured of candle knows well, how to be burnt.

An impressive repetition of گل,³

گر بود ساقی گلچهره چه حاجت بچمن
گل بدست آر که عالم همه گلشن باشد

In the presence of rose-faced Saki it is not worthwhile to visit garden. I pray thee to handle rose so that all the world is turned into a garden.

The durability of love⁴.

وجود ما ز غمت تا عدم نخواهد شد
غم تو از دل ما هیچ کم نخواهد شد

Till the time when our being is turned into nothingness, Grief shall not abate in our heart.

Boldness.⁵

بکوی مغیبه محرم کن ای فلک مارا
که کار ما بطواف حرم نخواهد شد

O firmament introduce us to wine-servers lane, so that we

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, F. 115a.

2. *Ibid.*, MS. 120a.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 45b.

4. *Ibid.*, F. 150a.

5. *Ibid.*, F. 150a.

have nothing to do with making round of the sanctuary of the Kaaba, any longer.

Mysticism,¹

اگر چه عشق نخست از مزاج میخیزد
حقیقت همه عالم درین مجاز آمد

Although love springs from one temperament, yet the reality of all the world emanated from symbol.

(All is He) presented.²

چشم مجنون هر چه بیند صورت لیلی بود
خود بود صورت پرستی گر بدین معنی بود

Qais, the Majnoon's eyes see nothing but his beloved Laila. If the reality is confirmed, there is justification of even idolatry.

The theme of this verse of Hafiz described in Ahli's words.³ (Hafiz).

بزمین که نشان کف پای تو بود
سالها سجده اهل نظر خواهد بود

The soil bearing thy footprints shall always be the prostrating points of the wise.

(Ahli).

هر کجا اهلی نشان پای او بر خاک یافت
سر بجای پا چوستان از محبت مینهد

Wherever Ahli discerned his beloved footsteps, he placed his head instead of feet, out of love, like the intoxicated.

A novel description of ill-fatedness.⁴

ای طایر اقبال اگر برخاک اهلی بگذری
بنشین که مرغ روح او باز آید از پرواز

O bird of prosperity, if perchance you happen to pass by

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, F. 150b.

2. *Ibid*, F. 156a.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 158a.

4. *Ibid.*, MS. 165b.

the grave of Ahli, do alight till his soul suspends its flight.

Perseverance in love.¹

یا سر خود در ره دلدار می باید نهاد
یا قدم از راه یاری باز می باید کشید

Either surrender yourself totally to the foot path of the beloved or retrace your footsteps from it.

A singing, allegorical lyric² :—

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| جان بفکر جهان نمی ارزد | این جهان هم بآن نمی ارزد |
| هر زمین یک زمان که دلتنگی | بزمین و زمان نمی ارزد |
| سود عالم زیان عافیت است | هیچ سود این زیان نمی ارزد |
| صحبّت باغ اگر چه روح فزاست | منت باغبان نمی ارزد |
| پیش ما عاشقان نا پروا | زندگی رایگان نمی ارزد |
| ذوق مستی و می پرستی هم | طعمه نا کسان نمی ارزد |
| اهلی از کس میخواه مرهم دل | که بزخم زبان نمی ارزد |

Exhausting your soul in worldly worries, is not worthwhile, for even all the worldly gains do not compensate it. All the world is no recompense for the toil and turmoils of a moment.

Worldly gain is a loss of comfort. No gain is reward for their irreparable loss.

Although friend's company in a garden is enjoyable, yet the indebtedness to the gardner, outbalances this enjoyment.

We the wayward lovers don't accept life even gratis (free of cost).

As far as we are concerned taste of drunk and devotion are never at par with the tauntings of the mean fellows, which we have to face.

O Ahli don't accept salvice of heart from any one, if it hardly compensates for the injuries inflicted by tongue.

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, F. 170b,

2. *Ibid.*, F. 172b,

A universal reality.¹

حدیث ما و تو هر بوالهوس نمیداند
زبان عاشق و معشوق کس نمیداند

Our love tale can not be appreciated by the importers for
no one understands the language of the lover and the beloved.

A comparison of notoriety in love.²

هر که مفلس گشت رسوای خلاق میشود
آه ازان رسوای دیگر که عاشق میشود
در زبان و دل خلاق نیست عاشق را چو شمع
عشق چون آمد زبان بادل موافق میشود

Although a poor man is looked down upon by the society,
Yet a lover's bad name is more deplorable.

There is no discord in tongue and heart as it witnessed in
the candle. Similarly when love appears both are of one
accord,

Similar theme,³

مادر خار حسرت و پروانه مست وصل
دولت بهاشقان تو بال و پری نداد
هر صاغری که داد فلک گرچه زهر بود
تا خون نگشت در دل من دیگری نداد

We are suffering from pangs of deprivation where as moth
enjoys ecstasy of union. Fate has not bestowed upon love
feathers to fly.

The sky after giving me a cup full of poison, which injured
my heart with grief, did not offer another.

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, F. 183b.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 184a.

3. *Ibid.*, MS. F. 114a.

The sad plight of the lover.¹

دلم بریان و تن سوزان و آهم آتشین باشد
 تو آتشپاره دل در تو بستن این چنین باشد
 تو آن مروی که سر بر آسمان داری زناز خود
 من آن خارم که در ماه تو رویم بر زمین باشد
 اگر دزدیده در روی تو می بینم مکن عیبم
 ترا دزدیده خواهد دید اگر روح الامین باشد
 چو خواهی کشتم روزی بفردا مگن این فرصت
 بکش ای عمر من ترسم که مرگم در کمین باشد

My heart is roasted, my body ablaze and my signs are fire.
 Thou being a burning cinder, the result of wooing thee should
 not have been different.

Thou art a cypress who art as haughty as sky, where as I
 am no more than a thorn that is always faced downward.

If I steal a glance of thy face, don't blame me for one cannot
 help doing so even to be as pious as Jibraeel (the Holy Spirit).

If thou wisheth to kill me, don't put it off till tomorrow.
 I am afraid my death is just sitting in ambush for me.

Expression of 2 هر کسی را بهر کاری ساختند

کار ما عشقت و ما را بهر آن آورده اند
 بهر کس را بهر کاری در جهان آورده اند

Love is our lot for we are created to this end ; it is fact that
 every one is cut for a particular task.

An excellent verse—simple words and lofty theme.³

آسان ترست عیش فقیر از غنی ولی
 این مشکلیست بر همه آسان نکرده اند

Although a pauper's living is comparatively easier than a

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, F. 184b,

2. *Ibid.*, F. 184b,

3. *Ibid.*, F. 192b,

rich one's. Yet this difficulty is not afforded to all and sundry.
A common theme but novel description.¹

گویند حریفان که چرا دل بتو دادم
من دانم و دل مردم بی درد چه دانند

My rivals ask why I surrendered my heart to thee, tell them that I alone know this secret. The caluious people are ignorant of this reality.

Sa'di had also written :—

دوستان منع کنندم که چرا دل بتو دارم
باید اول بتو گفتن که چنین خوب چرائی

Friends persuade me not to be enamoured of thee. They should put thee question why thou art so sweet and charming.

Notoriety in love.²

خانه ناموس کفتم از پشی گنج مراد
آن نیامد عاقبت در دست وایں ویرانه بماند

I lost all my home and hearth to seek treasury of my goal. Alas I could not reach it, my house remained consequently deserted.

Rare simile.³

سرومن تا چومه از خانه زبن گشت بلند
افتابی د گراز روی زمین گشت بلند

When my cypress like beloved lifted herself in saddle, it appeared as if another Sun has arisen.

The idea of Hafiz in this verse , . . ,

گرچه بد نامیست نزد عاقلان
ما نمی دانیم ننگ و نام را

Although the wise consider it notoriety, we don't recognise good name and propriety.

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS. F. 193^b.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 195a.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 200a.

described by Ahli¹:—

عاشق آنست که پروا نکند بدنامی
در جهان نام زلیخا بهمین گشت بلند

A true lover does not care a fig for bad name, for Zulaikha earned name and fame by virtue of the same.

Mysticism²

روزی که قدسیان گل آدم سر شته اند
جان مرا و مهر تو با هم سر شته اند
حور و پری بخواب نه بیند فرشته هم
این چاشنی که با گل آدم سرشته اند

The day the angels were mixing Adam's clay my life and yours were mixed together simultaneously.

Even the houries and angels cannot dream of the relish that has been mixed with Adam's clay,

Love and sex hunger distinguished.³

وصال یار اگر جویم حریف بوالهوس باشم
من و کنج خیال او وصال ما همین باشد

If I seek for the union of my Beloved, I shall dub myself an importer. My union is nothing more than that I retire in my seclusion and am engrossed with his image.

Materialists and spiritualists distinguished.⁴

از جنگ و بخت مدرسه رفتم بموکه
دیدم میان درد کشان صد نیاز بود

When I forsook the heated discussion of scholastic atmosphere, I hastened toward the wine tavern of love. I found there great devotion among the residue—drinkers of love.

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, F. 205b.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 205b.

3. *Ibid.*, MS. F. 230.

4. *Ibid.*, F. 233a.

A figurative verse.¹

هر چند عاشقان گله از دلبران کنند
مارا شکایت از دل خود بیشتر بود

Although lovers protest against their beloveds, yet mine is a portest against my own heart.

Mark the allusion in verse No. 2, A simple and old style lyric but the word adjustment has created a melody².

عیبم مکن که عقل تو از کف زبام داد
بس دل که جان به پختن سودای خام داد
نشیده که عشق عنان مراد دل
از دست شه ربود و بدست غلام داد
دانی سر نیاز مرا خاک ره که کرد
انکس که سر و ناز بتانرا خرام داد
هشیار تا بصبح قیامت کجا شود
مستی که دل بشاهد و ساقی و جام داد
صوفی چو دید نرگس سر مست یار را
یکبار ترک تقوی و ناموس و نام داد
اهلی مجوی کام که این چرخ کج نهاد
در کام ازدها کشد آ نرا که کام داد

Don't blame me if my reason has been surrendered, for there is many a man, who has laid down their lives in this fruitless pursuit.

Havn't you heard that love has seized the reins of ambition from a king and bestowed upon slaves.

Do you know who has reduced my longing head to the footpath due. It is he who has given graceful gait to the charming beauties.

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, F. 263a.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 274a.

Beware, for the intoxication acquired from the beloved.
The Saki and the cup will sink into nothingness at the time of
Resurrection.

When the saint glanced at the intoxicated narcissus of my
beloved, forsook, out right his piety and fame.

O Ahli! don't be swept off your feet by worldly success for
this tilted sky pulls one into the clutches of pantheism after such
success in the long run.

In the style of Fughani¹.

دوش در مجلس چه خوش میگفت با پروانه شمع
گر سر مردن نداری از سر ما در گذر
کی شود عاقل دل مجنون بکوشش ای حکیم
گر تو باری عاقلی از فکر و سودا در گذر

The candle addressing the moth made how pithy remark.
If thou art determined to sacrifice thy life, discard my love.

How can the heart of a mad man be turned into sane
despite all efforts. If you are sane, then leave all toil and
turmoil.

A plea for effort and action.²

هر چند کشد دوست عنان تو بیاری
زهار نگه دار عنان ادب خویش
نومید مشوز ز آب بقا بهم چو سکندر
چون خضر قدم بار مکش از طلب خویش
ما خاک نشینان مغانیم و ز خاکیم
ای خواجه تو میدانی و اصل و نسب خویش

Although your friends desert you, yet you should discard
the manners of discipline. Don't be pessimist in search for the

1 *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS. F. 276a.

2 *Ibid.*, F. 49b.

water of life like Alexander. On the other hand give up pursuit of your goal like Khizr.

We are humble recliners, of wine tavern, and we trace our origin from the earth. It is you O Khawaja, who are in the know of your descent.

Ahli begins his *Qasidahs* like thus¹ :

آلهی بسر دفتر حکمت الله بنی آدم آئینه قدرت الله
آلهی بشمع جمال محمد که بر غیر زد آتش حکمت الله

O God, I pray thee for scroll of thy wisdom and for Adam's progeny who are a mirror of thy power.

O God I pray thee for the candle of Muhammad's grace (Peace be upon him). Who inspired even indignator with the fire of celestial wisdom.

In *Qasidahs* there are ترکیب بند ، ترجیح بند ، مسط ، منتقبت ، نعت ، حمد -

Most of them praise Hazrat 'Ali and the Imams. There are elegies on Imam Husayn also.

فی شکر رب العالمین
اگرچه خدمت مانیت در خور رحمت
زما دریغ مکن رحمت عطائی را

Although our service is not be fitting the bounty of God, yet don't deprive us of thy mercy and thy bounty.

فی الموعظه

توحید چیست ترک تعلق زهر چه هست
یعنی بروی غیر در دل فراز کن

What is monotheism, it is nothing more than discarding all the ties that be. Which signifies always opening the gate of your heart for the opponents.

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, F. 310b.

2. *Ibid.*,

The belt for a sword, the gilded cup and the royal camp have been praised in separate *Qasidahs*. Under caption "در خشک" "in the draught of Shiraz" Ahli has described condition,

ای شیخ شهره سجده دیوار تا بکی
بشما قبله اول و آنکه نماز کن
این راه کعبه نیست که زاده تو گلست
این راه محشر است برو توشه ساز کن
حاجت بترک تاج ندارد طریق عشق
محمود باش و بندگی چون ایاز کن

O Sheikh of city ! prostration in front of all avails nothing. First recognise Kaaba, then say your prayers.

This road does not lead toward Kaaba, for provision of this journey is reposing myself to God as it leads to Resurrection. You should provide for it as well.

Love's policy doesn't believe in the disposition of the royal position. On the other hand it enjoins upon one to be Mahmood of Ghazna and still serves like a humble servant as did Ayaz.

F. 54a فی نعت میدالمرسلین

مارا چراغ دیده خیال مجد ست
خرم دلی که مست وصال مجد ست

Muhammad's idea (Peace be upon him) is but a candle of insight for us. Blessed is a heart which is intoxicated with his holy union.

F. 56a فی المنقبت

اهلی که یافت گنج سخن ابن بسعی نیست
از فیض مهر حیدر و فضل آل او ست

Ahli who has got the treasury of poetry does not own it to his personal efforts, on the other hand, he is indebted to the bounty of the Almighty and love of Ali.

F. 59b منقبت امیرالمومنین

مهر فرو برده بود سر بسجود و غروب
بهر نماز علی آمد و باز ایستاد

The sun had set lowering its head in the west, it rose again to afford Ali to say his prayers, which was scheduled to be said before sun set.

Some more verses of these *Qasidahs* are as follows :

قصیده در مدح حضرت علی (Peshawar Museum) F. 29 b to 29 a

ما یکسیم و معرکه خون خوار یا علی
مارا به لطف خویش نگهدار یا علی
از گنجهای لطف تو یا بوالحسن مدد
و ز ازدهای قهر تو زهار یا علی
عالم فرو برد چو کشاید بگاه قهر
سیمرغ ذوالفقار تو منقار یا علی

We are helpless and have to face a bloody battle. We invoke your kindness and support, O Ali.

O Abdul Hasan shower thy bounties from the treasure of thy grace. We seek shelter from the pantion of thy rath.

When the Phoenex of your Zulfeqar (the two edged sword) opens its jaws in its fury, it engulfs all the world.

The reader is moved by those conditions. Anwari had also described the plunder and pillage of wild Ghuzz Turks in "*Ashkha-i-Khurasan*" in a very impressive manner. Some verses are given below :—

(*Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS, F. 221a).

دردا که درین شهر دلی شاد نماند ست
یک بنده ز بند مسم آزاد نماند ست
هر جا که روم ناله و فریاد فقیر ست
در شهر بجز ناله و فریاد نماند ست

مرغان هوا سینه کبابند که در دشت
 تخمی بجز از دانه صیاد نمالد ست
 دل در غم نان بسته چنانند که مادر
 فرزند دل او نیز خودش یاد نماند ست
 خون از مژه مردم دلیخته روانست
 حاجت بسر نشتر فساد نماند ست
 اهلی مطلب نعمت دنیا که درین عهد
 فیضی بجز از لطف خدا داد نماند ست

Alas ! Not a single person is happy in the city. There is none who is free from the fetters of tyranny.

Whereever I go moaning and vailing of the poor are heard. There is nothing in the city except moans and cries.

The birds of the air are heart-burnt for nothing remains save the grains scattered by the hunters.

Mother is hankering after food so much so that she has forgot herself and her suckling.

Tears of blood trickle down the eye-lashes of the afflicted so much so that there is no need of the Surfocom's blade.

O Ahli don't ask for worldly riches for in these days, nothing remains except God's bounty.

His *Qasidahs* number 47. Besides lyrics and *Qasidahs* his "*Kulliyat*" (collections) include the following forms of poetry:—

(i) The years of birth or death of 41 contemporaries in the form of quartet. F. 32 a

چون ز عالم تشنه لب شد مرو آزاد حسین
 کار ما از گریه سقای است در یاد حسین
 گر بجز تسلیم بزودی چاره تقذیر حق
 چشمها در تیغ کردن تیغ فولاد حسین

(ii) 82 quatrains on گنجنه (A game of cards) along with a prose prelude. Taqi Awhadi writes in '*Arafat-al-'Ashiqin*, M.S.

(Malik Library, Tehran).

”نود و شش رباعی بجهت تمام ورقهای گنجینه و اصناف او در یک شب گفته و این له سحر بلکه اعجاز است -

(iii) *Saqi Namah* “Book of the Cup-bearer” comprising 101 quatrains with a prose foreword explaining the mystical terms like wine, Saqi or Beloved, (سیخانه) or winehouse. He writes (F. 160a):—

”چون ذکر ساقی می کنند مراد سالکان راه حقیقت و شریعت و طریقت است و یاد می چون کنند مقصودشان زلال علم و معرفت است تا بوسیله آن گم شدگان بادیه ضلالت و تشنه لبان بیابان جهالت بزلال مشرب شریعت و طریقت بکعبه حقیقت برسند“ -

“When they talk of “*Saqi*” they mean the leaders on the path, at different stages, of mysticism and when they talk of “*Wine*” they mean the sacred water of knowledge and spiritualism so that those lost in the desert of error and the thirsty souls in the wilderness of ignorance may at last reach the Ka‘bah of reality by means of this water of طریقت شریعت”.

Every quatrain begins with the word “*Saqi*”. Just Mark.¹

ساقی تو هستی گواه دل من
 کاندم که ز خود رود دل غافل من
 جز آرزوی تو در دلم حاصل نیست
 این بس بود از هر ذو جهان حاصل من
 ساقی قدمی که بیکسانرا تو کسی
 که درد بسی بود دوا هم تو بسی
 فریاد رس اهلی مسکین که شود
 فریاد رمش که هم تو فریاد رمی

O Saqi, you will bear me out that my oblivious heart is

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS. FF. 172b, 175b.

losing its sense. Nothing inhabits my heart except thy memory.
This is the best of harvest of both the worlds.

O Saqi come for none but thou supports the destitutes.
Thou art at one their ailment as well as their remedy.

Who is there who responds Ahli in his distress. As thou
alone can do it, do come to his rescue.

(iv) one is given below¹ :—

به نیک و بد مشو ای خواجه شاد و غمگین هم
که از جهان همه چیزی ز حال میگردد
بیک دو هفته نگه کن از تقلیب دور
هلال می شود و مه هلال میگردد

Don't rejoice or feel distressed in pleasure or in suffering.
As every phase of the world is transcendent and fleeting.

Observe the vicissitude of time for in a fortnight the new
moon turned into full moon and *vice versa*.

(v) 49 in number. کتاب تواریخ (v).

(vi) total number is 536. Some are given
below² :—

یا رب نظر لطف بسویم بکشا
وز دست دعا ذری بر و یم بکشا
یا سوی تنم با گره دل خوش دار
یا این گره از تن چو مویم بکشا
حکمت زره ذلّیل و برهان آموز
عرفان ز رموز اهل عرفان آموز
خواهی که حدیث بلبان فهم کنی
اول برو و زبان مرغان آموز

O God! cast thy merciful look on me and give access of my
imploring hands. Either open thy twisted hair to unravel the

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS. 180a.

2. *Ibid.*, FF. 264a, 304b, 312a, 230b.

knot from my heart.

Learn wisdom by dint of argument and reason, but as far as knowledge is concerned, imbibe it from the divines.

If you want to understand the language of Nightingale, better learn the tongue of other birds as a footstep.

در نفی غیبت-

شرمت نبود که مرده گیری
غیبت بگزار و همچو سگ مرده مخور

Don't you feel ashamed of eating out of the corpse. Discard the habits backbiting, so that you do not stop to eating dead body.

در پرهیز از افراط شهوت -

دل همچو چراغ و روغن از خون بودش
آن به که چراغ روغن افزون بودش
گر روغن این چراغ شهوت ریزد
خود گو که چراغ زندگی چون بودش

Heart is like a candle, which obtains its oil from blood. It is better that your candle bears more and more oil.

If the oil of the candle is drained through lust you can yourself judge how can the candle of life survive.

(vii) رساله فواید العقاید comprising 125 quatrains. A few examples¹ :—

در صلوات-

زاد همه راه برگ و ساز ست ایدل
زاد ره آخرت نماز ست ایدل
دانی که نماز توشه آخرت
بی توشه مرو که ره دراز ست ایدل

O my heart ! provision for every journey is essential. Simi-

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS. FF. 333a, 339a, 373a.

larly the provision for the journey of the Hereafter is prayer. Now that you have realized the reality don't proceed on the journey for it is a long way off.

در حسن و ادب جوانان

ای نخل جوان درین چمن با گل و خار
چون سبزه مکن زبان درازی زنهار
سر نه چو صمن در قدم و سرو و چنار
تا پیر شوی حرمت پیران میدار

O youth in this garden of flowers and thorns don't be arrogant like the grass. Better bow in the feet of cypress, jassamine and poplar and till the time you grow old, hold the old in great esteem.

(viii) قصیده مصنوع اول along with a prose introduction mentioned in the early portion of this appreciation.

(ix) قصه مصنوع دوم along with a preface in prose. Ahli himself has stated about it :

”قصیده ایست صد و پنجاه و چهار بیت موشح بالقاب فرخنده مدوح
که موازی صد و ده بیت اوزان مستخرج میشود بر فروع و اصول
بحور و دوایرسته که اوزان نوزده گانه است و تفکیک بحور و تعریف
تمام عدد و قوافی متقدمین و متاخرین جمع آمده“ -

(x) قصیده مصنوع سوم (the third in honour of Shah Ismail) with the preface, on F. 339b. Beginning¹ :—

هوای گلشن کویت نسیم باد بهار
گدای خرمن مویت شمیم مشک تار

The breeze of your lane-park is just like spring season. Breeze and the beggar of your hair harvest has a close resemblance to Tartar musk.

1. Etke, Catalogue of Bodleian Library, p. 654a.

Only 3 verses are given which are rich in figures of speech¹ :—

صنعت تام و ذوقافیتین سجع و ایهام -

باری دلم دارد گران از ناز خوبان در جهان

باری تو ای شاه بتان پوش بمیدان در جهان

Often my heart keeps aloof from the world on account of coquetry of the beauties. O king of the graceful once enter the battle-field fully armed.

صنعت سجع متوازی -

ز شوق ز بس خون که ریزد دلم

بسویت نیایم که پا در گلم

As I shed tears of blood, out of longing for you, I can't reach you on account of the mud that entraps my feet.

Association of similar objects or congruity (مراعاة النظیر).

یوسف شه نشان صاحب علم

شاه یعقوب جان صاحب حلم

The king Joseph is a symbol of knowledge whereas Jacob is an embodiment of forbearance.

Besides, there are two *Mathnawis* of Ahli Shirazi—*Sihr-i-Halal* (Lawful sorcery) and *Sham'a-o-Parwanah*;

Mathnawi Sihr-i-Halal (Lawful sorcery).

It has been published. The editions of Lucknow and Bombay remained under my study.

One day Mawlana Katibi was thus praised in a circle of elders and sufis² :—

”که او دو کمان دعوی از قوت بازوی طبع انگیخته و بر سر بازار
سخنوری آویخته یکی مجمع البحرین و یکی نسخه تجنیسات و پهلوانان
عرصه سخن با قوت بازوی فکرت و زور آزمائی از آن هر دو کمان
فرو مانده اند“ -

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS. FE. 373a, 578b, 381a.

2. *Sihr-i-Halal*, p. 2.

Ahli was also present there. He felt himself small and said, "I will hold both the bows with my reason and understanding

In the arms of my contemplation and will draw them in such a way that the people will burst in praise." Some of the prejudiced fell out with Ahli and remarked that it was nothing but tall talk.

Ahli states that he determined to write this *Mathnawi* there and then. In his own words¹:—

چنانچه مجمع البحرين و نسخه تجنیسات یکجا جمع آوردم و باوجود این تکلیف لزوم مالا یلزم ذو قافیتین هم لازم آن نمودم بطریقیکه اگر در مقابل نسخه تجنیسات خوانند بروزن فاعلاتن فاعلاتن فاعلن که بحررمل مسدس محذوف است جواب آن باشد - باز یادی صنعت ذوبحرین و ذو قافیتین و اگر در مقابل مجمع البحرين او خوانند بروزن مفتعلن فاعلن که بحرریم مسدس مطوی مکفوف است و بحررمل مسدس در تحت اوست جواب آن باشد باز یادی صنعت تجنیسات و دیگر التزامات که در آن دو نسخه نیست بهمت شاه اولیا که صاحب قبضه اصحاب این فن و سر حلقه احباب سخن اوست این مقصود بحصول و این ماحول بوصول پیوست و این نسخه موسوم گشت به سحر حلال -

The *Mathnawi* begins with a praise of Allah the One (فی المناجات) followed by praise of the Prophet (فی نعت), praise of 'Ali (فی منقبت), piece of advice (در موعظت), and an address to his self (خطاب بانفس). Then he has given the reasons of writing *Mathnawi* as stated above. The story being like this:—

Gul was a pretty maiden. Malik Zadah-i-Jam was a second Joseph in beauty. He went out for hunting. Gul had also gone for the same purpose. She preyed upon him and he was completely captivated. He could not take any rest and on return wrote a letter to her describing his plight. Gul was angry at the letter and wrote²:—

1. *Sihr-i-Halal*, p. 2

2. *Ibid.*, p. 24.

کی سوی غیر آمده کنجم تہی
گو دل ازین وسوسہ کن جم تہی
یا گذر از افسر و این ترک سر
یا بکن از خنجر کین ترک سر

How long will you join hands with my rival leaving me alone in my den. When will you cleanse, my heart from this suspicion. Either to leave the crown or sacrifice your head by means of dagger of revenge.

Jam wrote a second time expressing his feelings thus¹ :—

چشمہ مہرت دل ماتشنہ دید
چارہ ما ہیچ جز آتش ندید
مرغ گر از صحبت گلزار سوخت
مرغ من از فرقت گلزار سوخت

The spring of the sun of thy love saw our heart thirsty but all the same did not find our remedy save fire. Whereas some bird is ablaze despite the company of its garden, my bird is burning in the separation of garden.

This time Gul was moved and she also developed love for him. While Gul was getting restless on the one hand, Jam, on the other went for a horse race and was killed² :—

تاختہ اسپ از حد چین تاختن
مرگ ہم آمادہ برین تاختن
روشد و آسیب ہم آں خورد و مرد
ساغر جم گشت ازان خورد و مرد

Although he rode upto China and Khutan, yet death was also alert to attack him.

He went to face destruction and died. Jamshed's cup was also torn to pieces at last.

1. *Sihr-i-Halal*, p. 25.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 29.

Hearing the news of his sudden death, Gul lost all self-control and proved her genuine love by burning herself in flames. Ahli says :—¹

دانه ویش افعاد در آتش روان
 طعنه زد آن شمع بر آتش روان
 رو نشد اندر غم جان گو نه کم
 دانه در آتش رود آن گو نه کم
 آتش شوقش دل پروانه سوخت
 زن نگر آخر که چه مردانه سوخت

She dropped herself in fire like a grain and the candle taunted the fire when burning in it. She was reduced to skeleton just as a grain is burnt when thrown into fire. The fire of the love even burnt the heart of the moth. Look ! how a woman performed the feat of gallantry manfully.

Mathnawi Sham'a-o-Parwanah (The moth and the candle).

It comprises 1001² verses and presents the story how these two were united in heart. In 894 A. H./1488 A. D. it was completed. Sultan Ya'qub and Amir Shah Quli Beg were praised in it and there was no prose prelude attached to it. Like Ahli's lyrics, *Qasidahs* and *Quatrains*, this *Mathnawi* also has not been published.

Ahli, while praising love, says how fortunate is the lover who demonstrates his warmth and keeps a vigil at night. He

1. *Sihri-i-Halab* F. 24.

2. Ibn-i-Yusuf writes in Catalogue Library *Majlis-i-Milli*, Tehran part III, p. 558.

”... بیت نظیر خسرو شهرین نظامی و یوسف وزلیخای جامی
 انشا نموده“

advises lover in this manner.¹

بیا ای عاشق شمع دلفروز طریق عشق از پروانه آموز

Come O lover of scentillating candle. Learn from moth how to love.

Ahli claims that the story of the moth and the candle is more enjoyable than that of Shirin-o-Farhad and Layla-o-Majnun and says² :—

حقیقت در مجازت می نما یم

I demonstrate reality in metaphor.

The candle is brought in the assembly and illuminates it. The "High starred" moth sees it and dotes upon it. The two confidential servants of candle are Camphor and Aroma. The candle, smelling moths love for her, sends him a message through camphor and aroma to refrain from infatuation. But the moth is unaffected and asserts his staunchness, and determination.³

من آن هستیم که ساری کبابم
بسوزم جان وز آتش رو نتا بم

Even thou roast me yet I shall not sverve from fire (turn my face off the fire).

The candle is infuriated and says, "If my sense of honour flares up, I can reduce thousands like you to ashes like lightning. So be off with your idea of a union with me".

The moth begins to wail before the candle saying, "My heart is all bleeding due to your separation". Then the moth quoting the story of Joseph says, "I am like that old woman who wished to buy off Joseph for a few threads of cotton with the inward aim of being included amongst his paramours". This melts the heart of candle and she begins to weep. This

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS. F. 12b.

2. *Ibid.*, F. 12b.

3. *Ibid.*, F. 18b.

sense is described thus by Ahli.¹

نگاهدم عاشقی در عشق صادق
که بر عشقش نشد معشوق عاشق
میان عاشق و معشوق رازیت
که گر این موزد آنرا هم گدازیت
پای یار اگر خاری در آید
ز عاشق ناله و زاری بر آید

I have never come across a lover who has not brought out metamorphosis in his beloved, turning him into a lover. This is a secret between the lover and the beloved, for if the former is ablaze with love, the latter also melts itself outright. If the beloved's foot is prickled with a thorn, the lover heaves sighs and sheds tears.

Gradually she is also attracted towards the moth until she confides this secret to camphor and aroma. On the other hand, the moth is suffering the pangs of separation. The candle cannot bear separation and she falls ill. The facial colour and illness of the candle indicate her inner fire on her servants. The camphor opens his mouth for advice like an old man and says, "O! You tender beloved! Why are you burning yourself in a foolish notion and wasting your beauty by weeping and wailing"? The candle turns a deaf ear to his advice.

The aroma hearing and seeing all this spreads like a love lock of the beauties and buoyts her up. The encouragement of aroma gives the candle a fresh courage and at last on the advice of aroma, the candle despatches one of her colleagues named "Nur" as emissary to the moth to convey her inner most feelings to him.

"Nur" reaches there in the twinkling of an eye and finds the moth extremely convulsed in separation. The moth coming to know his identity enquires about the candle and describes

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS. F. 23a.

his state in separation. The craving for the candle increases in him manifold. It is almost killing for him to hear the lovely account of her love for him and his restlessness increases. He says to "Nur"¹ :—

دری بر روی من از لطف بکشای
رهی بر کعبه مقصود بنمای

Open a door of your kindness and indulgence toward me, and guide me on the path of sanctuary of the Ka'ba.

Until he reaches near the candle. When the moth approaches the light, the candle's love also wakes up. In other words² :—

دو عاشق را نظر چون بر هم افتد
تو گوئی آتشی در عالم افتد
چو کردند آن دوتن در هم نگاهی
در آمد از درون هر دو آهی
ز چشم هر دو از غم را ز زاری
کشادی گریه بی اختیاری

When two lovers happen to face each other, it appears as if a world is set on fire. When both of them exchange looks, their sighs are heard on both ends. Tear trickle down the eyes of both and they can't help moaning helplessly.

The candle loses all balance. The moth says, "Upon you be sacrificed thousands like me!" The following is the lesson drawn by Ahli³ :

دلا پروانه وش در عشق جان ده
که این مرگ از حیات جاودان به
کسی در عاشقی فیروز باشد
که چون پروانه خرمن سوز باشد

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS. F. 43a.

2. *Ibid.*,

3. *Ibid.*, F. 45b,

O my heart ! Sacrifice your life at the altar of love like a moth, for such death is far better than eternal life. He alone can be successful in love who burns his heart like a moth.

When the moth burns himself for the candle, she is overwhelmed with sorrow and grief and a stream of tears trickles down her eyes and she wears mourning dress. The bereavement and the consequent grief has its effect and she also breathes her last. When the candle is removed from amidst the assembly, even the sky mourns.¹

حدیث عشق شان مشهور بادا

Their love tale may spread far and wide.

In this *Mathnawi* Ahli Shirazi, while describing the Candle and Moth has very beautifully kept up the Persian verse tradition. The flower and candle and the nightingale and moth are respectively the symbols of beloved and lover. Fughani says in *Diwan-i-Fughani* (Tehran Ed) p. 191 :—

گردم بگرد دوست چو پروانه گرد شمع
واصل شوم مگر بود آرام من بهان

I move round my beloved, as does a moth moves round the candle for my aim and ambition are to secure union which means eternal solace for me.

The Persian classical poetry maintained a distinction between the love of flower and nightingale and that of candle and moth. According to the Persian verse tradition, the flower (*i.e.* Rose) kept silent and did not respond to the tender call of love made by nightingale. This led the latter to transform her emotion of love into some other mould which is technically known as sublimation. It is said that this sublimation manifested itself in lifelong sweet and fiery songs. The famous lyrics of Khwaju opening with the verse.... ,

این غزل یک دو لوبت از سر روز
بلبلی باز گفت از نور روز

1. *Kulliyat Ahli Shirazi*, MS. F. 47a.

This lyric of spring was recited most heartily by the nightingale once or twice, during Nau Roze,

Successfully attempts to describe the different aspects of this process of sublimation.

In contradistinction to flower and nightingale. the love of candle and moth is entirely of a different nature. The tradition of Persian classical poetry assumed an intimate relation between the candle and the moth. Here the candle also burnt along with the burning moth and when the latter burnt itself out of existence the former also ran out.

The love of candle and moth contains no element of sublimation. Their connection is mostly sexual. The moth is fortunate enough to achieve and enjoy a union with the candle though he is extinguished in this love. It seems that the love of nightingale with flower and the love of moth with candle are of divergent natures. The love of flower and nightingale is a pure love and ultimately leads to a sublimation while the love of candle and moth is based on mutual consent and consolation and ultimately results in the extinction of the moth after a union. The nightingale, stung by the immutable silence of the flower, sings throughout her life driving the emotion of her love into other channels while the moth achieves his union with the beloved candle and is burnt at last. This very theme has been adopted and presented by Ahli Shirazi.



GHALIB AND NATIQ

There is a famous 'Mathnavi' "Dard-o-Dagh", composed by Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib. (1212 A.H./1797 A.D. —1285 A.H./1869 A.D.). He has related an interesting story in it. A woman prayed that she should again become young. The prayer was conceded to and she changed her temperament. She condemned her husband.

عهد حق صحبت و الفت شکست رنگ بر رخساره عصمت شکست

"Broken are all the agreement of company and love, the colour on the cheeks of chastity has faded out."

The husband, being broken hearted due to her unfaithfulness, wished her ill and she became a she pig. On this occasion, Mirza Ghalib says :—

خوک شد و پنجه زدن ساز کرد با سرو رو عر بده آغاز کرد

"Changed into a pig and started striking her claws; Began moving her head and face with anger".

A contemporary of Mirza Ghalib, Gul Mohammad Khan Natiq Mekrani (died 1264 A.H./1848 A.D.), also tried his pen on this subject. He belonged to Mekran. At the end of 18th Century and in the beginning of 19th Century, he displayed his genius. Firstly he went to Sind and then towards India. He attached himself to the Princes of Awadh Muhammad Ali Shah, Amjad Ali Shah and Wajid Ali Shah².

1. *Kulliyat-e-Ghalib*, (p. 71 to 79) Lucknow, 1925.

2. Muhammad Siddiq Hasan Khan, *Sham-e-Anjuman*, Bhopal, 1293, p. 472.

He wrote :—

صبا از جانب ناطق صلاسی خاک مکران را
که من چون غنچه دل در گلشن هندوستان بستم
ای عزیزان وطن دست بشوئید از من
که کشته هندی و سبزان گلابی پوشش

“Salaam (be greetings) be to the land of Mekran from Natiq through the wind ; for I have set my heart on the garden (the land of) Hindostan like a flower. O' dear countrymen, no more hope for me ; as I am bewitched fully by a beloved with a black mole and dressed in pink garments”.

He wrote a letter to Mirza Ghalib from Lucknow in which he mentioned the crisis of his life. He also pointed out the indifference and disinterestedness of Nawabs and richmen towards artists and scholars. The letter begins like this :—

رقعه اسد الله خان غالب دہلوی عرف مرزا نوشہ -

ای آنکہ بری نامہ من رو بقضا کن صد قافلہ رشک بہین بر اثر خود
چون شرح اشتیاق ملاقات آنجناب کرامت انتصاب نہ بمثلہ ایست
در حیز تحریر گنجای پذیرد ناگزیر بگزارش برخی از سوانح حوات
اینصوب سامع خراش مگردد۔ کما بیش دہ حال میگذرد کہ زمین گیر
این دیار میباشم ، اما طرفگیہائیکہ از وضع این دیاریاں دیدہ ام بیچ
کافر نہ بنیاد از خواص و عوام این مخلوق کمتر کسی بودہ باشد کہ نسبت
تعارف اسمی یا جسمی با من درست نکرده باشد ۔ ۔ ۔ (بازمی نویسدید)
چہ عجب کہ غالب را از دہوان بر خیزاند و ناطق را بجائش

1. Natiq Makrani, *Jauhar-e-Moazzum*, pp. 38, 39, Lucknow, 1277 A.H.

2. *Kulliyat-Nasr-e-Ghalib*, III Edition pp. 244, 245 Lucknow, 1884.

نشاند - - - - پیماها پیماها

ع من چنان تان چنان دریغ دریغ

“Letter—To Asadullah Khan Ghalib of Dehli, known as Mirza Naoshah. O’ messenger, with my letter, turn your face back, and see the caravans of jealousy behind you. As the yearning to meet you is inexpressible in words, and all the high and the low are known to me yet I must say God save even a becthen from the quaint behaviour of these people, I state some thing about my life. Nearly, ten years have elapsed since I have settled this area. He writes again how curious it is if Ghalib is replaced by Natiq. But alas-alas, I can not be as you are, it is impossible.”

At the end of the letter he also pointed out a verse of Mirza Ghalib to be improved—Khook : had no claw, he said Mirza Ghalib realized the reasonableness of this criticism and improved his verse by deleting the word ‘Panja’-claw. Mirza Ghalib wrote a letter like this :—

از غالب هر زه سرا به ناطق رنگین نوا ، سلام

راست میگویم و یزدان نه پسندد جز راست

حرف نا راست سرودن روش اهر منست

به تیزی دم ذوالفقار به فروغ گوهر حیدر کرار ، سوگند که پیماها
های خوک در نظرم نبوده است - اگرچه نوع آفرینش را در ویرانه و
خرابه ها بسیار دیده ام اما ژرف نگهی بکار نبرده ام - گمان من آن بود که
خوک همچو سگ و گربه پای دارد - اکنون از روی نوشته شاهد نظر جلوه
کرد که خوک هم دارد و پنجه ندارد - کاش نامه شما پیش ازان که کلیات
نقش انطباق پذیرد بمن رسیدی تا درین مصرع خوک شد و پنجه زدن
ساز کرد - - - - بجای پنجه زدن بد نفسی بنشتمی -

“From Ghalib the vainglorious to Nkaq, the melodious, be a Salam.

I state truly and Allah does not like anything except truth. Stating false things is the custom of Satan (the devil). I swear by the sword of Hazrat Ali that unluckily I have never seen carefully the pig's feet-claw. Though I have often seen this creature in forests and in ruined places, but never noticed so deeply (to note the shape of its feet). I thought the pig might be having feet like a dog or as that of a cat. Now through your letter I came to know that the pig does not have claw but have hoof. I received your letter before the publication of Kulliyat the whole work of the author. The line reading ‘Khook shodwa panja zadan saz kard’ خوک شد و پنجه زدن ساز کرد is changed into ‘Bad-Nafsi’ بد نفسی in the place of the word ‘panja zadan’ پنجه زدن”

This is the only letter of Mirza Ghalib written to Natiq which was published in ‘Panj Ahang’. Anyhow, we will have to agree with Ghulam Rasul¹ Mehr that both the poets had frank and friendly relations. Had it not been so, neither Natiq would have criticised Ghalib in this way nor Ghalib would have replied like this. It is likely that both of them might have been meeting in Delhi or Lucknow. Natiq might be in Lucknow before 1827 A.D. and meeting in Delhi seems certain as Natiq might have stayed in Delhi on his way to Lucknow. One cannot imagine that a Persian poet should pass through Delhi and he might not have seen Mirza Ghalib.

In a letter, Natiq praises the people of Delhi like this;—

دہلی در حق ما صد درجہ رجحان بر این دیار نا پیرسان
داشت یاران قدر شناس با اینهمہ کوتاہ دستی دربارہ ما ید طولی داشتند و
بد زر قدردانی خریدار کا لئے کا مدم بودند،

“For my ownself Delhi is far better than this land of careless people. There are some patrons, who generously appreciate whatever I have”.

1. Preface *Jauhr-e-Moazzum* by Dr. Inamul Haq Kausar Quetta, 1969.

The Persian letters of Mirza Ghalib, written during the period 1826-1852 A.D. are a valuable treasury. One can rightly guess the hardships and troubles of Mirza from them. He relates his agonies to friends. The letters of Natiq Mekrani also reveal the same thing more or less. For example Mirza Ghalib writes in a letter.

ہنگامہ دیوانگی برادر یک طرف وغوغائے وام خواہاں یکسو - - -
 آشو بے بدید آمد کہ نفس راہ لب و نگاہ چشم فراموش کرد - - - و گیتی
 بدیں روش * روشنای در نظر تیرہ و تار شد - بالیے از سخن دوختہ و
 چشمے از خویش فرو بستہ جہاں جہاں شکستگی و عالم عالم خستگی
 باخود گرفتم و از بیداد روزگار نالاں و سینہ بہ دم تیغ نالاں بہ
 کلکتہ رسیدم -

“On the one side madness of brother and on the other hand the noise of the creditors made me breathless and my eyes turned to be without sight. The whole world before me became dark. In these circumstances, I reached Calcutta”.

In the following lines you can see how the lenders wait as Natiq pictures :—

”ہر گاہ کہ از طرف خان مذکور دام اقبالم بر میگردد اژدہام قرض
 خواہاں بیشتر می شود کہ چیزی آورده باشد و بما نمیدہد“

Or you may see how he conveys his thoughts about reward of prose and verse :—

”یازدہ سال میگذرد کہ بفرمائش مربیان صد ہا نظم و نثر پرداختم
 و بغیر حرمان چہزی دیگر نیندوختم ہاں حسرت است کہ امروز
 صورت کوفت گرفتہ کاش جسم و جان می نماید اگر اینہمہ دماغ سوزیا
 نکرده بود می این ماہہ تاسف ہانکردمی“

Mirza Ghalib and Natiq Mekrani follow the literary traditions of “Qaseeda”—a poem depicting personal praise. It seems

that they think Qasidah just as Urfi thinks it a کار هوس پیشگان (out put of the greedy). So they frequently use similies. That is why most of the Qasidahs of Ghalib are nothing but hymns and praises of Holy Prophet or saints. Natiq Mekrani also acts like this more or less. Both the poets do not hesitate in praising themselves like Urfi Sheerazi. Mirza Ghalib composed the last Qasidah in his own praise :—

از نکوی نشان نمی خواهم
خویش را بدگان نمی خواهم

“I do not point out good (about me) and don't make myself suspicious.”

Ghalib equalities himself with the person he is praising in Qasidah as :—

مرا به شیوه جادو دمی بهال محال
ترا نه پایه شاهنشی عدیل عذیم

“I am gifted with the powerful eloquence and you have been bestowed with the greatness of a judicious King.”

In one of the Tashbibs he assesses his humour in a very nice way :—

مراد هست به پی کوچه گرفتاری
کشاده روی تراز شاهدان بازاری
به لاغری کنم آسان قبول فیض سخن
که رشته رود رباید گهر ز همواری
ز طوطیان شکر خامگوی راز من جوی
نشاط زمزمه و لذت جگر خواری
چو زلف جوهر تیغم بود پریشانی
چو چشم ناز بخویشم رسد ز بیماری

“The beloved's street is my object. And am more

opened hearted than a street friend swindler. By remaining as a thin person bodily, I can easily get the blessed eloquence, just as a thin thread can easily take its way to a gem, the honey tongued birds may not be informed the secret of any joy through the heart-rending. My perplexity is the brand sword like the (loose) hair (of a beloved), The sickness gives me blandishment like the eyes of a beloved”.

Natiq mentions himself in this way :—

درین زمانه من آن شاعرم که نتوان یافت
لظیر من به سخن در قلمرو ایجاد

“In this age I am a poet of such a calibre that there can be none in the world like me”.

آن بلبلم که گر بچمن سر کند فغان
از هر درخت آتش موسی شود عیان
آن گلشنم که باد ز فیض شمیر او
بخشد بمرده چون نفس عسوی روان
آن قطره ام که باله اگر بر وجود خویش
هر قطره اش نشان دهد از بحر بیکران
آن شاعرم که شهرت شعرم جهان گرفت
چون صفت کام شی دستور شه نشان

“I am like a nightingale and if once start lamentations, may appear from every tree of the garden, fire of love (like the fire that appeared for Moses). I am like a garden through which blows such a wind that gives life to a dead body, (like the spirit of Jesus that gives life to dead). I am like a drop, which in itself has the capacity of being boundless sea. I am a poet whose poetry has allured the whole world, like the popular and purposeful law of the ruler”.

Like Mirza Ghalib, complaint of indifference to literature or not knowing the worth of a literary figure is found not only in Natiq's prose but also in his verse.

ناطق نشد بجز کفنی حاصلم ز دهر
آن هم بمزد گورکنی گورکن گرفت
صد رهش در گذر خضر فشاندیم ولی
از سیه بختی ما سبز نشد دانه ما
تیغ صد گنج بهائیم ولی بیقدریم
کز هنردر ته زنگار بود جوهر ما
ناطق از خجلت کم قیمتی خویش بدهر
آب شد بار دگر گوهر یک دانه ما

"O' Natiq, I could not get from this world except a coffin, and that too was taken by grave-digger as his wages. By hundred ways we passed through the passage of Khizer-the good leader ; but our bad luck could not turn to be good. We are like a valuable sword but the rust has made us valueless. 'O' Natiq, valueless in the world, our precious gem too was turned into water."

Then he becomes home sick :—

گاه در ناله ام از درد گرفتاری خویش
گاه در گریه ام از فرقت اطفال و عیال
عفو کن جرم ناله ام صیاد
کا مدم یاد ز آشیانه خویش
مرد مشهور کند نام وطن را ناطق
بایزید اینهمه جاگفته که بسطامی هست

"Sometimes I cry for my own troubles and sometime I weep for the separation of my family and children. I beg pardon from the hunter for remembering my nest (the house). 'O' Natiq, a man is the source of publicity for his native country,

as Bayazid is every where remembered to be a man from Bastam".

Like Mirza Ghalib grief was the dominant feature of Natiq's life. No fountain of pleasure was to be found in his life. Grief is permanent and very deep surrounding his life. He feels a certain kind of taste in such a state. For example.

نه شتابد اجل از دهشت غم بر سر ما
 سر ما باد فدای غم جان پرور ما
 مژده ای درد که زخم دل ما نا سوز است
 وز رخس چشم بد حق مرهم دورست
 ناطق مطلق صحبت راحت طلبان را
 بگریز زردیکه گریزان زدوا نیست
 نعمت جنت اگر نذر مذاقم سازند
 ذوق اندوه تو حاشاکه فراموش کنم

"Due to the fear of my grief the death too does not come to me. I may sacrifice myself for this life preserving grief. Be happy 'O' my pains for the heart injury has become an ulcer.

'O' Natiq do not go in for the company of easy goers and remain away from the pains which do not avoid treatment. If the blessings of heaven are given to me even then I would not forget your interesting grief".

Natiq, like Ghalib, also knows how to conquer grief. He sees a bright lightening among the black clouds. First, study a few verses of Ghalib and then evaluate Natiq.

ای که بدیده نم زتست وی که بینه غم زتست
 بارش غم که هم زتست خاطر شادمی دهد
 غم که بهم در افکند رو که مرادمی دهد
 دانه ذخیره می کند کاه بیاد می دهد
 آخر منزل نخست خوی تو راه می زند
 اول منزل دگر بوی تو زاد می دهد

نضا در کارها اندازه' بر کس نگه دارد
 بقطع وادی' غم می گارد تیز گامان را
 کلید بستگی تست غم بجوش اے دل
 تو گر چنین نگدازی گره کشای تو کیست
 خارها از اثر گرسی رفتارم سوخت
 متی بز قدم راهروانست مرا “

“O beloved, my eyes are wet due to you and I have also pains in my chest due to your grief. You go and get your aim, it does not matter if grief pulls you down, the grain is always stored and the husk blown away (by the wind).

The destiny deals with every one with some rules and scales. The fast goers are helped to cross the valley of grief. ‘O’ heart, grief is the key to your being locked and if you do not weep how can you get yourself opened. The thorns have been burnt by my fast speed, it is all due to the goodness of my ever-moving steps.”

بوابه مملکت همت و بین ناطق
 که من تو نگر و این منعمان فقیر من اند
 بشاخ گل نشیمن ساختن بر بلبل ارزانی
 که من در چنگل شهباز خونریز آشیان بستم
 نخواهد همم محرومی کس گو بود دشمن
 پی آگاهی رهن جرم بر کاروان بستم
 عاجز نیم ز عربده آسمان هنوز
 دارم بخویش قوت آهی گمان هنوز
 خورشید حشر مرزد و از دور آه من
 ظلمت سراست عرصه' این خاکدان هنوز
 صد شمع بر فروختم و دل ز تهرگی
 باشد نیاز مند فروغ شرر هنوز

"O Natiq come and see the world of struggle and note that I am rich and these moneyed men are paupers in fact. To prepare a nest on a branch of flower plant is an easy job for a nightingale for I have woven my nest in the bloody claws of a royal hawk. My greatness in me does like anyone to be disappointed. So I have tied bells in the caravan for information of the dacoits. I am not helpless before the tactics of the heaven, I still trust in the power of my inner grief. The sun of the day of resurrection has appeared and the smokes of my grief have darkened the whole world. I have enlightned many lights but my heart due to its darkness still awaits for light from some spark."

These two quatrains seem to be essence of Natiq's experience of life.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| بر تارک افلاک فلاکت تاجم | عمریست که تیر چرخ را آما جم |
| چند آنکه خدا غنی ست من محتاجم | یک شمع ز مفلسی خود شرح دهم |
| تا بی نبرد کسی که چون میگیریم | در بسته بخانه اندرون میگیریم |
| می سوزم و می نا لم و خون میگیریم | دور از لب میگون تو مانند کباب |

"A life has passed since I am under the constant arrows thrown by the destiny; on the heaven of misfortune I have been crowned. I give an example of my being poor, that I am a poor man to the extent as much as God is wealthy. I weep inside the closed doors, so that none be aware of the cause of my weeping. Remaining away from your red lips I am crying, weeping and trembling".

In some odes he follows the rhythm of Ghalib:—

| | |
|-------|---------------------------------|
| غالب— | بر قند نه بر شهد نشیند مگس ما |
| ناطق— | بر شربت دینار نچسپد مگس ما |
| غالب— | در کشور بیداد تو فرمان قضا نیست |
| ناطق— | در کشور بیداد تو سودا برضا نیست |
| غالب— | زمن گسستی و پیوند مشکل افتاد ست |

ناطق — در آتشی من بیچاره را دل افتادست
 غالب — در کلبه ما از جگر سوخته بو برد
 ناطق — اندیشه حور از دلم آن روی نکو برد

“Ghalib-Our fly does not sit either on honey or on sugar.

Natiq-Our fly does not cling to the sweet syrup.

Ghalib-In the land of your cruelty destiny has no jurisdiction.

Natiq-In the land of your cruelty no bargain is done with assent.

Ghalib- You lift me and attached to the difficult one....

Natiq-Heart has fallen in the fire of poor man like me.

Ghalib-The smell of bereaved soul was felt from my hut.

Natiq-The beautiful one has removed the thought of huric from me.”

Mirza Ghalib had said :—

دوست غمخواری میں میری سعی فرمائیں گے کیا

زخم کے بھرنے تلک لاخن نہ بڑھ آئیں گے کیا

“What help can my friends render to me in my troubles,

Trouble will overtake me before injuries are cured.”

Natiq says :—

لذت ز درد بسکہ دل زار من گرفت

ناخن ز دم بداغ اگر بہ شدن گرفت

“My grieved heart is so much found pains that I create more trouble before it is cured”.

Ghalib ;—

میں بھی رک رک کے نہ مرتا جو جفا کے بدلے

دشمنہ اک تیز ما ہوتا مرے غمخوار کے پاس

Natiq :—

تا یکی از سخت جانی نیم بسمل زیستن
میزنم زین باز بر تیغی کہ باشد بس مرا

“How long to live half alive and half dead, I shall face such a sword that shall bring my end.”

In the words of Ghalib —

نے تیر کہاں میں ہے نہ صیاد کہیں میں
گوشتے میں قفس کے مجھے آرام بہت ہے

“No fear of arrow in the bow or of hunder in onback, I am much relieved in a corner of cage.”

Bedil had said :—

جز بگمنامی سراغ امن نتوان یافتن
ورنہ از ہرواز ما تا بال عنقا آتش است

“Peace is untracable except in an unknown living, otherwise all is fine from my flight to the Phocai.”

Natiq says the same thing like this :—

گر چو بلبل کلبہ از خار و خس باشد مرا
کشتنی باشم اگر گشن ہوس باشد مرا
کی میسر می شود مرغان باغ خلد را
این فرا غتھا کہ در کنج قفس باشد مرا

“Though there may be some next for me like night-ingle but I may be killed if I ever desire for the garden. How can the birds of heaven get this calm that I have in a corner of the prison.”

Spontaniety, simplicity, melody, flexibility, intensity of emotion and force of feeling are the essentialities of Natiq's work. He has the traits of some Persian poets but is so much to Ghalib that one might call him “Ghalib the junior,” “غالب کوچک”

ZAIB MAGASI

Quetta—Kalat region (Baluchistan) is a land of contrasts, of high altitudes and low depressions, of whirlwinds and snow-falls, of fast rivers and almost dry streams, of sleeping arid mountains and bushgreen lively valleys. Many academic and literary figures spring up here. One such was Mir Gul Muhammad Khan Magasi pennamed Zaib.

The Mir tried his poetic talent in different form of poetry and his products undoubtedly bear the stamp of immaculate skill and originality.

Magasi is one of the main tribes of the Baluchs. Its *Sardar* Qasir Khan had three sons and two of them, Sardar Gul Muhammad Khan Zaib and Yusuf Ali Khan Aziz, are very well known in this province. Yusuf Ali Khan Aziz fell a victim to the Quetta Earthquake of 1935.

Sardar Gul Muhammad Khan Zaib was born in Jhal Magasi, the seat of Sardar Khel, in 1883 A.D. and died in 1953 A.D. at the age of seventy.

زیب گردی نہاں بجاک آخر
گر بزور همسر کیان باشی

Though he was amongst the wealthiest sardars, yet his habits as well as his way of living were simple to the extent of puritanism. He was a saint and chose an other-worldly life. Himself has stated :—

مراد سلطنت را ترک کردم بہر درویشی
چو ابرہیم ادھم ملک و سامان دادم و رفتم

ہوس عروص دنیا از سینہ ات برون کن
کاین بے وفا پذیرد ہر روزہ تازہ شوی

The ambition for royal pomp and show I left off in favour
of mendicity,

The country and its paraphernalia I abdicated like Ibrahim
Adham and left.

Turn out from thy bosom the greed for the worldly bride,
As this faithless embraces a new husband every day.

He spent a greater part of his life in the pursuit of knowledge and study of our academic and literary legacy although he was far away from the cultural centres. His devotion to learning assumed such proportions that he gradually lost all his interest even for his *sardarship*.

One of his masterpieces (پنج دیوان فارسی) پنج گلدستہ زیب was published at Nevalkishore Press, Lucknow, in 1350 A.H./1930 A.D. It comprises 262 pages and in it are contained his poetic compositions in various forms and designs. No other poet of Baluchistan has written in such lucid and fresh style on such different topics and that too in such inimitable style. He introduced his own innovations, too. For instance, he successfully experimented presenting a unified picture after presenting apparently unconnected events. His *diwan* is a specimen of fineness and excellence with a beauty of musical sound-effects. That's why his reader is often reminded of the melodious Qa'ani Shirazi. The arrangement of پنج گلدستہ زیب is like this :—

The first *diwan* or *Zaib Nama* contains 32 *ghazals*. Its metres are based on alphabet. For example he writes under ردیف م on p. 15.

مقدار را چہ طاقت کہ زند آواز منصوری
بریں منبر اذان عشق و عرفان دادم و رقم
یارانہ زود زیبا بنویس با دم خود
تعریف دست و ہایش بر کاغذ حنائی

(ردیف یا) P. 17

Second *diwan* named as دیوان عجیب has 58 *ghazals* in which the poet leaves one letter (حرف) of the alphabet in every *ghazal*. Third *diwan* or دیوان بحور (metres) has 153 *ghazals* which have been written both in popular and rare metres.

The fourth *diwan* or دیوان صنائع contains *ghazals*, *qasidahs* etc. which are strictly classified under different figures of speech, such as

ترکیب بند ، ترجیع بند ، مستزاد ، مثلث ، مربع ، ممدس ،
صنعت تفریق ، صنعت تقسیم ، صنعت تلخیص ، مراعات النظیر ، لف و
نشر مرتب ، تنسیق الصفات ، مبالغه ، سوال و جواب

In it are also included *ghazals* or *qasidahs* which are entirely without any points (نقطہ). Some of them do not have even a single Arabic word. Besides, there are riddles also which were so popular with the poets of the 9th century A.H. so much so that Ahli Shirazi has written quite a large number of them. Here is one riddle (معما براسم عمر)

از بہر نام خویش ربود آن نگار من
چتر عطارد و کلمے ماہ تخت مہر
(از چتر عطارد عین خواستہ و از کلاہ ماہ میم و از تخت مہر رائے پس
اسم عمر مرتب شد)

That part has also 8 quatrains. For example :—

یا شاہنشہ سوئے گدائے بنگر
از لطف بحال بینوائے بنگر

O thou Emperor, look at the beggar,
Look at the helpless benevolently.
I am stranger to the people and acquaintant with thee,
Be not stranger, look at (Your) acquaintant !

بیگانہ ز خلقم آشنا یم با تو
بیگانہ مشو بر آشنائے بنگر

The fifth *diwan* or (دیوان مفردات) or single couplets has 714

verses which mostly speak of philosophical, ethical, mystical and lyrical themes. This is the best of all the *diwans*. The earlier parts, particularly the second and the third, are unmistakable proof of his skill in prosody (عروض), figures, metres and rhymes yet his craze for them often makes them the end of his writings rather than a means to fresh and original ideas and the reader is often faced with repetitions recollecting Zaib's own verse :—

نیست ممکن کز سخنور هر سخن خیزد بلیغ
کے شود هر قطره مروارید از ابر بهار

It is not possible that every verse from a poet should
be grand,

How can every drop from a spring cloud be a dia-
mond?

(دیوان مفردات) is immune of such faults and it can justifiably be said that this *diwan* is the very soul of Zaib. Here are to be found in abundance niceties of thought and freshness of ideas.

Now we reproduce below a few verses from each part so as to elucidate the above conclusions. In one of the *ghazals* he has pointed out that we do not tread over beaten tracks only but also traverse the new paths howsoever beset with difficulties.

مقید کی شوم بر ساحل تقلید چون عباس
چو کشتی شکسته تن به طوفان دادم و رفتم

How can I be confined to the shore of imitation like
commoners?

I consigned my body to the typhoon, like a broken
boat and left.

Sheikh Sadi once wrote :

اے تماشا گاہ عالم روئے تو
تو کجا بہر تماشا می روی

Zaib has expressed the same idea like this :—

(غزل در صنعت ترک الشین المعجم)
ما بغم تو مبتلا تو به هوائے کیمتی
بہر لقات میطیم محو لقائے کیستی

We are immersed in thy grief, whom are thou after ?
I pine for thy countenance. In whose countenance are
thou lost ?

Just mark the effect of eye brows of the beloved :—

(غزل در صنعت ترک الظاء معجم)
از سوزن مسیح نیاید برون دلا
در سینه کہ خار زمر گان ملیدہ است

Even the needle of Messiah can't take out, O heart,
The thorn pricked by the eyelashes in the breast.

Here is a comparison of Zaib and other poets:—

Urfi

می روی با غیر و می گوئی کہ عرفی ہم بیا
لطف فرمودی برو این پای را رفتار نیست

Zaib

بتم بادیکراں شاد است سوی من نمی آید
ز غیرت سوختم چندان کہ در گفتن نمی آید

My idol is happy with others and does not come to me,
I am so much consumed by shame that I have no
words to describe.

Ghalib

کعبہ کس منہ سے جاؤ گے غالب
شرم تم کو مگر نہیں آتی

Zaib

وقت طوائف داشت خیال بتان دلم
در کعبہ رفتہ زیب گنہگار تو شدم

My heart thought of idols why circumambulating,
Having gone to Kaabah, O Zaib I became all the more
sinful.

Fughani

خوبی همه کرشمه و ناز و خرام نیست
بسیار شیوه هست بتان که نام نیست

Zaib

نازیکه از تو دیدم دردیکه زو کشیدم
آید نه در تکلم گنجد نه در عبارت

The coquetry I saw from thee and the pain I received
from it,

Can be neither spoken nor written.

Amir Khusrow

آقا قها گردیده ام مهر بتان ورزیده ام
بسیار خوبان دیده ام اما تو چیزی دیگری

Through all the corners of the earth

I roamed and loved the fair ones

I saw a thousand beauties rare

But thou art far above them.

Zaib

خوبان بسی دیده ایم در شهرها هر از ناز
چون تو کمی کم دیدیم افسون دمی باگفتار

Sadi

عشق بازی چیست سر در پای جانان باختن
بے سر اندر کوی دلبر عشق نتوان باختن

Zaib

کار زاهد نیست از جام محبت باده نوشی
در طریق عشق پا نه نهند الاسیر فشانان

An ascetic can't drink wine from the cup of love,

None can tread the path of love except those who surrender their heads.

Jami

پیش ارباب خود شرح مکن مشکل عشق
نکته خاص مگو مجلس عام است اینجا

Zaib

فاش اسرارش مکن الا بمحرم راز جانی
قصه حسنش مگو الا به بزم حن دانان

Divulge not His secrets except to thy bosom confidant,
Tell not the story of His love except in the party of
beauty connoisseurs.

In view of the transitoriness of the world he impresses upon us the necessity of constant work :—

در دنیا کس دائم کم ماند کاری کن
کو کسری کو قیصر کو بابر کو اکبر
به نیکی بکوش زیب که این جا
فقط ماند نام نیک زکسری

The following *ghazal* is entirely in conformity with Indo-Pakistan school of Persian poetry :—

(غزل بحر جزمثن مطوی نبون)
کام من ست تلخ تر دو بئی کام کیستی
جامه خدمت زاشک تر دست بجام کیستی
بهر تو دلفروز من چون شمع ست سوز من
شام شدست روز من ماه تمام کیستی
در چمن چو پا زدم مرغ اسیر آمدم
بسته دام تو شدم عیش مدام کیستی

سرو صفت شدم بگل مثل مه ست چاک دل
 سرو ز قامت خجل بدر مقام کیستی
 چون مه نو ز مهر تو لاغرم ای تو مهر رو
 بهر لقای ماه نو بر لب بام کیستی
 بسته شدم بموی تو خسته شدم زخوی تو
 زیب غلام روی تو گو غلام کیستی

The fifth *diwan* or دیوان مفردات or کتاب الافراد has no complete and continuous *ghazal* but, as already stated, each couplet contains in itself a lofty idea or a beautiful theme or a fine point or a rare simile. Some specimen are given below :—

Wine songs (خمریات)

سپیدی آمد در مو دل آرزو نگهداشت
 نرفت بوئے شراب از لباس کهنه ما
 ظالمان کردند ازوی میر ما را لب نه تر
 واعظا هر میکده جاری مکن حکم فوات

Whiteness has crept into my hair, yet, my heart is still longing.

The smell of wine still permeates my old garment.

The tyrants became satiated but our lips are still parched,

O thou preacher, issue not the order of Furat (Euphrates) on the wine house.

Aptness of illustration (حسن تمثیل)

بیخودان عشق را کو حاجت ترک لباس
 از تن تصویر پیرا هن نمیگردد جلد
 مرد مکهای دو چشمم را چه باک از گریه ام
 مردم آبی ندارد خطر از موج محیط

Aptness of argument (حسن دلیل)

از درختی دید موسی ذات حق را جلوه گر
 نور حق را ما نه بینیم از رخ خوبان چرا
 نه تر دامن شود شخصی که پام آبرو دارد
 دلا برهان این قولم گهر باشد گهر باشد
 پرده را محتاج نبود حسن پاک
 بیغم از فانوس باشد شمع طور

Fresh similies

بگو که بکند نظاره دیده ما را
 کسی ندیده اگر در حباب دریا را
 صفحه رخسار را بر چشم نمنا کم بنه
 کاغذ جذاب را بر رقعہ ترمی نهند
 بکوی یار می دارم مقام خویش چون سایه
 گهی نزدیک درهستم گهی نزدیک دیوارم

Say who can see our eyes,

Except one who has seen a river in a bubble?

Put the page of thy cheek on my tearful eyes,

As a blotting paper is put on the wet letter.

I have the place of a shadow in the street of the friend,

Sometimes near the door and sometimes near the wall.

Poetical aetiology (حسن تعلیل)

چو گل بعارض او خواست همسری کردن
 صبا طپانچه زد و سرخ کرد رویش را

Description of eyebrow

ندارد احتیاج سرمه و ژگن میه رنگش
 که حاجت با میاهی کم بود کلک فرنگی را

Nicety of diction

شد بکویش هر که باز آمد بچشم هر مر شک
زائر کعبه نیارد آب زمزم را چرا

Description of beauty spot (خال)

پاسبان حسن باشد خال بر روی صبیح
میکند فلفل حفاظت هستی کافور را
بخال سرمه خطش را چه احتیاج بود
بغیر مهراین خط اعتبار می دارد

Sense of humour

بر گور من میار رقیب فسرده را
کاتش نمیزند مسلمان مرده را

Face

برفت خواب من اندر تصور رخ تو
بلی چو شمس مقابل بود نیا نیاید خواب

Indifference of the beloved

خود کشت زهب راو مگر مکر او بین
پرسان ست کو بکو که فلان را که کشته است

Idea

دمی از ناله اش خاموش گردان
که یا رب این دلست آخر جرم نیست

Silence it for a moment from wailing,
For, O God ! it is heart and not a bell.

The attention of the lover

از نظر ها ماند بر رخ خط سبزش پائمال
سبزه رادر رهگذر نشو و نما مشکل ترست

Separation

روز محشر از تمامی روزها باشد طویل
لیک روز هجر تو از وی دراز افزون ترست

The Day of Resurrection is the longest of all days,
But the day of thy separation is even longer than that.

Value

نقاب چهره خود پوش هر کسی بشکشا
متاع میشود ارزاں چو رفت دست بدست

Don't unveil your self before every body,
Money grows cheaper as it moves from hand to hand.

Mysticism

زندگی خواهی عرفان زنده باش
زیب بی عرفان چه سود از عمر نوح

If thou want life live in enlightenment,
What use of Noah's life without enlightenment, O Zaib!

Action

بود اراده ممکن اراده واجب
بغیر حرکت بد لیست حرکت مفتاح

A possible intention is an essential intention,
The key can't move without the movement of hand.

Contentment

زائل ز فقر رتبه عالی نمیشود
عزت خزانه ایست که خالی نمیشود

Moral lesson

یک ذره بغض در دل سبب خجالت است
موی در آبگینه کلان عیب گفته اند

Courage

از عهد طفلی ام به الم خو گرفته زیب
سبقم بدرم نیز الف لام میم بود

Wit

دمبدم خوانم به پیشش آیت تحریم می
من ازاں روز یکدم دیدم با رقبش باده نوش

گو کدام القاب بنویسم دلادر نامه اش
 نیست مشفق نیست مخلص نیست یار مهربان
 مرا بکشت بمسجد نگاه اوهر چند
 روا نباشد در خانه خدا کشتن

Argumentation

یک خیال دوست در دل بهترست از دیگری
 شاه دیگر چون بملک آید شود برباد ملک

Mind

باهم بیطاعتی بر حل مشکل قادرم
 میکنم عقده کشائی گر چو ناخن بے حس ام

Frankness

مثل آئینه آب در دیده
 زیب از صاف طینتی خودم

Like the mirror of water in the eye,
 Due to the pure nature, O Zaib, am I.

Passion

مانده ام در کوی آن غنچه دهن از لاغری
 گر بگزارم نمی آیم چو بوی گل بچشم

Conceit (نازک خیالی)

بوسه از رویت گر فتم دره گیسو بزن
 خود مقوم بر گناه خود چه میپرسی گواه
 از بسکه بار حسرت با خویش می برم
 باشد گران بدوش عزیزان جنازه ام

Retribution (مکافات)

ازان بسیار می خندند بر من
 که من بر دیگران خندیده بودم

The people copiously laugh at me now,
 As I had laughed at others once.

Wail or (آه رسا)

عشق کامل می برد مطلوب را با خویشتن
گنج قارون میرود همراه قارون در زمین

Curly hair

عشق زاف او کجا پوشیده ماند در دلم
موی در آئینه چون افتد کجا ماند نهان

Discontentment

دریغ چرخ به بد خصلتان دهد رفعت
بلند می نگرم شاخ آشیان زغن

Eagerness

این ست آرزوی دل من که روز و شب
خاموش گشته دارم بر روی تو نگاه

This is the desire of my heart that day and night,
I should concentrate my eyes on thee, calm and quiet.

Miracle of love

اشک از اعجاز عشق استاده شد در دیده ام
ورنه دریا از کجا گنجد درون زور قی

Another legacy of Zaib is *خزینة الاشعار* or *مخمسات زیب* which was published in 1936 in Lucknow. It has 352 pages and contains 301 *mukhamasat* (مخمسات). These were written in imitation of ancient and modern poets like Ghani Kashmiri, Jami, Unsuri, Urfi, Sadi, Zahir Faryabi, Hafiz, Nizami, Hilali, Qudsi, Bedil, Saib, Faizi, Kalim, Hakim Sanai, Natiq Makrani, Mirza Ahmad Ali Mastungi, Data Ganj Bakhsh, Mir Jan Muhammad Sindhi, Sheikh Abdul Qadir Jilani, Khwaja Nizamuddin Auliya, Hazrat Bahauddin Zikria Multani, Khwaja Fakharuddin Uddi Nizami, Mazhar Janjana, and Amir Khusrow, etc.

In this connection it is noteworthy that Zaib kept in view not only the great Iranian poets but also the literary figures of Indo-Pakistan whom the Iranian critics are apt to leave out so

many times. This clearly proves that Zaib was equally conversant with the great poets of Iran as well as of Indo-Pakistan. The fact that he wrote *mukhamasat* (مخمسات) on the *ghazal* of mostly mystical poets also testifies that Zaib had not only an affection for these elders but was himself imbued with mysticism. Some verses from these (مخمسات) are given below;—

Hafiz Shirazi, p. 23

جذب قلوب مردم تاثیر این دو حرف است

The absorption of the hearts of the people is the effect
of these two sayings,
These are the speech on the administration of the
world.

The image of the intention of the wise is the writing of
these two sayings,

The tranquility of both the worlds is the annotation of
these two sayings,

Kindness for friends, leniency for foes,

بر انتظام عالم تقریر این دو حرف ست

نقش مراد دانا تحریر این دو حرف ست

آمائش دو گیتی تفسیر این دو حرف ست

با دوستان تلافی با دشمنان مدارا

Waqif, p- 310.

اثر در دل گند آه رسا آهسته آهسته

بدست آید تسلی از رضا آهسته آهسته

شود مالک زبند خود رها آهسته آهسته

رود از دست چون رنگ حنا آهسته آهسته

Amir Khusrow, p, 312.

دلخسته را درمان شدی هم دین و هم ایمان شدی

پروانه را جانان شدی هم مشعل رخشان شدی

من گل شدم تو بو شدی بلبل شدم بستان شدی
 "من تو شدم تو من شدی من آن شدم تو جان شدی
 تا کس نگوید بعد ازین من دیگرم تو دیگری"

Ghulam Muhammad Natic Makrani p. 168.

چشمه سود یافته ایکه سجد گیر شدی
 بزهد خشک گریزان بام وزیر شدی
 ز ترک باره بدام الم اسیر شدی
 "بکجج صومعه زابد نشسته پیر شدی
 دمی بدیر نشین می کش و جوان برخیز"

Mir Jan Mohammad Sindhi p. 196.

بی محبت از لقائی حسن خوبان نیست حظ
 بیوصال دوست از جام زمستان نیست حظ
 بیدل شوریده از رقص وجدان نیست حظ
 "بی جنون کامل از میر بیابان نیست حظ
 جرات چاکی چو نبود از گریبان نیست حظ"

There is no pleasure in the face of the beauties, without
 love,
 There is no pleasure in the winter cup without the union
 of beloved,
 There is no pleasure in dancing and ecstasy without a
 love-mad heart,
 There is no pleasure in a desert walk without a perfect
 frenzy,
 There is no pleasure in a collar when there is no courage
 to tear it off.

Jami, p. 3.

نگاه از دیده دل بر جمال دلبرم بکشا
 که بینی آفتاب رحمت او جلوه گر بر جا
 از و با روشنائی شد بدل تلرکی دنیا
 "و صلی الله علی نور کزو شد نورها پیدا
 زمین در حب او ما کن فلک از عشق و شیدا"

In addition to these two collections, one another manuscript of Zaib is yet left to be published.

This collection comprises 692 pages of $16 \times 12 \frac{3}{4}$ inches 14×7 each.

This is too voluminous and this has been binded by Phulajra Changoon Mall Bookbinders Class Stationers General Merchants Jacobabad.

There are about eleven thousand verses in it.

It contains Mukhammas (Penta rhyme), Makhzan-us-Sana wa Sokht, Turji Bund, Mustazad, Musellas, Robiat and Afrad other than 1047 Ghazals.

This collection was completed in 1385 A.H. — 1938.

Please see these verses about the compilation of this manuscript.

”ایات تاریخی درباره ختم کتاب هذا“

هزار و سه صد و هم هژده بالا
که شد آغاز این کاخ معانی ۵۱۳۱۸
هزار و سه صد و پنجاه و هم هفت
که شد کامل بعون آسمانی ۵۱۳۵۷
سه شوال در روز دهم گشت
دلسم خورسند و شاد از خامه رانی
نهادم ارمغان عاشقان نام
مرا این مجموعه را کش لیست ثانی
دعائی زیب یارب نزدت این هست
که باقی باد در این دار فانی
مصنف را طفیل او در آفاق
میسر باد عمر جاودانی

تاریخ سال عیسوی از مصنف :

غین و ظا و لام و حا این وقت سال عیسوی ست

ختم شد در ماه آخر ارمغان عاشقان (دسمبر ۱۹۳۸ ع)

After this these verses follow :

یا الهی التجا دارم که در هر جا مرا
راحت دل باد این دیوان جان عاشقان
بر زبان عاشقان ما ناد از بر از عطای
ایکه تاثیر از تو میدارد زبان عاشقان
کار زیب آسان بکن یارب طفیل یا علی
آلکه دارد زیب عقبش کاروان عاشقان

Armaghan-Ashaqan opens with the following verses.

الهی رنگ و بوی آشنائی ده بهارم را
بداغ عشق خود کن نقش پیدا لاله زارم را
شکستی خار غم در سینه من از کف خوبان
هم آغوش گل آسید راحت ساز خوارم را
بسر کردم بسی در ظلمت شبهای نومیدی
بکن روز مراد آشنایان روزگارم را

O God, grace my spring with the attractive quality of
familiarity,
Bring forth an image with the scar of thy love from my
tulip garden.
Thou stuck the thorn of grief in my breast from the
hand of beauties,
Make my thorn the companion of the flower of the
hope of comfort.
I have passed many a day in the darkness of the
nights of despair,
Make my fortune the day of achievement of thy
familiar.
Turn into the dream of comfort and luxury without
delay,
The fever of my sleepless thoughts and expectations.

Make my day the pleasure of Eid day with kindness,
Give the brightness of true morning to my dim and
dark night.

Treat my tearful eye with the antimony of thy sight,
Give the share of fruition to the expectant heart.
Give the broadness of the heavenly meadow to my
narrow pass,
Give to my toward fate the achievement of thy
favours.

Give to my brain the freshness with the otto of insight,
Make my heart joyous with the water of life and shake
off my dust,

I am devotee of the spring of my tearful eyes,
For, o Zaib, this fine water irrigates my region.

بجواب عشرت و راحت مبدل کن ہلا فرصت
تب ہیخوابی اندیشہا و انتظارم را
نشاط روز عید از لطف روزی ساز روزم را
فروغ صبح صادق دہ شب تاریک و تارم ر
علاج از مرصہ دیدار کن چشم ہر آہم را
برات کام دہ در کف دل آسیدوارم را
کشاد مہزہ زار آسمان دہ تنگنایم را
مراد مرحمت دہ طالع ناسازگارم را
طراوت دہ بعطر معرفت مغز دماغم را
بآب زندگی خندان دلم بنشان غبارم را
فدائی چشمہ چشم ہر آب خویشتم ہستم
کہ زیب این آب خوش سیراب میسازد دیارم را
Imagine the lover's queer way of convincing.

از چرا ظالم شدی برمن بہ گفتار رقیب
پاد کن الظلمتہ و اعوانہا فی النار مرا

Why did thou became hard to me on the words of the
rival ?

Remember (the Holy saying).

"The oppressors and their accomplices are in the Hell".

The Hadith is translated just like this manner on other
than this occasion.

سرمه وقت خواب باید گردد در چشم ای عزیز
کا مده بالکجل عندالنوم قول مصطفی

O my dear one, antimony be applied to the eye at the
bed time,

As the word of the Prophet is, "Apply antimony before
sleep."

The result of firm belief in God.

قل هو الرحمن چون منقوش گردد بر ضمیر
کفر ما باشد اگر یاد خطا داریم ما

When 'Say•thou, He is merciful' is imprinted on
conscience,

It is sheer blasphemy if we remember our sins.

The struggle is imperative.

گرچه از کوشش بدل گردد نه تقدیرت مگر
جهد میکنی لیکن للنسان الا ما سعی

Though thy fate is not changed by thy endeavour yet,

Do make endeavour as 'nothing is gained by man
except what he tries for !

در باغ عشق زب سکونت پندهر باش
چون آمد خزان بگستان عشق نیست

Dwell thou, Zaib, in the garden of love,

As the garden of love knows no autumn.

Effect of love.

Devotion to God Almighty.

در این زمانه زیب که عنقاقت بی غمی
آن شخص خوشدل ست که مشغول با خداست

In these days, Zaib, care-freedom is non-existent,
And only he is happy who is God-loving.

Separation.

قطره اشکم افتاده بر رخس وقت وداع
آری آب ابرنيسان زیب مامان گل است

The drop of my tear fell on thy face at the time of
departure

Yea, the water of the spring cloud, Zaib, is the genesis
of a flower.

Regard for others while in power.

خواهی از باشی نه از دست زمانه تنگدست
خوان خود را زیب کن در حالت منصب فراخ

If thou want not to be hard pressed by Time,
Enlarge thy dinner table, Zaib, in the position of
authority.

Bitter piece of an advice bears good fruit.

نصیحتی که بود تلخ با تو نفع دهد
که باده تا نشود تلخ تر دوا نشود

Only a bitter advice can benefit thee,

As the wine becomes medicine only when bitter.

Take into account the ebb and flow of thought in these
verses.

از نیاز ما دل خوبان نمیدارد لحاظ
کز شکست شیشه کم باشد بکوهستان لحاظ

The heart of beauties has no regard for our entreaties,
As the mountain has no regard for the breakage of glass.

نهان کنند عداوت عیان کنند ثنا

صفای سینه اهل ریا دروغ دروغ

برای صدق اگر در حرم کنی دعوی

براید از دل و جانم صدا دروغ دروغ

Enmity from within praise from without,

The purity of heart of hypocrites is nothing, but falsehood.

If you profess truth even in the Harem

My heart and soul speak out that it is nothing but falsehood.

گفتم برای جاه زمانه درین زمان

باید فراخ حوصله گفتا درین چه شک

ناگاه جنبشی چو زمین کرد گفتمش

از آه مامت زلزله گفتا درین چه شک

I said, "For the worldly status in these times a large heart is needed".

Said, "No doubt about it."

When the earthquake suddenly I said to him, "Our sigh has caused earthquake."

Said, "No doubt about it."

نور باطن را دهد تاریکی غمها فروغ

جلوهها بینی دو چندان در شب تارم چو شمع

The darkness of griefs brightens up the inner light,

Thou see'st my beauties doubled in a dark light a candle.

تاج ایران که خراج از همه شایان گیرد

میکند سجده بدستار رسول عربی

The crown of Iran that receives tribute from all the kings,

Bows before the turban of the Arabian Prophet.

مر گذشت ما چه میپرسی که ای گل مثل خار
تا خلاص از دامن کشیم با ما

O thou Lord, what do you ask about our history,
Like a thorn released from thy skirt we are under-
mined.

به عجز باش که شیطان چو غره گشت این گفت
خلقتی من نار خلقتی من طین

Observe humility for Satan when proud said,
Thou created me out of fire and created man out of
dust.

The heading of this masterpiece "Armaghan-e-Ashaqan"
is fully in lines with the matter.

طرز کلام تازه شود از نگاه نو
نو میکنند مکه چو شد شهر یار نو

A new eye refreshes the style of speech,
As the coinage is renewed with a new king.

می نویسم داستان عشق تو با خون خویش

خامه ام را هست مثل طوطیان منقار سرخ

I write the story of thy love with my blood,
My pen has a red beak like parrots.

WIT IN PERSIAN POETRY

Court poetry presents a unique feature of the poetic literature of Iran and Indo-Pakistan. Nazami Awruzi in his renowned work "Chahar Maqala" has remarked that 'Four Pillars' are inevitable for the kings. One of those pillars is the poet who makes king's name everlasting due to his poetry. These poets of the courts were famous for their peculiar genius for extempore verses, their skill in versifying offhand prosaic incidents of life. Some verses of these poets are endowed with not only spontaneous flow of wit and humour but also cutting satire and are therefore preserved in literary annals. A few interesting anecdotes from the courts of Iran and Indo-Pakistan are reproduced here.

Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna was not merely a 'Mujahad' but also had a high taste for poetry. His court was adorned with poets of the calibre of Firdausi and Unsuri.

Sultan Mahmud was deeply attached to his slave Ayaz. One night, when under the influence of liquor, he ordered Ayaz to cut off his ringlets. Ayaz promptly carried out the orders of his master. He cut off two of his lovely curls and placed them before his master's feet.

By next morning Mahmud had regained his consciousness. He was remorseful at what he had asked to be done. He sat moody and sulky. The courtiers did not dare to approach him. At last Sultan's poet laureate Unsuri went to him. Seeing him Sultan said, "I have been anxiously looking for you. Have you seen what misery I have brought upon myself? Is there any way of consoling me?" Spontaneously Unsuri composed a

quartelt:—

گر عیب سر زلف بت از کستن است
چه جای بغم نشستن و خاستن است
روز طرب و نشاط و می خواستن است
کارستن سرو ز پیراستن است

‘Though shame it be a fair one’s curls to shear,
Why rise in wrath or sit in sorrow here?
Rather rejoice, make merry, call for wine,
When clipped, the cypress doth most trim appear’.

(Browne)

At these verses, his anguish and remorse faded out and he ordered that the mouth (meaning ‘pocket’) of the poet be thrice filled with jewels.

Another poet laureate Muizzi expressed his feeling about short ringlets of sweethearts thus:—

آن زلف مشکبار بر آن روی چون بهار
گر کوتاه است گوتهی از او عجب مدار
شب در بهار روی کند سوی گوتهی
آن زلف چون شب آمد و آن روی چون بهار

‘If the musk-scented ringlets on her fresh face like
spring,

Be short ; it is in no way strange.

Her face is the spring and her ringlets the night,

And the nights during spring tend to be short’.

(Masani)

Amongst the Timurid princes Baysunger was esteemed not only for his literary talents but also for patronising the men of learning. Dawlatshah in his Tazkirah-tush-Shuara mentions that forty calligraphers were ever busy in his library copying the manuscripts of scholars and men of letters who had been

attracted to his court. It is said that Sultan Ibrahim requested Baysunger on various occasions to send to his court at Shiraz the famous minstrel Yusaf to Andaken. But Yusaf did not make his appearance. At last Sultan Ibrahim sent a hundred thousand dinars in cash for Yusaf along with a written request. Baysunger replied in this novel way :—

ما یوسف خود نمی فروشیم
تو سیم سیاه خود نگهدار

We will not sell our Yusuf,

Keep thy black silver to thyself !

The famous panegyrist Zahir Faryabi was attached to the courts of Muzaffar-ud-Din Muhammad and his successor Ata Beg Qizil Arsalan. The king's nephew, Nusrat-ud-Din Abu Bakr, tried to take him away from Qizil Arsalan's court. He was crowned with success. Qizil Arsalan began to bestow his favours on Mujir-ud-Din Baylaqani who was Zahir's rival. The prince was used to send Mujir a new dress of honour made of silk and brocade. Mujir, wearing that fine dress used to distinguish himself in proud tones from other learned men of the court. Zahir's remark was hidden in a poet's fancy :—

گر هدیا های فاخر آدمی گردد کسی
بس در اطلن چیست گرگ و در عبائی سومار

If with beautiful clothes a nobody becomes somebody,
Then what is a wolf dressed in satin and an alligator
in Abbai* ?

(*A coarse cloth which serves as an overcoat)

Amir Khusrow's following quatrain has a strange technique—different meanings in Persian and in Hindi.

رفتم بتاشای کنار جوئی
دیدم بلب آب زن هندوئی

گفتم صنایای زلفست چه بود
فریاد بر آورد که در در مونی

I went to the bank of the rivulet for recreation;
I saw there a Hindu woman
'O idol!' said I 'what may be the price of thy ringlets?'
She exclaimed, 'a pearl for every hair!'

In Hindi, the meaning of last hemistich would be 'she cried out scornfully,

"Begone, begone, thou cursed wretch!"

Once Mawlana Jami recited this verse:—

بس که در جان فگار و چشم بیدارم توئی
هر که پیدامی شود از دور پسندارم توئی

One of the audience tried to joke at the expense of the poet and asked.

ور خری پیدا شود

Mawlana Jami instantly replied

من باز پسندارم توئی

Humayun had great poetic insight and took particular delight in improving the compositions of others.

Once during his stay in Iran, Mulla Hairati presented a gazal before him. The opening verses were:—

که دل از عشق بتان که جگرم میسوزد
عشق هر لحظه بداغ دگرم میسوزد
همچو پروانه به شمع میسوزد
که اگر پیش روم بال و پر میسوزد

Humayun suggested the last line to be thus:—

می روم پیش اگر بال و پر میسوزد

This alteration has made the verse more effective.

One day Urfi Shirazi was strolling with Faizi in a garden. They came across a handsome damsel. The sweet breeze was playing with her lustrous locks. Faizi uttered :—

ای صبا آن زلف مرا بر چهره زیبایش نه

Without any hesitation, Urfi completed the couple with the following line :—

آنچه بی رخصت ز جا برداشتی بر جاکش نه

One of the court poets of Khan-i-Khanan was Mawlana Mohammad Riza (whose pen name was Nawi). He described the true and tragic story of a Hindu princess who burnt herself on the funeral pile of her deceased husband. A touching verse from the poem is as follows :—

چنان مستانه در آتش گزر کرد
که از بد مستیش آتش حذر کرد

Zuhuri composed his Saqi Namah (Ode to the Cup-Bearer) in praise of Burhan Nizam Shah. The monarch sent him a reward of several elephants loaded with gold, silver and other presents. The poet was sitting in a tea-house when these presents were taken to him. After delivering the goods, the messenger asked for a receipt. Zuhuri wrote on a piece of paper :—

تسلیم کردند تسلیم کردم

They handed over (the present), I saluted.

Here is a pun on the word تسلیم which means acknowledgment as well as the form of salutation in which a person bows and makes three different movements of the hand.

Zuhuri took possession of the presents and there and then distributed all the riches among the needy and the poor.

Saib had a masterful skill in composing verses with care and spontaneity. In order to test his powers, Khwajah Abul Hasan Zafar Khan sent for some capable poets who had asked him to weave a line to which it would be impossible to fix up a

second line. After a lot of consideration they put the following jingle :—

دویدن رفتن استادن نشستن خفتن و مردن

To run, to walk, to stand, to sit, to lie, to die.

After this Saib was asked to form a verse incorporating this line. He was not perturbed: He aptly added to make a couplet. He put the following jingle to this hemistich to make into a meaningful verse which is as follows :—

بقدر هر سکون راحت بود بنگر مراتب را

دویدن رفتن استادن نشستن خفتن و مردن

The degree of comfort, changes in proportion to every pose. Observe the stages :—to run, to walk, to stand, to sit, to lie and to die !

How remarkable is Saib's flash of genius on the theft of a kiss !

دزدی بوسه عجب دزدی خوش عاقبت است

که اگر باز ستانند دو چندان کردد

Again

بوسه بمن دادی ورنجیده

بازستان گر نه پسندیده

There was frequent exchange of wit between Jahangir and Nur Jahan. One day they were standing on terrace. They saw a man passing along the road. He was bent down with age. Jahangir exclaimed :—

چراخم گشته می گردند پیران جهانده

Nur Jahan quickly responded :

بذیر خاک می جویند ایام جوانی را

On another occasion Jahangir remarked

بلبل نیم که نعره کنم درد سر دهم

پروانه ام که سوزم و دم بر نیارم

Nur Jahan's response was

پروانه من نیم که بیک شعله جان دهم
شمع که شب بسوزم و دم بر نهاورم

(Tazkirah Sirkhush, Mirat-ul-Khayal)

Once Jahangir observed stains of saffron-water on Nur Jahan's garments. Saffron-water is sprinkled over garments both as a perfume and a symbol of good omen in Indo-Pakistan. Upon this Jahangir said :—

نیست جانان برگریبان تو رنگ زعفران
زردی رنگ رخ من شد گریبان گیر تو

Beloved, the stain on thy collar is not the stain of
saffron ;

It is the yellow hue of my face that has caught hold of
thee by the collar.

Nur Jahan's prompt reply was :—

ترا که تکه لعل است بر لباس حریر
شده است قطره خون منت گریبان گیر

The ruby button that glistenes on thy silk shirt,
Is the drop of my blood that has caught you by the
collar (demanding retribution),

Once Jahangir met Nur Jahan after so many days. She was overjoyed and tears started trickling down her cheeks. Seeing this, Jahangir said :—

گوهر ز اشک چشم تو غلطیده می رود

Nur Jahan sharply answered :

آبی که بی تو خورده ام از دیده می رود

Once Jahangir asked for drinking water. It was brought in an earthen tumbler which was very delicate. The bearer's hand trembled and the tumbler broke down. Jahangir immediately addressed Nawab Qasim Khan, the husband of the real sister of Nur Jahan, in these words :—

کسی نازک بود و آب آرام نتوانست کرد

Qasim Khan replied :—

دید حالم را و چشمش ضبط اشک خود نکرد
کامه نازک بود آب آرام نستانست کرد

Shah Jahan was engaged in a game of chess with a Persian prince. It was decided that whoever lost the game should hand over the winner one of the ladies of his (loser's) harem. During the game at one stage Shah Jahan was threatened with defeat. Therefore he visited the harem in order to consider which of the Begums he could part with. Jahan Begum said :—

تو بادشاه جهانی جهان زدست مده
که بادشاه جهان را جهان بکار آید

Hayat Begum exclaimed :—

جهان خوش است و لهن حیات میباشد
اگر حیات نباشد جهان چه کار آید

Fana Begum thus emphasized her importance.

جهان و حیات و همه بی وفاست
طلب کن فنا را که آخر فناست

Afterwards Shah Jahan went to Dilaram who was the most favourite of his Begums. She requested to examine the respective position of the parties on the chessboard. A careful study made her exclaim :—

شاهها دو رخ بده و دلارام را مده
پیل و پیاده پیش کن و اسب گشت مات

O King! Sacrifice your two rooks but not Dilaram. Put forward your bishop and pawn. Give a march to your knight and the opposite party's King is defeated.

Shah Jahan without any hesitation rushed with joy to the chessboard and won the game.

Shah Jahan's daughter Jahan Ara Begum was walking in a garden. Her face was veiled. An Iranian poet Saeedi hid himself in a balcony and watched her. As she reached near his

hiding place, the poet expressed :—

برقع برخ افگنده برد ناز بباغش
تالکمت گل پیخته آید بدماعش

The princess was not happy over this incident. She sent for the poet and ordered him to leave the city at once. She also bestowed upon him a reward of five thousand rupees.

Zibun Nisa Makhfi meaning (concealed) was gifted with excellent qualities of head and heart. A poet once dared to address her as follows :—

بابل روت شوم گر در چمن بینم ترا
من شوم پروانه گردد انجمن بینم ترا
خود نمائی میکنی ای شمع محفل خوب نیست
من همی خواهم که در یک پیرهن بینم ترا

Makhfi retorted in a wonderful way.

بابل از گل بگذرد چون در چمن بیند مرا
بت هرستی کی کند گرد برهن بیند مرا
در سخن نفی شدم مالنند بو در برگ گل
هر که دیدن میل دارد در سخن بیند مرا

The failure of the Mughul army to recapture Qandhar hit the prestige of the Emperor (Shah Jahan). His frustration is evident in his letters to Aurangzeb. He censured the prince and accused him for the defeat. Aurangzeb's position at the court became unenviable. He referred to his miserable plight in a letter to Jahan Ara by quoting the following couplet :—

گر تو ای گل گوش بر آواز بابل می کنی
کار مشکل می شود بر بے زبانان چمن

O Rose ! If thou shalt listen to the murmurs of the
nightingale (only);

Those who cannot open their tongues in the garden
shall be confronted with great difficulties.

EID-E-AZADAN

SHAKOH-E-MULK-O-DEEN

Each nation has its own festivals based on its peculiar conceptions. That's why such festivals give us clear indication of the social and moral values as well as the character of that nation. In pre-Islamic period, the Arabs were very fond of festivals and the Ukaz fair was an occasion of national celebration and festivity. Its highlight was the presentation of epical poems by the poets and the display of wrestling by the stalwarts. Immoral acts on a vast scale also featured at the Ukaz fair.

Islam modified the spirit of these festivals. Islam does not negative recreation but it does enjoin upon human beings to observe a certain moral code whether in the mosque or in the play-ground, at home or on the battlefield. When the Holy Prophet migrated from Mecca to Medina and had an occasion to participate in some of these festivals he exhorted the people, "O Ye people! Your festivals are the consequence of your ignorance. God the Most High has fixed two better days of entertainment for you in Eidul Fitr and Eidul Azha."

Islamic celebrations are characterised by simplicity, serenity and fear of God. Eid-ul-Fitr is occasioned firstly by prayer, secondly by sadaqah to support the orphan and the needy, thirdly by abstinence from all sorts of immoralities and fourthly by its millat-wide celebration all over the world. The Holy Prophet's injunction is "Even veiled ladies, who are incapacitated to say prayers due to natural sickness, should take part in the celebrations and those ladies who do not have their own veils, let them be associated with those ladies who have veils". It is due to this national character of Eid that it becomes "عید آزادان شکوه ملک و دین" "The Eid of the free peoples is the glory of the country and religion".

Artists are generally the mirrors of their age and so the poets record their feelings about these festivals. Thousands of lyrics, quatrains and eulogies contain descriptions of Eid. Accordingly the sweet tongued Hafiz Shirazi, who always kept himself at an arm's length from the royal courts, does not restrict himself to mere congratulations on the occasion but portrays his innermost feelings in this peculiar fashion : —

روز عید است و من امروز در آن تدبیرم
 کردم حاصل می روزه و ساغر گیرم
 چند روزیست که دورم ز رخ ساقی و جام
 بس خجالت که پدید آید ازین تقصیرم
 من بخلوت بنشینم بس ازین در بمثل
 زاهد صومعه برپای نهد زنجیرم
 پند پیرانه دهد و عظم شهرم لیکن
 من نه آنم کرد گر پندکسی در گیرم
 آنکه برخاک در میکده جا داشت کجاست
 تانهم بر قدم او سر و پیشش میرم
 میکشیدم می و سجاده تقوی بردوش
 آه اگر خلق شود آگه ازین تزویرم
 خلق گویند که حافظ سخن پیر نیوش
 سال خورده میم امروز به از صد پیرم

At another place Hafiz remarks :—

جهان برابروی عید از هلال و سمه کشید
 هلال عید در ابروی یار باید دید

Amir Khusraw expressed thus :—

هلال عید جهان را ز نور خویش آراست
 شراب چون شفق و جام چون هلال کجاست

مگر شراب شفق خورد شب ز جام هلال
 که هر گهر که در و بود جمله در صحرایست
 رسید موسم عید و صلاهی خوش در دار
 پیاله بر کف خوبان ماه بیکر داد
 عجوز چرخ نگر صد هزار مروارید
 چگونگی از بی یک گوشواره زر داد

Saib said :—

هلال عید از گردون زنگاری هویدا شد
 بی بیرون شد از درهای غم کشتی مهیا شد
 بیک ناخن گره نتوان کشود از عقده مشکل
 دل عالم ز ماه عید حیرانم که چون وا شد
 نگرده ساز چون خاتون عشرت می پرستان را
 که مضراب دگر صائب ز ماه عید پیدا شد

Maulana Jami —

باز صبح طرب از مطلع امید دید
 نضحات ظفر از گلشن اقبال وزید
 لله الحمد هر آن نقش که خاطر می بست
 آمد آخر ز پس پرده تقدیر بدید

Ummid :—

عید است و بهار است و چمن جلوه فروش است
 گل خنده فشان گشته و بلبل بخروش است
 وقت است که افطار شود روزه مستان
 چون شیشه بدست آمد و پیانه بجوش است

(تهنیت نامه) Most of the poets present congratulatory verses in their qasidas in order to receive gifts. They seem to suggest that the Eid Moon has appeared to kiss the feet of their favourites but here also the styles of Urfi and Qaani differ. Urfi was endowed with the physical beauty of Iran and his

conspicuous features had made him doubly conscious of his own beauty. For a few years he was brimming with an acute sense of superiority complex and he took pride in his poetry until he was overtaken by small pox. He was disfigured. His superiority complex was shattered. And with it emerged mental confusion and lack of self reliance. It was necessary to prevent it. Therefore all his pride permeated his poetry. The other manifestations of his pride receded into his subconscious and poetry became the solitary representative of his inner self. His Eid qasidas therefore could not be exempted from his self For example :—

جان جنس خوش و من خوشتر از جهان بو ثاق
نشسته باخرد اندر تعلم و تعلیم
که ناگهان ز درم در رسید مژده دهی
چنان که از چمن طالعیم بمغز شمیم
چه گفت ، گفت که ای مخزن جواهر قدس
چه گفت ، گفت که ای مطلب بهشت نعیم
بیا که از گهرت یاد می کند دریا
بها که تشنه بست را طلب کند تسنیم
ز لال چشمه امید ، نقد اکبر شاه
طراز دولت جاوید شاهزاده سلیم

Qaani on the other hand never suffered from self fondness and so he could exclude himself from his qasidas. His style was fresh and original and he took his reader into the details of events described in harmonious diction and its musical sound effects. For instance two initial verses of two qasidas are quoted :—

عید دانی چیست لب چون عید خندان داشتن
خند خندان جان نثار راه جانان داشتن
عید است و جام زرفشان از می گرانبار آمده
هر زاهدی دامن گشایان در دیر خار آمده

In Urdu poetry Mirza Sauda wrote a qasida on Eid which begins thus :—

صبح عید ہے دل ہے خوشی سے مالا مال
مے طرب سے ہیں سب مست اہنے اہنے حال

Nazir Akbarabadi founded a poetry which was representative of the country. It was familiar and derived from the everyday life of the masses and had the power of promoting common culture and progress. He generally wrote about common life and custom in a true vivid manner. His Kulliyat contains three poems on Eid which describe the same feelings which are so near and dear to our hearts. The first and the last stanza of the poem on Eid-ul-Fitr are given under :—

ہے عابدوں کو طاعت و تجرید کی خوشی
اور زاعدوں کو زعد کی تمہید کی خوشی
رند عاشقوں کو ہے کئی امید کی خوشی
کچھ دلبروں کے وصل کی کچھ دید کی خوشی
ایسی نہ شب ہرات نہ بقر عید کی خوشی
جیسی ہر ایک دل میں ہے اس عید کی خوشی
روزوں کی سختیوں میں نہ ہونے اگر اسیر
تو ایسی عید کی نہ خوشی ہوتی دل پذیر
سب شاد ہیں گدا سے لگا شاہ سے وزیر
دیکھا جو ہم نے خوب تو سچ ہے میاں نظیر
ایسی نہ شب ہرات نہ بقر عید کی خوشی
جیسی ہر ایک دل میں ہے اس عید کی خوشی

First stanza of second poem follows :—

یوں دل سے اہنے نکلے ہے بار بار آہ
گرتا ہے جس طرح گہ دل بے قرار آہ
عالم نے کیا ہی عیش کی لوٹی بہار آہ
ہم سے تو آج بھی نہ ملا وہ نگاہ آہ
ہم عید کے دن بھی رہے امیدوار آہ !

In Urdu poetry Mirza Sauda wrote a qasida on Eid which begins thus :—

صبح عید ہے دل ہے خوشی سے مالا مال
مے طرب سے ہیں سب مست اپنے اپنے حال

Nazir Akbarabadi founded a poetry which was representative of the country. It was familiar and derived from the everyday life of the masses and had the power of promoting common culture and progress. He generally wrote about common life and custom in a true vivid manner. His Kulliyat contains three poems on Eid which describe the same feelings which are so near and dear to our hearts. The first and the last stanza of the poem on Eid-ul-Fitr are given under :—

ہے عابدوں کو طاعت و تجرید کی خوشی
اور زاہدوں کو زہد کی تمہید کی خوشی
رند عاشقوں کو ہے کئی امید کی خوشی
کچھ دلبروں کے وصل کی کچھ دید کی خوشی
ایسی نہ شب ہرات نہ بقر عید کی خوشی
جیسی ہر ایک دل میں ہے اس عید کی خوشی
روزوں کی سختیوں میں نہ ہونے اگر اسیر
تو ایسی عید کی نہ خوشی ہوتی دل پذیر
سب شاد ہیں گدا سے لگا شاہ سے وزیر
دیکھا جو ہم نے خوب تو سچ ہے میاں نظیر
ایسی نہ شب ہرات نہ بقر عید کی خوشی
جیسی ہر ایک دل میں ہے اس عید کی خوشی

First stanza of second poem follows :—

یوں دل سے اپنے نکلے ہے بار بار آہ
کرتا ہے جس طرح کہ دل بے قرار آہ
عالم نے کیا ہی عیش کی لوٹی بہار آہ
ہم سے تو آج بھی نہ ملا وہ نگاہ آہ
ہم عید کے دن بھی رہے امیدوار آہ !

Only two verses from third poem are presented :—

شاد تھا جب دل وہ تھا اور ہی زمانہ عید کا
اب تو یکساں ہے ہمیں آنا نہ آنا عید کا
لیند آتی تھی نہ ہرگز بھوک لگتی تھی ذرا
یہ خوشی ہوتی تھی جب ہوتا تھا آنا عید کا

Ghalib had a profound interest in life. He loved its each and every aspect. Pain and pleasure were equally pleasant to him. The pleasures of desire enabled him to bear even the most unpleasant moods of life. This is evident in his masnavi presented to Abu Zafar Bahadar Shah. That beings like this :—

باز برانم کہ دیبای راز
از اثر ناطقہ بندم طراز

Two more verses are :—

خامہ من گشتہ بہ تقریب عید
قفل در گنج سخن را کلید
نکتہ طرازی بمن آموخت عید
سینہ بنور خرد افروخت عید

His Urdu قصیدہ is, however, of the first order and it contains all the glory of Ghalib's poetry. Side by side with the praise of the king his realistic description of innermost feelings inspires us to think. A few verses are given below :—

ہاں مہ لو سنیں اس کا نام
جس کو تو جھک کے کر رہا ہے سلام
دو دن آیا ہے تو نظر دم صبح
یہی انداز اور یہی اندام
عذر میں تین دن نہ آنے کے
لے کے آیا ہے عید کا پیغام
اس کو بھولا نہ چاہیے کہنا
صبح جو جائے اور آنے شام

ہے مجھے آرزوئے بخشش خاص
 گر تجھے ہے امید رحمت عام
 جو کہ بخشے گا تجھ کو فر فروغ
 کیا نہ دے گا مجھے مئے گلفام
 تیرے ہر تو سے ہوں فروغ پذیر
 کوئے مشکو وہ صحن و منظر عام
 دیکھنا میرے ہاتھ میں لبریز
 اپنی صورت کا اک بلوریں جام

The latter generations also wrote on Eid but they were caught in the traditions until we reach Allama Iqbal who in the words of Malik Ush Shuarac Bahar was the revivor of literature. He infused new meanings in Urdu poetry and while writing on the Eid Moon he left off traditionism and substituted purposefulness in an endeavour to arouse the nation.

غرہ شوال ! اے نورنگاہ روزہ دار
 آ کہ تھے تیرے لیے مسلم سراپا انتظار
 سرگزشت ملت بیضا کا تو آئینہ ہے
 اے مہ نو! ہم کو تجھ سے الفت دیرینہ ہے
 جس عالم کے سائے میں تیغ آزما ہوتے تھے ہم
 دشمنوں کے خون سے رنگین قبا ہوتے تھے ہم
 تیری آغوش میں ہم آغوشی اسی رایت کی ہے
 حسن روز افزوں سے تیرے آبرو ملت کی ہے

In the end he has compelled us to rethink in these words :—

صورت آئینہ سب کچھ دیکھ اور خاموش رہ
 شورش امروز میں ہو سرود دوش رہ

DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF PERSIAN POETRY

Persian poetry, such as has come down to us and with which we are familiar, developed on the lines of Arabic poetry in which lyrics formed no independent branch, but constituted a portion of the Qasidah. The earliest Persian masters, emulating the Arab bards, devoted their art and talents to Qasidah. But the more versatile and flexible Iranian mind could not long be tied down to the narrow limits of their Semetic models and soon found out a way to vary the monotony of their poetry. They introduced several metres unknown to the Arabs, and were much more suited to the spirit and genius of their poetry, providing a vaster field for the exercise of their art. The invention of Mathnawi particularly suitable for epic and romantic poetry, was another form of development, and finally there came the Ghazal that was destined to achieve the largest amount of popularity in all the Eastern countries.¹

According to Qazwiniz, Ibn Mufarragh was the first to compose in Persian after the Arab conquest of Iran in 60/679.

بست نیبداست عصارات زیست

صمیه رو سپید است

It is water or wine of barley,

It is the juice of dry grapes or dates,

Sumaih is a jade (harlot).

But *Tarikh-i-Sistan*³ claims that Abu Wassaf (245/859 to 290/902) was the earliest known poet who recited Persian Qasidah in praise of Sultan Ya'qub bin Laith.

ای امیری گد امیران جهان خاصه و عام
بنده و چاکر و مـولای و سگ بند و غلام

O Amir, the Amirs of the world, great and small,
Are your slave, servant, companion, and dog in collar
and in chain.

The Persians under the Arab rule had never lost their cultural identity completely and they had stuck fast to their traditions, yet the impact of young Arab Empire was so powerful that the Persians, for a considerable time, could not give a spontaneous expression to their own genius.⁴ It was but natural in the circumstances that Bukhara should become the repository of what was good in Persian culture and more than that to become a centre expressive of the new urge for a national consciousness which had been aroused and intensified due to newly imbibed interest in rediscovery. The Samanides (261-389/874-999) were the representatives of this consciousness. The Samanide rule thus became a seed time for the Persian poetry.⁵ Rudaki, who is considered to be the Adam⁶ of Persian poetry by all critics, was a Court poet of the Samanide Nasr II (301-331/913-942). He was the first important lyrical poet of modern Persia and is taken to be the pioneer of the *Dabistan-i-Khurasani* or *Sabk-i-Khurasani*⁷ or Khurasani school of poetry.⁸ In the words of 'Unsurī.⁹

غزل رودکی وار نیکو بود
غزلهای من رودکی وار نیست

Rudaki's Ghazal was of a nice style,
My Ghazals are not at par with Rudaki's.

Rudaki¹⁰ was very much influenced by the Arabic poetry styles so much so that his metres and rhymes were also of Arabic origin, but his Arabic formalism had Persian conceptions in it.¹¹ It was in fact the Persian themes which beamed through his verses. Though he never separated Ghazal from Qasidah, yet he devoted the Ghazal or Tashbib for the first time to a description of his beloved.¹²

Simplicity and sincerity are the marked features of his poetry. He felt deeply and described his feelings in a very realistic manner, concealing nothing from his readers¹³.

داد پیغام بسر اندر عیار مرا

که مکن یاد بشعر اندر بسیار مرا

'Ayyar sent message through a young lady to me,
Don't remember me so much in verses.

His similes are comprehensive, natural and original.¹⁴

آنکه اگر نیم شب درش بکشانی

چشمه خورشید را به بینی تابان

If you open her door at midnight,

You would see a sparkling fountain of the sun.

ور به بلور اندرون بینی گوئی

گوهر سرخ است بکف موسی عمران

If you see inside the looking-glass,

You would say that these are red pearls in the bright
hand of Musa of 'Umran.

He was also an expert in scenic descriptions. He depicts youth and old age in these verses.¹⁵

شد آن زمانه که رویش بحان دیبا بود

شد آن زمانه که مویش بسان قطران بود

در آن زمانه که او شاد بود و خرم بود

نشاط او به فزون بود و غم به نقصان بود

همیشه دستش زی زلفگان خوشبو بود

همیشه گوشش زی مردم سخندان بود

همیشه شاد ندانستمی که غم چه بود

دلم نشاط طرب را فراخ میدان بود

کنون زمانه دگر گشت و من دگر گشتم

عصا یار که وقت عصا و انبان بود

Gone are the days when she had velvet face,
 Gone are the days when she had coal-tarred tresses.
 Gone are the days when she had happy time,
 When she was blissful far from moonful plight.
 Her fingers often touched her fragrant locks,
 She often heeded sayings of the wise.
 Not once in life she tasted pangs of grief,
 My heart did feel a cheerful mirth alike.
 But times have changed ; I am a different man,
 Bring me my staff, for Time demands recline.

Due to these features of Rudaki, the Khurasani school became famous for simplicity. The other features of Khurasani school are sincerity, genuine feeling and clarity.¹⁶

During the Ghaznavide period, the Qasidah remained the most popular form and the Ghazal could not make much headway.¹⁷ When the ascendancy of the greater Saljuqs began, the mystical themes found their way into the Ghazal.¹⁸ On their decline when Iran was dismembered into petty states, a new school of poetry became visible. This was the *Dabistan-e-Iraqi* or 'Iraqi School.¹⁹ It was so called as its birth place was Iraq 'Ajam and most of its followers were the poets of Azarbaijan and Isfahan. According to Prof. Mahmud Shairani,²⁰ the pioneer of this school was Qatran Tabrizi. Anwari, Khaqani, Zahir Faryabi and Nizami *etc.* were the other protagonists of this school.

All these wrote Ghazals at one time or the other but their Ghazals lack something essential. Their creative energy was mostly spent on Qasidah. That is why they are considered to be masters of Qasidah.²¹ Nizami's Mathnawis are remarkable.²² This school is marked by an ornamentation of diction, luxurious use of the figures of speech, complicated metaphors and far-fetched similes. All these qualities necessitated an exuberant imagination.²³ A selection of the lyrics of Zahir Faryabi has

been published by Nawalkishore Press, Lucknow (India). It is said about his *Diwan-i-Ghazalayat*²⁴ :

دیوان ظہیر فاریانی در کعبہ بدزد اگر بیابی

If you get *Diwan-i-Zahir Faryabi* even in the Ka'ba,
Steal it away.

But his Ghazals show unmistakable effects of the panegyric style. In them we find exaggeration, excitement, use of copious phrases, the magic of words and the witchery of figures of speech but most of them essentially lack in feeling. Some verses are given below to provide an inkling into the 'Iraqi school'²⁵ :

بہی دارم فرنگی زادہ حسنش کافرستانی

نگارستان ، بہارستان ، گلستان در گلستانی

ملاحت در ملاحت شور حسن او نمک دارد

لبش از بس حلاوت در حلاوت شکرستانی

My sweetheart has enthralling lovely beauty,

A spring in garden ; garden in full bloom.

Her saltish beauty gives her saltish touch,

Her lips so sweet that make her land of sweet.

Some modern Iranian critics have particularised the 'Iraqi school for the poets of Isfahan. Ray and Azarbaijan and have placed the poets of Shiraz, generally taken to be followers of the Iraqi school, under another²⁶ school known as *Sabk-e-Farsi* or *Sabk-e-Shirazi*. In other words Sa'di and Hafiz have been shown to be the founders of this school.²⁷

It is universally admitted that Sa'di gave a new life to the Ghazal and so much extended its scope as to enable it to portray completely the emotions of the human heart. Sex appeal figures prominently in Sa'di. His Ghazal is not only enjoyed by the mystics but also by the mundane lovers. He has made his personal experiences look universal. His poetry is simple to understand but difficult to be followed in the style (سہل سمیع).²⁸ It is said ;²⁹

در شعر صد تن پیمبران اند هر چند که لا الهی بعدی
 ابیات و قصیده و غزل را فردوسی و انوری و سعدی

The sphere poetic hath its prophets three

(Although 'there is no prophet after me')

Firdawsi in the epic, in the ode

Sa'di, and in qasida Anwari.

The poetry of Hafiz Shirazi is both mystical and lyrical.³⁰ In him are found the worship of beauty,³¹ the ecstasy of wine,³² the transitory nature of the world,³³ fruitlessness of human endeavours,³⁴ and a philosophy of pleasure.³⁵ In his best worded poetry, we find the mystical themes and mundane love so much mixed up that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish one from the other. He is the most perfect representative and the master artist of the mystical-cum-physical style of Persian poetry and his successors more or less continued to write in this style till Maulana Jami.

But as Tennyson has said :

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

a new style began to be slowly and gradually visible in Baba Fughani Shirazi. He unequivocally associated himself with human love and its light and shade. What Hafiz would have considered below his dignity and low to be attended to, was taken up, galvanised and woven into poetry by Fughani. With him the human love attained an importance which had been denied to it. His simple diction, brevity, universal theme and originality distinguished him from Hafiz and other poets of the 'Iraqi school. He described love affairs in a natural way without being vague or ambiguous or involved in flowery and ornamental style.³⁶ This style of Fughani gradually became popular and it began to attract some followers. In the words of Walah Daghistani³⁷;

”بابای مغفور (فغانی) مجتہد فن تازہ ایست کہ بیش از وی احدی بآن
 روش شعر نہ گفته و پایہ سخن وری را بجای رسانیده کہ عنقای اندیشہ
 پیرا مون او نمی تواند پرید۔ استادان زمان مولانا وحشی یزدی و مولانا
 نظیری و مولانا ضمیری اصفہانی و خواجہ حسین ثنائی و مولانا عرفی شبرازی
 و حکیم شفقانی اصفہانی و حکیم مسیحہا رکنای کاشی و مولانا محتشم و غیرہم
 متبع و مقلد و شاگرد و خوشہ چین خرمن طرز و روش اویند۔“

It won the greatest number of converts in Kashan from where it migrated to Indo-Pakistan in the reigns of Akbar (964-1014/1556-1605) and Jahangir³⁸ (1014—1034/1605-1627).

His style gradually became the basis of what is known as Sabk-e-Hindi³⁹ or Indo-Pakistani school⁴⁰ of Persian poetry to which were added other poetic qualities peculiar to the Turkish⁴¹ and the Indian cultures. In Maulana Shibli Numani's view⁴²:

”فغانی کے سلسلہ میں رفتہ رفتہ خیال بندی، مضمون آفرینی اور دقت
 پسندی پیدا ہوئی۔ اس کا آغاز عرفی نے کیا۔ ظہوری، جلال اسیر، طالب
 آملی اور کلیم وغیرہ نے اس روش کو ترقی دی۔ یہی طرز مقبول ہو کر تمام
 دنیائے شاعری پر چھا گئی۔ دقیق اور عمیق مضامین کی بھرمار نے اس
 روش میں بے اعتدالی پیدا کی جو سخت نقصان دہ ثابت ہوئی اور ملک سخن
 ناصر علی، بیدل وغیرہ کے قبضہ میں آ گئی اور اس طریق سے یہ عظیم سلسلہ
 اختتام کو پہنچا۔“

[‘Fughani's style gradually became replete with original imagery, novelty of topics and abstruseness which were initiated by ‘Urfi. Zahuri, Jalal Asir, Talib Amuli and Kalim, etc., promoted this style. This very style became so popular as to pervade the whole field of poetry. Too many difficult and deep themes spoiled its balance which proved very harmful and in this way the poetic leadership passed on to Nasir ‘Ali and Bidil, etc., bringing the hegemony of this great style to a close.’]

NOTES

1. Mirza Wahed, Dr., *Life and Works of Amir Khusraw*, p. 203.
2. Qazwini, Mirza M. Khan bin 'Abdül Wahab, *Blst Maqalah*, Vol. I. p. 32.
3. *Tarikh-i-Sistan*, p. 210 ; Safa, Zabihullah, Dr. *Tarikh Adabiyyat dar Iran*, Vol. I, p. 177, states :

روایت صاحب تاریخ سیستان از سایر روایات صحیح تر است

Jalal Huma'i writes in *Tarikh Adabiyyat-i-Iran* on p. 351 : 'These verses have been taken from *Tarikh-i-Sistan*. Its author is not known. Apparently this history was written between 680 A.H. & 685 A.H.'

4. 'Arberry, A. J., *The Legacy of Persia*, p. 60.
5. Shafq, Razazadeh, *Tarikh-i-Adbiyyat-i-Iran*, p. 43.
6. Shibli Nu'mani, *Shiral-Ajam* Part I, p. 19. Shahid Balkhi and Daqiqi composed lyrics before Rudaki; Salim Nisari, *Tarikh-i-Adbiyyat-i-Iran*, pp. 20, 24.
7. 'Ali Akber Shahabi (*Rawabit-i-Adab-i-Iran-o-Hind*, Preface) has rightly started that it is one of the most difficult problems to distinguish between different schools as well as literature of one period from that of another, yet we recount here the different interpretations of *Sabk* of various scholars.

سبک در لغت تازی بمعنی گداختن و ریختن زر و نقره است و سبیکه پاره نقره گداخته را گویند - ولی آدبائی قرن اخیر سبک را مجازاً بمعنی طرز خاصی از نظم اثر استعمال کرده اند و تقریباً آنرا در برابر سبیل (Style) اروپائیان نهاده اند -

Bahar, Muhammad Taqi Malik al-Sh'uara, *Sabk Shanasi*, Vol. I. preface, p. 3.

مقصود از سبک ، در گفتگوی از عالم شعر و ادب روش خاصی است که گروهی از شعرا و سخنوران یک سرزمین یا یک زمان در فکر و خیالات شاعرانه و اشارات و کنایات و همچنین در الفاظ و صنائع و اوزان و اقسام و انواع شعری و عروضی آن پیروی میکنند -

Shahabi, Ali Akbar, op. cit., p. 81.

سبک یا Style روش و طرز کار را گویند مثل سبک راه رفتن یا لباس
پوشیدن یا گفتار کسی — در اصطلاح ادبی طرز بیان و طرز استعمال معانی
نثر و نظم را گویند.

Nawai, Afrasiab, *Schools of Persian Poetry*, Quetta, 1957, p. 8.

اصطلاحات "طرز، طریقه، سیاق، شیوه" را بهمین معنی (سبک)
آورده است.

Hadayat, *Majma'ul Fusaha*, Vol. I. pp. 6, 7.

سبک روش مخصوصی است که هر شاعر و نویسنده برای بیان مطالب
و اندیشه های خود بکار می برد.

Frivér, Husain, *Tarikh Adbiyat-i-Iran*, p. 78.

8. *Rawabit-i-Adab-Iran-o-Hind*, p. 84. Badakhshani, Maqbul Beg. *Adab-Namah-i-Iran*, p. 65.

9. Shafq, Razazadah, op. cit., p. 50.

10. Saleh, 'Ali Pasha, Translation of E. G. Browne's *Literary History of Persia*, Vol. 1. p. 534.

11. Daudpota, U. M., Dr. *The Influence of Arabic Poetry on the Development of Persian Poetry*, p. 75. "The school of Rudaki and his successors, says Darmasteter, is Persian only in language; the inspiration and the models are Arabian."

12. Badakhshani, Maqbul Beg, op. cit., p. 68.

13. Hadi Hasan, Dr. *Studies in Persian Literature*, p. 43; Salim Nisari, op. cit., vol. I, p. 26.

14. Badakhshani, Maqbul Beg, op. cit., p. 69.

15. Ibid., p. 68.

16. Faruzanfar, Badi'ul Zaman, *Sukhan-o-Sukhanwaran*, Vol. I. p. 6; Shafq, Razazadeh, op. cit., p. 52; Shahabi, 'Ali Akbar, op. cit., p. 84.

Dr. Hadi Hasan has written about early Persian verse (Tahiride, Saffaride and Samanide contributions): The words used are ordinary, but they are employed with extraordinary effect. Combined with rich ideas which are independent of external controls — the so called casts or "moulds" — they produce that freshness as of mountain air, and that freedom as of mountain torrents, which are the glory of early Persian verse. And as a torrent discovers its force in its own gradient and its own load,

even so does this verse find its impetus in its own impulse and its own spontaneity. There is no composing of verse ; there is no writing of poetry. There is perception and emotion and impulse — and the words come forth. *Studies in Persian Literature*, p. 4.

17. Shibli Nu'mani, *Shi'ru'l Ajam*, Vol. V., 31 ; Salih, Ali Pasha, Translation of E. G. Browne's *Literary History of Persia*, Vol. I. 685.

18. Shahabi, Ali Akbar, op. cit., p. 88, states :

دخول تدریجی اصطلاحات عرفانی و تصوف از قبیل : می ، ساغر ،
پیر ، میکده ، پیر میفروش ، مرغ ژند خوان ، دیر مغان ، آتش وحدت ،
آتش عشق ، بتکده ، می آتشین - - - و امثال اینها - این اصطلاحات از
قرن پنجم و ششم در ادبیات دیده میشود و در قرون چهارم و قبل از آن
وجود نداشته است - - - اصطلاحات شرعی از قبیل : کعبه و مسجد و
محراب مقایسه میکرده اند - چنانکه بتکده را با مسجد و میکده را با کعبه
در شعر میآورد اند - - خاقانی گوید :

گر محرم عیدند همه کعبه ستایان
تو محرم می باش و مکن کعبه ستائی

If those who are praising Ka'aba are enjoying Eid (happiness).

You should incline towards wine and give up praising Ka'aba.

19. Ibid., p. 87.

20. Mahmud Shairani, *Tanqid LS'ral-'Ajam*, p. 26.

21. Shafq, Razazadeh, op. cit., pp. 170, 201, 181.

22. Ibid. p. 224.

23. Friver, Husain, p. 79 ; Abid, 'Abid 'Ali, *Ganjinah-i-Adab*, p. 36.

24. Diwan Zahir Faryabli, title.

25. Ibid. p. 126.

26. Shahabi, 'Ali Akbar, op. cit., pp 88, 29 ; *Adab-Namah-i-Iran*, p. 605.

27. *Kulliyat Sa'ib*, Preface by Amiri Firuzkuhi, p. 5.

28. Salim Nisari, op. cit. Vol. III, p, 25 ; Shafq, Razazadeh, op. cit., p. 124.

29. Hadi Hasan, Dr, op. cit., p. 59,

30. Shahabi 'Ali Akbar, op. cit., p. 88.

31. می ترسم از خرابی ایمان که می برد
محراب ابروی تو حضور نماز من
ما قصه سکندر و دارا نخوانده ایم
از ما بجز حکایت مهر و وفا می پرس

The destruction of my faith, I fear. For taketh,

The prayer-arch of Thy eyebrow, the presence (essence) of prayer
of mine.

Not read have we the tale of Sikandar and Dara :

Save the tale of love and of fidelity, of us a tale, — ask not.

32. که برد بنزد شاهان زمن گدا پیاسی
که بکوی میفروشان دو هزار جم بیجا می
شراب تلخ میخواهم که مردافکن بود زورش
که تا یکدم پیاسایم ز دنیا و شر و شورش

From me, the beggar, to kings, who taketh a message.

Saying : 'In the street of the wine-sellers, (they sell) two thousand
(mighty) Jamshids for . . . a single cup of wine '

Bitter (strong) wine, whose power is man-overthrowing, I desire ;
Perchance, a moment, from the world and its iniquity and clamour,
I may rest.

33. بگذر ز کبر و ناز که دیدمت روزگار
چین قبابی قیصر و طرف کلاه کی

Pride and disdain, abandon. For Time hath seen,

The wrinkling (in decay) of the robe of the Kaisar ; and the
abandoning (in death) of the crown of Kay.

34. کمر ندانست که منزلت مقصود گجاست
این قدر هست که بانگ جرمی می آید

Were the (true) Beloved's dwelling is, none knoweth :

This much is (known), that the clang of the bell (perchance, from

the Beloved's dwelling) cometh.

35.

رسید مژده که اقام غم نغز-واهد ماند
چنان نماند چنین نیز هم نخواهد ماند
آخر الامر کلی کوزه گران خواهی شد
حالا فکر مهو کن که ار پاده کنی

Arrived the glad tidings that grief's time — shall not remain :

Like that (joy's time) remained not ; like this (grief's time) shall not remain.

In the end, the clay of the goblet-maker (potter) thou wilt become ;
Now, think of the pitcher (of thy heart) that it, full of wine
(of *ma'rifat* and of love) thou mayst make.

Lieut. Col. H. Wilberforce Clarke, *Diwan-i-Hafiz*, Vol. I & II.

36. Badakhshani, Maqbul Beg, op. cit., p. 494 ; Shibli Numani, *Sh'ral-Ajam*, Vol. III. p. 27 ; Vol. V p. 59 ; *Diwan-i-Fughani*, Tehran Ed., pp. 14, 15.

37. *Riaz-us-Shua'ra*, MS. 105b. Please see my article "Fughani's popularity in Indo-Pakistan" Published in *Iqbal*, Lahore, April, 1961.

(i) The other chroniclers state thus :

”او (فغانی) در زمان خود طرز نو ایجاد و اختراع کرد و رویه خویش
را به منتهای درجه رسانید که اکثر شعراء متاخرین خون جگر خورده فاما
در آن طرز هیچ یک باز نرسانیده -“

Ahmad 'Ali, *Makhazan al-Gharaib*, Ms., Fol. 255b.

The following *tadhkirahs* reveal the above-mentioned opinion about Fughani Shirazi.

Tadhkirah-i-Husaini, p. 242 ; *Shama'-i-Anjuman*, p. 264 ; *Nistar-i-Sukhan*, MS., F. 424 ; *Mi'raj al-Khayal*, F. 87 ; *Majma'ul Nafa'is*, MS. F. 683,

(ii) 'His particular merit lay in the fact that he ventured to introduce new methods of composition, and avoided that usual stereotyped similes in his verses ; also, from his skill in the composition, of odes he is sometimes called, "The Little Hafiz." Levy, Reuben, *Persian Literature*, p 89,

(iii) Mirza Ghalib, a prominent poet of Persian in the 16th century C.E., writes in a letter :

”فغانی ایک اور شیوہ خاص کا مبدع ہوا۔ خیالہائے نازک و معانی بلند۔ اس شیوہ کی تکمیل کی ظہوری و عرفی و نظیری نے سبحان اللہ قالب سخن میں جان پڑ گئی اور اس روش کے بعد کے صاحبان طبع نے سلامت کا چرچا دیا۔ ضائب و کلیم و سلیم اور اس کے بعد قدسی، شفقانی اس زمرہ میں ہیں۔“

[‘Fughani became the source of a new style (marked by) fine conceptions and lofty meanings. This style reached its culmination under Zahuri, Naziri and Ufi. Thank God, the skeleton of poetry was infused with a soul and the subsequent poets enriched this style by simplicity. These include Saib, Kalim, Qudsi and Shafa’i].

‘Ud-i-Hindi, (Lahore Ed.), p. 42.

Ghalib says in one of his Ghazals :

پردہ چند بہ آہنگ نکپسا بسرای
غزل چند بہ ہنجار فغانی بشنو

Strike some chord in the tune of Nikisa. Listen some ghazals in emulation of Fughani.

Kulliyat-i-Ghalib, p. 480.

38. Abdul Nabi, *Maikhanah*, p. 362 (marginal note p. 70).

39. Shahabi, ‘Ali Akbar, op. cit., p. 91 :

”بابا فغانی یکی از بزرگان و نامداوان سبک ہندی است“

Frivier, Husain, op. cit., p. 204 :

”فغانی از موجدین سبک ہندی بود“

Bahar, Muhammad Taqi, *Sabk Sanasi*, Vol. III, p. 228 :

”این شیوہ (سبک ہندی) از ہرات توسط جامی و فغانی بہ دہلی و

دکن و اصفہان سرایت نمود“

40. Dr. Parvez Natal Khanluri has explained these schools (سبکها) of poetry in his book :

تحقیق التقدادی در عروض فارسی و چگونگی تحول اوزان غزل

on page 206 in this way :

| شیوه غزلسرائی | محل رواج آن | زبان رواج اوزانی که بیشتر بکار میرود |
|---------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| شیوه خراسانی | خراسان و عراق | اوزان کوتاه |
| آذربایجانی | شمال غربی ایران | نیمه دوم قرن ششم |
| شیرازی | قارس و کرمان و عراق | قرون هفتم و هشتم |
| هندی | ایران و هندوستان | قرون دهم و یازدهم |
| اصفهانی | اصفهان و نواحی دیگر عراق | قرن دوازدهم |
| بازگشت | تهران و نواحی دیگر | قرن سیزدهم |
| | | بلند ثقیل |
| | | متوسط خفیف |

Amiri Firuzkuhi, Preface *Kulliyat Saib*, pp. 3, 4 states about

سبک هندی :

”تسمیه این سبک به هندی از اغلاط مشهور است و حق این است که این طرز از سخن سبک اصفهانی بنامیم - زیرا که در عصر درخشان صفوی شهر عظیم و مشهور اصفهان سواد اعظم و محط اسم و مهتد پرورش علما و دانشمندان بانواع راحت و نعمت بود واضح است که این سبک از سخن هم مانند مظاهر دیگر تمدن آن عهد از علوم و فنون و صنائع و حروف منسوب به آنجا خواهد بود - لاغیر مضافاً باین که اکثر گویندگان آن عصر با زاده اصفهان و یا تربیت یافته دامن آن بوده اند“

Husain Friver has given the following characteristics of سبک هندی in *Tarikh Adabiyat-i-Iran*, p. 83 :

- ۱- کثرت استعمال کنایه و استعاره - ۲- خیالبافی و ریزکاری - ۳- آوردن تمثیل - ۴- استعمال الفاظ عامیانه و بازاری که سخن را از قدرت و استحکام سابق به تنزل کشایند - ۵- آوردن کنایه و استعاره پیچیده - ۶- رواج معما در شعر که انواع مختلف از آن اختراع و طبع آزمائی های عجیبی در آن کرده اند -

41. Badakhshani, Maqbul Beg, op. cit., p. 605.

42. Shibli Nu'mani, *Shi'r al-'Ajam*, Part V. p. 59.

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